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VIENNA OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
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November 30, 1896.

CONCERT AND OPERA NOTES.

THE sensation produced by König Chilperic at the Carl Theatre, which under Director Janner's zeal is flourishing as much if not more than in its former palmy days, exceeds anything thus far in the season, unless it is the Bartered Bride, at the court opera. For although Grieg is here, he is not thus far sufficiently recovered from his attack of acute bronchitis to appear, and his dates have all been postponed, so that his concert with the Bohemian String Quartet will not be given until the 16th inst., and the concert with orchestra in the Grosser Musikvereins Saal is yet without any date. Grieg, as is generally known, is a sufferer from chronic lung trouble, and the Vienna atmosphere is most trying, to the throat especially.

Sembrich, too, has drawn crowded houses, and her appearance here has aroused much enthusiasm. Hence it was with much curiosity that I went to hear this "legitimate successor" of the most marvelous compass, coloratura art and natural musical endowment in her genre that the world has ever seen.

While no one could listen to so genuine and sincere an artist as Marcella Sembrich without great pleasure, I at least should hesitate to place her quite as high as she has been rated here. Her middle register, that most trying of all to cultivate, is the most perfect I have ever heard. Her lower notes, too, are marvelous, when one considers her high compass. What disappointed me was her highest register.

What is remarkable, to my mind, in Sembrich are the warmth, the richness of coloring, the depth, the temperament, all of which together are seldom found in a coloratura singer.

Her selection showed a protean versatility. There was the inevitable grand air from Traviata, and also from Die Puritaner, besides *Susanne's* aria from Figaro. Songs of Brahms and Schumann, the difficult Spring Waltz song of Strauss, as first encore, in which her coloratura art was at its best, and the above mentioned song to a Chopin mazurka accompaniment. The concert bid fair never to come to an end, and Sembrich met the demands upon her good nature very graciously. In the court box were the Duchesses Elizabeth and Josefa, and the Duke Eugene, who were among the last to leave the house.

Since writing my last letter I have learned more of that symphonic poem *Der Wasserman*, by Dvorák, which had its first performance in the first Philharmonic concert of this season.

There is an old legend of A Man of the Sea who allures the maiden into the water, and unites her to him in marriage. The maiden bears him a child, but longs to return to the warm earth and her good mother. Only reluctantly the Man of the Sea allows her to go, but retains the child as a pledge of her return. As she does not come back he rises from the water and throws the child, which he has killed, on the threshold of her house. The work is not unmusical. Dvorák, as usual, displays his art in this, as in his other work, as a tone painter in the richest and warmest of tints. The effects he produces are as astonishing, as charming—sometimes intoxicating. He calls to his aid every conceivable combination of an orchestra. This poem is in 2-4 time, of the Volkslied in its character, and the marks of the Bohemian are most plainly recognized. As I said, he has chosen a good theme in this for his especial art of tone painting. Water is a musical element, and in swimming there is rhythm, as he who has learned it must know. The climaxes in the rage of this forsaken Man of the Sea are superb, and the poetic, plaintive Sehnsucht of the maiden who longs for her own warm mother earth, as well as for her natural mother, find sweetest expression in the naive, plaintive Volkslied melody of the Bohemian type.

Since my last letter I have been made a member of the Ton Künstler Verein, through the courtesy of Professor

Eppstein—that Eppstein who for years past has been recognized as an authority in the classics, whose benignant, kindly face and manner, and friendly, ever ready aid to artists who come under his notice make him among the most loved in Vienna's musical circles. Alike a friend of the homo clarus and the homo ignotus, he enjoys the affection and high esteem of each.

The first meeting which I attended was highly interesting. These musical gatherings are only for the select few who are made members on their own merits, and at which strictly manuscript music is performed. There was a quintet for two flutes, viola, two violins and 'cello. Also a quartet for clarinet, violin, 'cello and piano. This was by far the most pleasing number. Each number on the program has a motto, that for the quartet being "Im Anfang war der Ton" (In the beginning there was tone). This selection was very much under the Schubert influence. In the andante I thought they were about to repeat entire the melody (The Wanderer) from the Schubert E major fantasia, so strongly suggestive of it was the introductory theme in the piano solo for the first four measures. Brahms, Eppstein and Leschetizky, who were present, listened attentively to this selection, and applauded warmly. Brahms, just recovered from a critical illness, and far from well, looked like the prophet he is. His hair now white and always long, his whole Wesen suggests an intensity and a psychic spirituality, very and totally unlike the phlegmatic German face his poor portraits represent. It was pleasant to sit among the immortals, and listen to the melodies and harmonies of this particularly melodious and somewhat religious selection. R. Gound's piano playing is certainly most interesting and musical. He was bombarded with applause, and afterward heartily congratulated by friends on all sides.

Guido Peters, who played the piano parts in the Mozart clavier quartet, E flat major, so acceptably and in such a scholarly manner at the last Quartet Rosé Abend—a very interesting meeting, by the way—took the piano parts in the quintet (Frischgewagt) for clarinet, violin, horn, 'cello and piano, but less pleasingly. The slow movement, having long sustained notes in the melody for the other instruments, with few harmonic changes, was most unique and impressive in its effect. The excellent clarinet playing of Blümel, and that of the horn, by Wipperich, won hearty appreciation.

Among others present I noticed Perger, the director of the Gesellschaft concerts, and the Count Pejasevich, who is very musically inclined. He belongs to a family whose members have been master of ceremonies to Duke Albrecht (the king's brother, who lately died). I believe I spoke of a song of his, Rosenlos, sung at a matinee of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Reé last fall. The count composer is an indefatigable visitor at concerts, and on intimate terms with the great musicians. I suppose he would be called a "patron" of music, wouldn't he? It seemed funny to see the immortal Brahms standing check in hand in the garderobe waiting like other ordinary mortals for his overcoat.

At the Thanksgiving reception at the American Embassy I noticed a number of Leschetizky pupils, back again for fall study, among whom are Miss Durman, of whom one hears so many good things musically; Miss Newcombe, one of his best pupils; Miss Dismukes and Mr. Gardner, and Mrs. Robert A. Smyth, with the Misses Dickinson and Niederlander, who are among the newcomers studying with Walla Hausen for their Vorbereitung; Miss Randall, who is studying singing with a pupil of Marchesi, if I mistake not, and a number of others. Mrs. Tripp, the wife of the American Ambassador, is indefatigable in her efforts to do her share toward making the stay of the Americans in Vienna a pleasant one, and her daughters take an important place in fulfilling all the duties, the honors and the ceremonies of these pleasant occasions of meeting one another in a foreign land.

To use a hackneyed expression, as I am not endowed with the attribute of omnipresence, I was not able to be present at the brilliant premiere of König Chilperic in the Carl Theatre, or of the Chevalier d'Harmenau, in the Court Opera, on account of conflicting dates. The last mentioned did not, after all, have the brilliant success that was predicted for it, at least according to the papers. As to the Wizard of the Nile, space now forbids any lengthy notice of its reception by the Austrians. I think it suffers a little from translation into German—which does not and cannot convey the acute American wit as it should be done. As a rule a German must have his joke explained to him; he laughs only at the most apparent incongruity, and is not like the Frenchman, who laughs at nothing.

The picture of the starving woman throwing herself and her two starved babes into the Danube the other night haunts me as I attend concerts, and I wonder why some of this music is not "sold for 200 pence and given to the starving poor." What right have we to luxuries, aesthetics and art (if it does not benefit some one), while

such tragedies are enacted every day around us? This may not be very funny, but it is suggested by that Vienna Wizard of the Nile.

EMMELINE POTTER FRISSELL.

From Paris

MADAME DE LA GRANGE.

THE first long dress that Mme. de la Grange ever wore was when she first sang in public as an amateur, and indeed without any idea that she should ever become professional. It appears that a certain Polonaise noble, Mme. Czartoriska, gave at Paris a representation for the benefit of the poor Poles of the city. It was given at the Théâtre Italien and was musical. La Duchesse de Jussé, by Plotow, the composer of Martha, was to be given among other things.

De la Grange, who was brought up, literally, in the arms of all the great singers and musicians of the day, Rubini, Paganini, Pasta, &c., sung while a baby on their knees. Plotow, who had heard her sing in her mother's salon, asked that she be brought to represent the principal rôle in his opera at this representation, where all the actors, singers, even chorists, were distinguished people, amateur musicians. The rehearsals were held, curiously enough, in the superb home of the Count Castellane, grandfather of the young count who married Miss Anna Gould, and who was a passionate lover and protector of music.

During the rehearsals the young girl, fresh from her mother's parlors in her first long dress, was an object of much solicitude to the more experienced actors, who bewildered her with their counsels of "Lift your arms here, wave your hand there, bend this way and turn that." Full of the story thought, she was weaving her own picture as she saw it, when a woman dressed in deep black, who had been attentively regarding her from her fauteuil, rose and said distinctly and with fervor: "Ladies and gentlemen, I beseech you, let that young girl alone; she is the best artist of you all, and knows just what she is doing. That girl will be one of the first prima donnas of the world yet." The woman was Georges Sand.

The representation passed off with the greatest éclat, everything being done in a most recherché and luxurious style. At the supper which followed were such people as Balzac, Victor Hugo, Dumas père and fils, Girardin, Georges Sand, Dorval, &c. The girl in her teens imagined that all theatrical life was that!

Her first professional experience was not so happy. Changes in family fortunes made it seem wise to utilize the great gifts of the girl. She was introduced by Lablache to Rossini, who gave her lessons for three years, made all her engagements, was, in fact, father and impresario in one, to such an extent that she was by many said to be his daughter, an idea to which a strong resemblance of the upper part of the face gave color.

Her first public appearance was at Varese, near Milan, during a fête, where she sang six works for nothing, except to win approval and experience. After singing Verdi's Nabucco engagements were offered from every point.

Beautiful, young and strictly guarded by her mother, who never left her till after her marriage, naturally admirers of all types were not lacking. While playing at Pavia, a university town, a venturesome young student caused more than ordinary anxiety to the mother. His definite expulsion was but a question of time and the source of deep hatred in the hot head of the young man, who it appears was of excellent family. One night in the shower of large bouquets which fell at the prima donna's feet was a small one of white marguerites. The singer did not happen to handle them. *The maid who did died that night.*

Later, while resting one evening on the balcony of the hotel with her mother, a blow, struck against the wall behind them, caused them to turn. A dent had been made there by a sharp stone thrown from the bushes below, and which passed between the heads of the two women. The public frequently accompanied her from place to place for safety and police slept under the walls.

One afternoon at a rehearsal of Linda di Chamounix one of those noble specimens of humanity known generally as an "elegant clubman," who had made his way behind the scenes, managed to hold converse with the young girl and with his other interesting discourse to make some sort of a declaration, one of those gentlemanly chefs d'œuvre of which men are so proud. The young singer, fired with indignation, denounced the "elegant man" in loud voice before the whole company and in scathing words sent him about his business.

The following night, just at the place in the representation where this occurred, some hundred ladies of the city all wearing a flower as a signal, rose to their feet and led the audience in cries of indignation, sarcasm and reproach. The man was obliged to leave the town, never to return.

Speaking about tradition and the delicacies of interpretation of a creator's work Mme. de la Grange relates that although Meyerbeer considered his *Prophète* complete when he finished it he made many changes in movement and tempo after having seen it given. These changes he

made in his manuscript, and that manuscript the prima donna carried always with her. In place of dispute or argument with manager or chef d'orchestre or comrade she brought out the credentials in the master's hand, and had the revisions made there and then.

A visit to Mme. de la Grange is like opening a musical treasure house—an exposition all the more agreeable that it is made without pose, without vaunt, without extolling of self, and without attempt to derogate the value of others. The woman has made fortunes in her life; but fate has robbed her of much. Of what she has she gives with liberal hand, evidently without thought of self. She has the love and esteem of all true artists, and is the mother friend of her pupils.

Music in Milan.

MILAN, December 6, 1896.

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown," as the proverb says, but this quite as thoroughly applies to the operatic artist who wins his or her glory by hard fought battles against the intrigues of impresarii, overcoming the prejudices of an ignorant public, the vampires in the shape of journalists and correspondents, who snarl at the artists' heels until the golden bone is thrown to them; the caprice and too often hatred of brother artists—surrounded by spoils, living in an atmosphere of jealousy, treachery and bribery, playing always a false part, and masking one's soul to the world, scarcely revealing themselves in their own home—and all this is borne, endured for the love of their art and for those moments of satisfaction when the conscience says "Well done" and the soul grows strong and brave, waxing in struggle, until no storm or strife would seem strong enough to conquer it.

It is this which should be considered when we go to the theatre and hasten to condemn an artist simply because she falls short of our ideal, or because we detect faults which our conceit will not tolerate.

Do we find perfection in any branch of art or science? Is there any germ of humanity which ever reaches a state when progress calls a halt? Do we not forgive faults in our friends, and defend them against the cruel, sharp arrows the world sends home, seeking to ruin their honor, wealth, position, &c.? And why cannot humanity be displayed for the artist? Because our own vanity, conceit and self-esteem are thereby made to suffer. Should we praise our brother artist we expect favor from his hands. If we condemn him we are happy in the thought that we have added to our own reputation by so doing.

Perhaps I will appear to THE MUSICAL COURIER to have become a preacher, but I am disappointed and disgusted to find such narrow, petty minds in the same beings whose glorious voices vibrate the inspiration of musical genius. Artists in their hard struggles should stand together in brotherhood. Music is grand, but not the grandest way of expressing a noble soul.

Be a king, win your battles, fly your flags and chant your victories, but don't forget the first principles of humanity.

We have been having our annual Cavalleria Rusticana served by French chefs and Italian. I much prefer the latter, because it is Italian music and better adapted to the Italian temperament. Signora Terziane was the most successful *Santuzza* of this season, confining herself to the refined, wronged, unhappy victim of *Turridu's* caprice, making her vindictive scorn defend her honor though she should sacrifice all else. Madame de Nuovina in the same part was inclined to exaggerate, making herself to be feared rather than loved; and then Signor Valero is such a refined, conservative artist (I am sure he would spare the life of a fly when he is not *Turridu*) that her interpretation made him seem very "henpecked" and pitiable. Her dramatic talents are tremendous. Her *Navarraise* was good, but her *Santuzza* needs her careful thought and study. Signor Valero we have heard with Abbey & Grau and well know his ability.

Signor Bertran, in the same part, showed a bright, well placed, Spanish voice to good advantage. He has a fine presence and artistic ability, much to commend and little to criticize. Bravo for Spain!

The artistic and financial success of the season has been made in presenting Miss Sibyl Sanderson to the Milanese public. She came here much heralded and had her

name well placed in the musician's mind, creating much anticipation and curiosity for Manon. We know Massenet, we have seen him repeatedly acknowledging loud applause behind the lights of the Lirico, and both the master and his masterpiece are much liked and appreciated, and last, but not least, was the young lady who has become the ideal in the celebrated work.

That Miss Sanderson understood well what an undertaking she had before her I am well aware, for Milan criticism has much to do in strengthening or weakening the artist's reputation. It is an old seat of judgment; however, capable and conscientious judges are sometimes wanting, but its prestige still remains, and a success in Milan is worth many in more prominent quarters of the globe.

Miss Sanderson is an artist in both senses of the word—an actress and a singer. She is elegance and refinement personified. She takes no liberties with the vocal score, nor exaggerates her scena, to cater to the public's ignorance. Her interpretation is always high art, something that will always bear analysis and comparison, and leaves the satisfying impression that one has seen *Manon Lescaut* at her best.

Vocally as well as histrionically she is richly endowed. A light soprano, of good quality, perfect intonation, good register, and after nature has done all this she has developed her intelligence, and art has given its seal. Her mastery of the pronunciation of the Italian language, which she knew nothing of previous to her arrival, was a revelation to all. I needed no libretto to understand. Of course her costumes were very beautiful and her diamonds a fortune in themselves. But those money can always buy, and all the celebrities have them. They are a part of the mise en scène, outside of the taste they demonstrate.

She was also a success in the *Phryné* of Saint-Saëns, a short opera in two acts. But the opera is a comedy, and the music is rather too serious to make an interesting work of it.

There are parts in it for soprano which are written in the tessitura of mezzo soprano, and, strangely enough, some of the highest leggiero singing also. Knowing so well Samson and Dalila, by the same composer, perhaps we expected a work of similar perfection.

Miss Sanderson was a perfect picture in all her trying costumes, and as she moved about the stage in her perfect simplicity of the maiden *Phryné*, her girlish charms and artful coquetry dazzling the youthful lover, and subjecting as well the pompous statesman who scorns love's fancy, bringing him to her feet and submission, the public watched and admired with keenest appreciation. Her tenor in *Manon* and *Phryné*, Signor Pandolfini, son of the celebrated baritone, a handsome young man and a clever one, is not mature enough to undertake an opera of such vocal difficulties as *Manon*. His voice is of good quality, but badly managed and most unsteady in its emission. He needs much careful study, for a mezzo voce with such defects, and a vibrato in his forte, will curtail his otherwise great capacity. Dufliche and Pini-Corsi were both admirable in their allotted parts, though the latter in *Phryné* was not so careful in his interpretation as he should have been in handling a new part and a foreign subject.

Miss Sanderson, I much regret, said good-bye to us last night with the last performance of *Manon*. The theatre was crowded, and applause most hearty and prolonged.

Basket after basket of laurel wreaths and floral contributions were brought on to her while acknowledging her encore in the second act, marrring the performance, but on the last night that is pardonable. Her voice was as fresh and more powerful than I ever heard it before, and the Italians howled with joy.

Amid the confusion I wanted to hoist an American flag and have the band play Yankee Doodle, for there are so many thousand of us that play our chips with Orpheus and lose that this victory carried inspiration with it.

G. E. D.

Frau Wette's New Fairy Opera.—Frau Wette, of Cologne, the sister of Englebert Humperdinck, who wrote the libretto for her brother's opera, *Hänsel and Gretel*, has just finished a new fairy opera, to which she has herself written the music as well as the libretto. The work will shortly be given in Cologne. It is called *The King of the Frogs*.

Richard Wagner's Unprinted Overtures.

By WILLIAM TAPPERT.

THE number of unprinted works by the Bayreuth master is considerable. Most of them are to be found in the archives of the house Wahnfried, some are scattered here and there, others lost. In Wagner's notes two overtures of his earliest creative period are mentioned, *To the Bride of Messina* and *C major 6-8 time*.

When I asked the composer about these firstlings of his genius he replied that he had lost all recollection of them. Only a third vanished score dimly lingered in his memory, the B flat major overture. He speaks of this work in the *Autobiographical Sketches* (1843.) Heinrich Dorn performed it as entr'acte music in the Leipzig Theatre. Wagner describes this event with much humor and characterizes the B flat major overture as the culminating point of his follies.

"Beethoven's Ninth Symphony would be a Pleyel sonata compared to his overture with its wonderful combinations," he said. "I was especially pained during the performance by a kettledrum note in *fortissimo*, which recurred through the whole overture regularly every four bars. The public, at first astonished at the persistency of the tympanist, passed into a state of unconcealed displeasure, and then into a state of merriment that deeply grieved me. This first performance of a work composed by me left on me a great impression."

Heinrich Dorn, in Schumann's *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, 1838, wrote:

"I can still remember well how Wagner brought his first overture to me at Leipzig (B flat major 6-8) and begged for its performance in the theatre. The performance really took place. During the rehearsals the orchestra nearly went to pieces with laughter, and the public in the evening looked melancholy and astounded. But there was something in this composition which compelled my respect, and I consoled the visibly depressed author with my conviction of a future." At Dorn's suggestion, Herlossohn in *The Comet*, Vol. V., gave a brief laudatory notice which has been looked for but, it seems, has not yet been found.

Wagner relates that he intended to write his score with three colors of ink, red for the strings, green for the woodwind, and black for the brasses. Dorn states positively that it was so written. The beautiful autograph (in 8vo form) was before his eyes for thirty years. Wagner once remarked that these three colors had a symbolic meaning. The score is unfortunately not in existence. The performance was a Christmas gift to Wagner, as it took place on December 24, 1830.

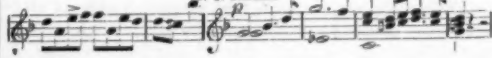
A year later, December 33, 1831, Dorn displayed his interest in his young protégé in a similar fashion. Wagner had, in the meantime, taken a thorough course of study under Weinlig, cantor of St. Thomas' Church, and on September 26 completed a new concert overture (D minor), which was revised November 4; it was played at the theatre, but seems to have called for no further attention (original score at Bayreuth). I annex the two chief melodies:

EXAMPLE I.

a. Allegro con br.o.



b. 2. Thema.



In February, 1832, Raupach's Hohenstaufen drama *King Enzo* was given on the Leipzig stage. Rosalie Wagner played the leading female part, *Lucia de Viadagoli*. Wagner ascribed to his sister's influence the performance of his music to the piece by Capellmeister Dorn. At first the composer's name was suppressed, but later, probably about March 16, it was announced. The autograph score at Wahnfried has the following: "R. S. Court Theatre, Leipzig, Friday, March 16, 1832. King Enzo, historical drama in 5 acts, by E. Raupach. The overture and



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finale music in Act V. newly composed by Richard Wagner."

In August, 1886, the undated and imperfect sketch (three and one-quarter pages) was sold in Berlin, while Darmstadt possesses the written out parts for string instruments, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two fagotti, and for four horns, two trumpets and two kettledrums. There is also a separate part for "guitar," the accompaniment to the melodramatic delivery of two songs in the first act, one recited by *Lucia*, the other by *King Enzo*. (Raupach prescribed the use of a lute. Wagner then, as thirty years later in the *Meistersinger*, got out of the difficulty by employing the guitar as a substitute.) The chief motives of the overture are:

EXAMPLE II.



At the same time Wagner, who was then not quite nineteen years old, had the high honor of seeing his name in the program of the Sixteenth Subscription Concert, No. 1 Overture by Richard Wagner. The exacting public of the Gewandhaus seems to have received "kindly" the C major overture with fugue. (It is the one that has lately given rise to lots of newspaper paragraphs. The "Zurich Wagner-fund" was scarcely worth noticing; it consisted of parts written out by a copyist.) Wagner in the above-quoted biographical sketch writes respecting this work and its success, "In the same half year (of study under Weinlig) I composed an overture on the model of Beethoven, and it was played in one of the Leipsic Gewandhaus concerts with encouraging applause." It must have been previously played in Leipsic, for in another passage he remarks, "I stand well with the orchestral society Euterpe, which has already voluntarily performed in the old Schützenhaus a rather figured concert overture."

The overture was repeated April 30, 1882, in the "Musical Academy," which Mathilde Palazzesi, Royal Saxon chamber singer, gave in the Gewandhaus. The report, dated Leipsic, April 18, in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* of May 2, is throughout very kind to the industrious composer: "In general our young men display their powers in the line of composition most satisfactorily. We had great pleasure in hearing a new overture of a very young composer, Herr Richard Wagner. It received full, deserved appreciation; the young man promises much, the work is not only *klug*, it possesses mind, and is finished with care and skill, with evident and successful striving after that which is worthiest and best." On September 18, 1877, he sent me the parts to Berlin, as for special reasons the master wished to have a performance in the Concerthaus under Bilse. On November 30, 1877—Wagner evening—the overture appeared for the first time on the program. To obviate any further sensational "discoveries" I note down the chief themes.

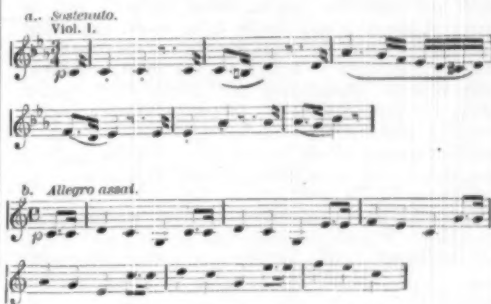
EXAMPLE III.



"I hurriedly wrote for a festival performance on New Year's day, 1885, a piece of music which gave general pleasure." So writes Wagner in the days of his Magde-

burg capellmeistership. Stage manager Wilhelm Schmale had written the text. This New Year's cantata consists of an overture and several choral movements. In the allegretto with chorus after the overture the composer used the andante of his C major symphony (performed January 10, 1883, in the Leipsic Gewandhaus). This piece was also performed on May 23, 1873, in the old theatre at Bayreuth with a new text. The title is "Künstlerweihe Novelle [amendment?], by Peter Cornelius, to a youthful work of Richard Wagner, with living pictures after Bonaventura Genelli." Wagner's autograph of the cantata was seen by me at Bayreuth. The most important motives are

EXAMPLE IV.



In May, 1835, a drama by Theodor Apel, Christopher Columbus, was performed in Magdeburg. Wagner was a friend of the Leipsic poet and wrote an overture to the piece.* The date of this performance is not known to me. On May 23, 1835, the Columbus overture was set down as "new" in the program of the singer Levia Gerhardt (Leipsic, Gewandhaus). Dorn writes from Riga (*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, July 24, 1838) about two overtures which Wagner had had produced there, *Rule Britannia* and *Columbus*:

"These compositions, particularly the second, consisted of very heterogeneous parts. The conception and the style in which it was carried out we could call nothing else than Beethovenish, great, beautiful thoughts, bold rhythmic phrases, the melody less predominant, the workmanship broad and in heavy masses, the length almost wearisome, but on the other hand the external work highly modern, almost Bellini-ish. I am only stating the naked truth when I say that two valve trumpets are at work in Columbus the parts for which together fill thirteen and a half closely written pages, and to us a proportionate use of all other means of producing sensational and spectacular effects. Such a union of shell and kernel may not be inconceivable; here at least it was a failure, and gave one the impression of a Hegelian expressing himself in the style of Heine."

When Wagner left Riga for Paris he took his Columbus overture with him. It was played there on February 4, 1841, in a concert given by the publisher Schlesinger. The French critic Blanchard spoke kindly of it, calling the overture "the work of an artist with great, clearly cut ideas," and praises the familiarity of the composer with the resources of modern instrumentation. Only the dominating brass was disagreeable to him. The score brings it forward everywhere. There are four horns, six trumpets (!), three trombones. Among the parts which I have seen was one for "serpent." Wagner had stricken that word out and written contrafagotto. After the Parisian performance Schumann published in his paper the following notice: "In the ninth concert which M. Schlesinger gave, on February 4, to his subscribers there was performed among other things an overture by Richard Wagner, a Saxon, if we mistake not, who seemed for a good while to have fallen out of sight, but who now, to our delight, again appears actively at work." I do not know whether Wag-

* In the summer of 1832, during his sojourn in Bohemia, Wagner set to music, in Pravonia, a poem by Apel, Glockentöne. This song is, it seems, lost.

ner's autograph exists, there is a copy in my collection. Three motives from the score must suffice here.

EXAMPLE V.

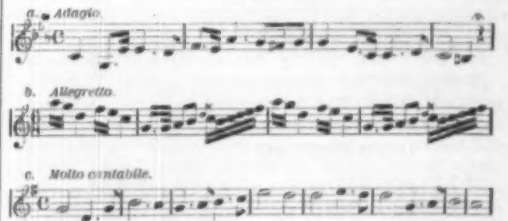


J. Peski wrote on March 23, 1837, from Königsberg to the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*: "This is the only spot where young composers can, without risk, have their new works most speedily performed. We heard this year an overture by Gervais and one by Richard Wagner." In the same journal of August 20, 1837, there is some correspondence from Königsberg, dated the end of July, and signed M. (Magister) Hahnbüch, in which it said: "Musikdirektor Wagner, who came to fill L. Schubert's place, has already left us; as reported for family reasons. He was here too short a time to display his talent fully. His compositions, of which I heard one overture and saw another, show a peculiar gift. Many men are equally clear in their character and in their works; others must first work their way through a chaos of passion. The latter, it must be confessed, attain higher results."

The two overtures he mentions are Polonia on Polish national airs and *Rule Britannia* with the English national air. The Polonia, at all events, was composed at Königsberg, and performed there for the first time; yet, I believe, that it, at least in part, had its origin in Leipsic, as a rendering of the impressions which the numerous Polish fugitives who, after the July revolution, found their way to Leipsic made upon Wagner. This assumption seems confirmed by the following passage from Wagner's *The Work and Mission of My Life*, which reads: "Polish emigrants, proud, courageous figures, who charmed me and filled me with deep pity for the sad fate of their country, were personally known to me."

The score of the Polonia overture is not to be found, I believe, in Bayreuth. A copy, however, compiled from the parts is in my possession. The greater part of the autograph sketch, seven folio pages, was sold by auction at Berlin in 1889. The following example contains three chief motives:

EXAMPLE VI.



In the autobiographical sketch of 1843 we find: "The year that I passed in Königsberg was utterly lost as far as concerns my art by the pettiest cares. I wrote only one overture, *Rule Britannia*." I saw the sketch at Bayreuth; Wagner had written on it with pencil "Composed 1836. Königsberg." What has become of the score? The composer sent it from Paris (1841) to the Philharmonic Society

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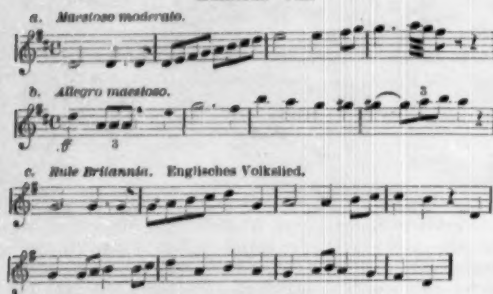
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of London, with the hope that it would be performed. This was returned not prepaid, and Wagner in his poverty could not pay the postage, and refused the package. Thirty years ago the parts were in possession of the Puff-bell Music Corps, Dresden, lacking only that for the valve trumpet. The leaves were handed to Chamber Musician Rühlmann, who left them lying in the theatre on the very evening when the house burned up. Luckily the old copyist, Karl Mehner, 1867, had compiled a score which I bought from him in 1878. Rule Britannia was, as Dorn bears witness, played at Riga under Wagner's own direction, probably in the earlier months of the year 1868. I do not know of any other performances. I will conclude my article with three melodies from the score:

EXAMPLE VII.



Jean de Reszke as Siegfried.

It is certain that one of Wagner's masterpieces was exhibited on Wednesday night in a remarkable manner. It is equally certain that the magnificent audience was unusually affected. No one could fail to recognize, to admire, even to wonder at the versatility of the Polish brothers, the adaptability of their evident genius to novel rôles, their vanishing absorption in their characters. They are a splendid twain, and, when they occur together, the transparent freedom of their mutual affection from the usual taint of jealousy inspires the audience with a sensation apart from conventional emotions.

Of the two Edouard must by musicians be adjudged the better musician. With his voice but one minor fault can be found—that it is too rollicking, too jovial for the serious parts of the current Italian and French operas with their light orchestral support. It was indeed a most joyful surprise to find that the more severe and ponderous accompaniments of the Wagner cycle acted as a corrective and imparted a certain serious force to his rotund tones. The *Wanderer* was wellnigh perfect; he had hit upon the true artistic mean, the golden mean between the extreme demands, extreme and necessarily somewhat conflicting, of the text and the tune, between the lyric claims and the dramatic insistence. With Edouard the tempo is never broken, though sometimes effectively strained. As much cannot be said of Jean.

This somewhat precipitates the discussion of the famous tenor, whose merits are many and whose faults are few, but the faults are serious ones. The most assertive, the most obtrusive one is found in the voice itself; nay, not in the vocal organs, but in their management; yea, both in the organs and in their mode of control.

For every new hearing enforces more stringently the conviction that this shining artist has the inarticulating parts, the muscles and cartilages of the larynx, neither of the heroic nor of the lyric tenor, but of that unfortunate, that leaden mean between the tenor and the veritable baritone. He who indites has such a left-handed gift himself and can sing a tenor rôle to the deception of his listeners; but the outlay of faucial strength is suicidal. It brings in its immediate wake two terrible effects; the one is speedy exhaustion, the other the inability to produce delicate variations of power. The transposition to a key even a single degree lower would make almost everything right. But

there is the rub! The melody transposed cannot give the rôle its proper and expected effect. Its absolute pitch, decided by the composer, is needed to produce the general sensation he has intended, especially in regard to intensity.

And it is a curious fact, acoustically explicable, that the notes from C sharp to F, the very ones on which the true tenor must largely dwell to incite the most intense emotions, cannot be cultivated to acquire the real tenor quality unless the vocal organs are of the tenor calibre. For these notes may be made both full and intense by the genuine tenor primo, not by the tenor secondo or baritone. The vocal cords are too large. When stretched to the pitch of the tenor they are too tense, too stiff to allow their inner edges to vibrate freely and produce those higher and discordant overtones, or partial tones which, for some occult and mysterious reason, invest the voice with the charm of intensity and qualify it for tragic expression. Such heavier voices can attain the pitch of the pure tenor, but cannot maintain it without evident effort, without an exertion which disenchant the hearer. This patent struggle is referable mainly to the respiratory organs. Literally, actually, the cords are blown into the state of sufficient tension for the higher tones; but the audience soon wearies of the sight and sound of such wearying tasks.

This is the case of the elder de Reszké. The symptoms are many. No one, for some reasons, has heard him diminish a high tone without its degeneration toward huskiness. Physiologically the pressure of breath must be lessened to lessen the vocal volume; at that instant the higher overtones disappear, and the cords fall a trifle apart. Dullness and even huskiness result; and the one unpardonable sin, unforgivable at any rate by American audiences, is perforce committed. The voice drops a very trifle; it sags at its close; not enough to be called distinctly out of tune, but enough to impair the artistic finish of the note—the "vanish," as Dr. Rush used to call it. This is one of the faintest and finest touches of a cultivated style, the quick though graduated decrescendo to a terminal tone. In this vocal grace Patti excelled all singers in memory.

This grievous delinquency was far more noticeable last year than this. The reason appears to be that our beloved Jean now seldom essays a diminuendo above the tenor E flat, but substitutes therefor a sort of gasp, produced, physiologically, by suddenly closing the cords and then bursting them apart with an "ugh" sound. The reader will readily recognize the sound from this rough description. It is an effect sometimes employed by nearly all singers to express intense emotion, but it should be heard very rarely.

It just now appears to be a favorite comment that the de Reszkés have with wonderful facility changed their French or Italian mode of singing to the German mode, but that is an error. If there be a distinguishing feature of Italian singing it is its pure and strict legato, its steady flow of sound, unbroken except for dramatic effects. The German more commonly, more frequently breaks this flow; he ricochets from one note to another and touches briefly the last note of a phrase. This, however, has always been the style of the de Reszkés; it was as patent in *Romeo* as in *Siegfried*, in *Faust* as in *Walther*.

Again, the Italian mode deals more in runs and trills, and such feats are still legitimate in any mode. See how frequently the master uses the trill in the orchestra, sometimes as a culminating effect. That beautiful Am Stillen Herd in *Die Meistersinger*, rivaling in loveliness the more famous Preislied, has a penultimate trill for its final climax. Did Jean de Reszké take due advantage of this artistic chance? Not at all. He made no nearer approach to a trill than did Eames in the famous quintet, when she simply aspirated the one note, with no pretense of attempting the expected two of the genuine shake. Only once that can be remembered has the Polish tenor essayed a genuine trill, and that was in *Les Huguenots*. It was a sorry success and was not repeated!

The Wagnerian vocal scores abound in rapid recitatives which have a single short note for each single syllable. The true tenor's shorter cords are easily stretched and adjusted for each new vowel and degree. But the second tenor or tenor-baritone requires more time for the somewhat unnatural elevation of the phrase than the tempo allows. The consonating and the compressed vibrations which give the voice its flooding sound, its effluence, cannot be so suddenly added and the quality cannot be rich, luscious and piquant. It is not even hard enough, vibrant enough to compel attention, but must remain somewhat spread and dissipated in spite of the severest efforts and the closest attention. Nor has Jean de Reszké the wonderful *mezza voce* of Campanini or even, at the very same degrees of pitch, of Victor Maurel. His *piano* singing is simply soft singing, a very different thing from the *mezza voce* form, which somewhat approaches the falsetto form while avoiding its effeminacy. Physiologically the Adam's apple, or larynx, is somewhat loosened from the cervical spine, thereby depriving the voice of its harder, more piercing quality. To gain the *mezza voce* is a study by itself.

When the tremendous hampering of an inadequate voice has once been recognized no further fault can be found. The conception of the part was very fine and fell but little below that of Alvary or of Neumann. The real tenoric beauty of Vogel's fading voice presented a charm not found in either of the other three, for Neumann as well as de Reszké first sang as a baritone. But Alvary must be given the palm, although de Reszké undoubtedly belongs among the Majores. It is to be hoped that the latter will never strive to achieve success as *Tannhäuser*, for the rôle lies at least an average full degree above *Siegfried* or *Lohengrin* and nearly ruined Alvary's reputation. Indeed, *Tannhäuser* should not be classed with *Lohengrin*, but should be given a place of its own midway between *Rienzi* and *Lohengrin*. It was written before Wagner had learned practically the limitations of the tenor throat.

In Krauss, under Damrosch, we shall hear the Simon pure tenor with its apparently effortless outpouring of luscious vocal volume. And what is it that distinguishes the opera from the theatre or from the symphony concert? Is it not voice? Can any skill in acting, any beautiful raiment or charm of person or manner, or even any marvelous music, atone for the inadequate or ill-suited voice that attempts to render it? When de Reszké in the prize song sheerly funk the climactic A natural, clipping it of two-thirds of its value, ending it with that ugly gasp and, to save himself, entering upon the following note so far in advance that the whole orchestra jarred in its rhythmic progress; when even an earlier G natural was allowed but one batonic beat instead of two, and when in the next measure two majestically proceeding quarter notes were exchanged for the more trivial dotted quarter and eighth to the loss of a lovely subordinate orchestral voice—when all these faults at critical junctures were committed, should they pass unnoticed because the natural voice is pitched too low?

Such organs display their most grateful powers in forceful strains, as in the second act of *Siegfried*, when the wealth of voice was positively unexpected. The forge music was not so well sung, for the incessant action of the hero would not permit him to concentrate every power of body and attention upon the higher tones, which were sometimes nearly inaudible in consequence. The heavier orchestration is warranted by the words, which are warranted by the critical situation. To become duly paramount, to compel attention and give the musical sensibilities their fullest enjoyment, the voice must declaim aloft with volume and a thrilling intensity; but its limits have been set by mother Nature and cannot be transcended by any violence of physical force.

It is in this vital regard that the full tide of Jean de Reszké's lyric eloquence falls short of the high-water marks of Manhattan experience. When the heavy waves of choral and orchestral melopoea are at their fullest height and



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needing the capping climax of an outright tenoric outburst, it comes not, and it cannot come. With all his fineness, with all the delicatessen of the vocal feast which this most talented artist spreads before us, the *pièce de résistance* is too often lacking; the climax surrenders to an anticlimax.

JOHN HOWARD.

Schumann's Last Days.

No. 2.

(Continued from Last Issue.)

II.

ENDENICH, September 18, 1884.

DEAR CLARA—What joyful tidings have you again sent me, that Heaven has given you a fine boy, and in June, that dear Marie and Elise played for you on your birthday *Bildern aus Osten* to your and my surprise. Brahms, to whom you will present friendly and respectful greetings, settled down at Düsseldorf—what joyful tidings! If you wish to know which is the dearest name to me, you can guess it, the Unforgettable! It has given me pleasure to hear that the complete Collected Writings, and the violoncello concerto, the violin fantasie which Joachim plays to a key, and the Fugette have appeared. Can you, as you so kindly offer, send me one or the other? If you write to Joachim, greet him for me. What have Brahms and Joachim composed? Is the Overture to Hamlet (by Joachim) published? Has he finished his other? You write that you give lessons in the piano class. Who are the pupils now, and which are the best? Are you not exerting yourself too much, dear Clara?

Evening, 8 o'clock.

I have just come back from Bonn and a visit to Beethoven's statue, with which I am always enraptured. As I stood before it the organ in the Minster church was playing. I am now much stronger and look much younger than when I was in Düsseldorf. Now I would like to ask you something, that you write to Dr. Peters to give me the money I want at times, and you repay him. Often poor people beg from me, and then I am grieved. In other respects my life is quieter than it was. How utterly different it once was! Give me some information of our relatives, friends, male and female, in Cologne, Leipzig, Dresden and Berlin, of Woldemar, Dr. Härtel—you know them all.

I should like to remind you of many things, of past happy days, of our travels in Switzerland, of Heidelberg, Lausanne, of Vevey, of Chamouny; then of our journey to The Hague, where you performed most astonishingly; then of the journey to Antwerp and Brussels; then of the music festival at Düsseldorf, where my Fourth Symphony for the first time, and on the third day my A minor concerto, were played by you so nobly with brilliant applause, the Rhine overture performed with less brilliant success. Do you remember, too, how in Switzerland the Alps showed themselves in all their splendor for the first time, the driver broke into a sharp trot and you were rather frightened? About all our travels, even those which I made as scholar and student, I made short notes; or, much better, will you do me the pleasure of sending me a volume of your diary and, perhaps, a copy of the view

lines I sent you from Vienna to Paris? Have you still the little double portrait (by Rietschel, in Dresden)? You would make me very happy if you have. Then I wish that you would tell me the children's birthdays. They are in the little blue book.

Now I intend to write to M. and E. (Marie and Elise), who wrote to me so affectionately.

Adieu, dearest Clara, forget me not; write soon to your

ROBERT.

III.

ENDENICH, September 26, 1884.

What pleasure, dear Clara, have you again given me by your letter and message and the double portrait! My mind (phantasy) was very much confused by my many sleepless nights; now I see you again in your noble, serious lineaments.

What you write about—pleases me very much. So too about Brahms and Joachim and the compositions of both. It surprises me that Brahms is studying counterpoint, which does not look like him. Joachim's three pieces, for piano and viola, I should like to know; do you remember *Leuschen*, for violin and piano, that frightful piece? Many regards to Woldemar.

The picture of Brahms, by Laurens, I can still recall, but not my own. Thanks for telling me the children's birthdays. What sponsors were there for the smallest, and in what church were they baptized? Write more about the children and yourself, my fondly loved Clara.

Your

ROBERT.

IV.

ENDENICH, October 10, 1884.

DEAREST CLARA—What a joyful message have you again sent me! Your letter with Julie's, the composition of Brahms, on the theme you varied, and the three volumes of A. B.'s (Arnim Brentano) *Wanderhorn*, my favorite book, from which I composed much, and especially the *Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär*, inserted in Genoveta. Do you remember how Golo always sings more boldly and to the Lied in other tunes?

I thank you from my heart for the transcript of the little verses I sent you from Vienna to Paris. The palindrome of Roma (Amor) still pleases me very much. I have often wished that you heard me *phantasieren* on the piano. These are my best hours. I must learn to know the variations by Brahms better. I am writing to him myself.

Could I perhaps, by your kindness, get the manuscript of the *Gesänge der Frühe* to look at once more? How about the publication of the Concertstück in D with orchestra, that you played with such wonderful beauty in Amsterdam, and of the second Spanish Liederspiel?

Now, dear Clara, receive my congratulations on the recognition in Holland; it is the oldest diploma that I received. If you write to Verhulst give him my regards. Who is Herr Lindhalt? I believe I have seen him in Düsseldorf. He did not say much, but seemed to have a good deal in him. I remember Herr Grimm, too, very well; we were always with Brahms and Joachim in the railroad restaurant (in Hanover). Give my respects to him, and, before all, to Fräulein Leser too. I am writing myself to Brahms, and also to Marie and Julie. My walks are still to Bonn, to refresh myself with the charming view

toward the Liebenberg. Do you still know how we climbed the Drachenfels and met a worthy clergyman? We have hard work to get up the stream to the island of Nonnenwerth. Now farewell, dear Clara; my regards to all who remember me.

Your

ROBERT.

V.

OCTOBER 13, 1884.

I have just received your last affectionate letter with the daguerreotype of Marie, who is always floating through my memory. Accept my thanks also for the cigars and for the fourth volume of the *Wanderhorn*. I think a good deal of the English Chess Book, and it amuses me to solve some still unsolved problems. I admire more and more the Brahms Variations. Will you hand to him the following letter. I am glad that we have news of Becker in Freiberg and have the prospect of receiving news from Härtel about the thematic catalogue of my compositions. I must also say to you how your variations enchant me more and more, and remind me of your noble playing of yours and mine. I think with pleasure of the poem to you, dear Clara, in my writings, and of the August day, where * * * in a sequence of days Clara, Aurora, Eusebius follow each other, and I sent you by Becker my betrothal ring. Do you remember Blankenberg, where I let you search for a diamond ring in a bouquet and you lost one of the diamonds in Düsseldorf and somebody found it? These are happy recollections.

Write to me, dear Clara, more about the children. Ludwig always found difficulty in speaking, but I did not know it in Ferdinand's case. Write soon, and always such cheerful news. Your, with old and new love, devoted

ROBERT.

VI.

[From a letter of November 27, 1884.]

The Variations by Johannes charmed at once after a first perusal, and after deeper acquaintance charm me more and more. I am still writing to Brahms myself. Is his portrait by De Laurens still hanging in my study? He is one of the loveliest and most talented young men. I recall with delight the grand impression he made at first by his C major sonata, and later by his F sharp sonata and the scherzo in E flat minor. Oh, could I but hear them again! So would I his ballades!

VII.

JANUARY 6, 1885.

I would thank you, my Clara, especially for the *Kunstlerbrief* and Johannes for the sonata and ballades. I know them now. The sonata—I remember to have heard it once by him—and so deeply conceived, all through full of genius, depth, heart, all interwoven. And the ballades—the first wonderful, quite new; only the *doppio movimento*, as in the second, I do not understand. Is it not too quick? The conclusion beautifully peculiar! The second, how different, how manifold, rich in fancy and motion; magic sounds are in it. The conclusion, bass F sharp, seems to introduce the third ballade. How shall we call it? *Damonic*? Very grand, and how it grows weirder, more and more, after the pp. or the trio; this itself quite divine, and the return to the main theme and the conclusion. Has this ballade, my Clara, made the same impression on you? In the fourth ballade how beautiful that the strange first melody tone at the conclusion



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hovers between minor and major, and sadly remains in minor! Now away to overtures and symphonies! Does this not please you better, my Clara, than the organ? A symphony or an opera has an enthusiastic effect, and attracts great attention, brings one forward quickest, and also all one's other compositions.

Kind regards to Johannes and the children, and you, my heart's dearest, remember of you—with all old love—
devoetd
ROBERT.

Trials of Orchestral Conductors.

Editors The Musical Courier:

I REGRET very much to be compelled once more to ask your kind indulgence for some space in your valued paper; but perhaps you know out in Detroit there is an adroit fellow who is trying his level best to air his ignorance at my expense, in fact, trying to annihilate me, and as even a worm will turn when trodden upon, so I cannot resist the temptation of making another effort to set this man straight.

My first article on the crude state of musical affairs in Detroit happily has had the effect of toning down the arrogance of this self-imposed critic, and I hope that this effort will compel him to hide his head like an ostrich. The statement that it takes a good workman to work with poor tools is a step in the right direction, for thereby is admitted that the material was as inferior as I stated it to be. The article appearing in your last issue at least is honored with a signature, and now everybody knows it to be Mr. Wolcott. The name of Wolcott will do as well as any other. I haven't the pleasure of this gentleman's personal acquaintanceship, his name not appearing on my list of members, neither does it appear on a list I have of the former society, when The Messiah was so admirably given in 1892.

However, we will let that pass, as he undoubtedly attended some of the rehearsals. It is really gratifying to note that he was one of those who prophesied at the outstart that the Oratorio Society would not be a success. It is mainly due to the influence of those mysterious and enthusiastic prophets who derided the possibility of an oratorio society in Detroit, even before the first rehearsal took place, that the project failed to come up to my standard of requirements.

This gentleman, in speaking of artistic interpretation, says: "The work in hand should beam in a conductor's eyes and facial expression!" Really, I congratulate Mr. Wolcott on his clever and happy inspiration, and thank him for his valued suggestion. When I seriously come to think over the preceding sentence, this is an ideal requirement for a conductor who hopes to succeed in oratorio work in that city. The singers could thereby discard their scores, dispense entirely with rehearsals, in fact voices might also not be required, not to speak of musical knowledge. They would only have to gaze on their conductor's physiognomy and such a slight thing as an oratorio would go stunningly of its own accord.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think you know me fully. We were boys together (at least I was). You also know that I come of a musical family, my father being an eminent cellist. You also know that I come from a musical city. I was born in Baltimore, where they have it "bald im Ohr." Before I took lessons of that great pianist, Madame Falk-Auerbach, a pupil of Liszt and Schumann, I knew the score of The Messiah by heart; yes, even "before I was born." However, when I came in contact with Detroit critics I discovered a great error in my equipment—instead of having The Messiah in my heart and head, I ought to have had it engraved on my "facial expression!" There may also have been another fatal error committed at my birth, for which I have to suffer; having, however, quite a number of illustrious companions to keep me company, I am resigned to my fate.

Being only a plain, ordinary American, born, raised and educated in America, what right had I to expect to arouse interest and enthusiasm for the advancement of musical art in an American city? If I had arrived from some outlandish place with uncombed hair, a glaring physiognomy, unable to speak a word of English, so that I could not if I had wanted to impress the chorus of the absolute necessity of prompt attendance, then I would undoubtedly have been received with open arms, and even the "impossible" would have been possible.

I believe it is said that the Mountains of the Moon is an admirable locality to be born in for an aspiring artist; there I might have been able to try The Messiah on a chorus of "moonkeys." Thanks to the many able articles which have appeared in THE MUSICAL COURIER it is by this time quite well known what American artists have to contend with. THE MUSICAL COURIER has heretofore enumerated the singers, pianists, composers, musicians, and perhaps I may be permitted to add conductors to this list. Why, an American conductor doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain! At least so think a great many people. If perchance such an individual should occasionally be sought for by a society, the first step is to send to some little village in Europe, select some one who does not know how to conduct the Melusine or Rosa-

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munde overture, a Beethoven symphony being frequently an unknown quantity, give him a princely salary, pat him on the back and proclaim him the greatest genius on record, while the poor, aspiring, but honest American musicians, who frequently have more music in their little fingers than a whole regiment of importations have in their whole make-up, are totally ignored. They haven't even a ghost of a chance to prove that they have learned something.

I am sure, however, that the day is dawning when American artists, composers and conductors will arise in their might to prove their ability and will no longer be obliged to take a back seat.

In my enthusiasm for this subject I have nearly forgotten my esteemed critic, Mr. Wolcott. The gentleman concludes his argument with an air of conviction of my absolute ignorance which is really heartrending. He actually claims that I do not know the difference between an eighth and a quarter rest. Would it not be possible for you to give Mr. Wolcott a position on your staff of critics for Detroit? I know you have a representative there, Miss Lillian Apel, who is a most brilliant pianist, excellent musician and spirited writer, but I am afraid she will not do. She also is an American, born in Detroit, in fact the finest pianist in the city, but she cannot possibly hope for appreciation of her talent in that community. I tried to get her an engagement with the local orchestra at their recent concert, but failed because the manager wanted her to play for glory.

Mr. Wolcott's bright sayings show such a remarkably artistic temperament and clever aptitude for the position of professional musical critic that I should recommend him to you, if you ever think of making a change. I personally should like to present him with a leather medal for the sublime climax of his array of arguments concerning those pauses.

The gentleman has a remarkable talent for controverting actual facts. Some of the sopranos not coming in at the proper time (which was not an unusual thing for other voices as well), I remarked "that it was to be regretted that in a new American edition of The Messiah the French method of printing these pauses had not been discarded, for they were confusing and looked so much alike." Even if I had been guilty of such a gross error at a rehearsal, I can assure Mr. Wolcott that the like has been known to happen to better men than I, even at a concert. I am also accused of a lack of inspiration in my work. I wonder if Mr. Wolcott realizes what incentives are necessary to inspire an artist? It may be that I did not look particularly inspired. I am quite sure I did not feel that way when I realized the utter hopelessness of accomplishing my aims.

I am sorry to have to emphasize once more the statement I made last time regarding the more than crude state of affairs in both orchestral and vocal lines. I would much prefer to praise than to condemn. There is no reason why Detroit should not have a good orchestra, as well as a fine chorus, but both parties will have to get rid of a goodly portion of their self-satisfaction, stop their petty bickerings, and try to keep good musicians in their city, instead of compelling them to seek a living elsewhere. It did not take much of an effort to draw a number of the best musicians into the Pittsburgh orchestra—men who would like to have stayed in Detroit. Professor Stanley, on his resignation from the former society, is said to have made the remark, that "he would lose his reputation if he conducted any longer."

My amiable critic's efforts to prove that all the great oratorios have formerly been given in excellent style in Detroit remind me very forcibly of their unique method of lighting the city at night. The electric arc lights being suspended high in the air on steel towers, they illuminate the houses and the tree tops with subdued rays and cast suspicious shadows from the chimneys. The effect is quite enchanting and picturesque when viewed from the distance, but do not hope to be able to find a house number or street sign. The accomplishment of this feat is like looking for musical culture; you have to be supplied with a lantern, and the chances are, even so equipped, you will look in vain.

Mr. Wolcott states that in the performance of the Damnation of Faust the Detroit orchestra was superior to the Ann Arbor chorus. Now, every sensible musician in Detroit will be able to tell you that that work is a physical impossibility for the orchestra, and furthermore everybody knows what a splendid chorus Professor Stanley has at Ann Arbor. It may be that the chorus was inferior to the orchestra, because Mr. Wolcott was not able to lend his sublime voice on the occasion. Perhaps he did not occupy a front seat. I know of several ladies who left my organization because they came in late and found the front seats taken. I trust that the respected critic is satisfied by this time that it is less than useless to try to argue with me; he will have to learn at least a little of music before commencing to preach on a subject of which he knows nothing.

I went to Detroit in good faith, tried to interest capitalists to build a decent concert hall, endeavored to organize a first-class orchestra, and build up a great oratorio society, capable of producing these works in a manner which would insure financial and artistic success. I outlined a plan to give a great May festival with the assistance of a New York or Chicago orchestra, a festival that would have been a pride to the city, that would have lifted the musicians and singers out of their well-worn rut of self-contention, and would have stimulated every branch of music, both in an artistic as well as business sense. The reward for my pains, time and trouble is herewith gratefully acknowledged.

It can only be Detroit's loss that these plans were frustrated by the combined action of petty factions, cliques, small-minded and short-sighted would-be critics of Mr. Wolcott's type, and above all the indifference of singers upon whose efforts it mainly rested to accomplish these plans. I trust, however, that some day Detroit, with all its wealth, will no longer permit little villages like Ann Arbor or Ypsilanti to eclipse it in great musical celebrations and competent choral societies. Perhaps their well-known and energetic ex-mayor, now Governor of Michigan, Mr. Pingree, can be prevailed upon to order a wholesale lot of funerals of sleepyheads and skeptics before this can be accomplished and Detroit can merge from an overgrown village to a full-fledged city.

Thanking you for your kindness in permitting me so much space to an apparently hopeless cause, I remain,
Yours respectfully,

Steinway Hall.

ROSS JUNGnickEL.

Mr. Reno.—Mr. Morris Reno, who has been in Europe on private business, returned on the Aller on Saturday, the same steamer bringing Teresa Carrefio and Lilli Lehmann. Mr. Reno informs us that Marie Brema will be here beginning of March and Plunket Greene some time during that month.



BROOKLYN OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
559 Fulton Street, January 4, 1897.

THE excellence of the last song recital in Association Hall was the principal topic of discussion among the musicians of Brooklyn this week in speaking of events past, and the enterprise of Mr. Oscar T. Murray, in securing three nights of grand opera for Brooklyn, is causing them to look into the future with enthusiasm and expectancy.

It is to be regretted that so worthy an organization as the Danurether's are to appear on the same night in Association Hall, for there will be many who would have enjoyed both attractions. Huberman appears for the last time with the Seidl Society on Tuesday night. There was an erroneous idea current that he was to be the soloist for the rest of the season, but I am told that other interesting engagements are about to be closed. The program contains an a and b number by Mr. August Walther, a musician and composer who has the esteem of all his colleagues in this city, who greatly appreciate the compliment extended him in placing his work where it will receive the recognition it deserves. Lillian Blauvelt is to assist some time in the near future at one of the piano recitals to be given under the Brooklyn Institute's patronage.

The many admirers of Mrs. T. Hamlin Ruland, the efficient contralto of the Lafayette Avenue Church, are happy to welcome her at her post once more, after an illness. During her absence the vacancy was filled by Mrs. Marian van Duyn, whose admirable voice won no end of praise.

The Christmas music of the Church of our Saviour was given on Sunday, December 27. The quartet consisted of Miss E. Taylor, Miss Carrie Waterbury, Mr. J. W. Cresswell and Mr. H. Gordon, whose excellent work under the control of Mr. Fred. Burtis, choirmaster and organist, provoked much favorable comment. At the morning service Miss Waterbury earned quite a distinction in Harry Rowe Shelley's The Nativity. Miss E. Taylor sang One Quiet Night, by Van De Water, in a way that reflected great credit upon her teacher, I. N. Soper. Mr. Burtis has worked up the choir to a very considerable extent, and may feel well rewarded for his efforts.

Last Sunday evening the Emmanuel Church choir, under the direction of Mr. G. Waring Stebbins, gave a beautiful presentation of The Holy Child, a Christmas cantata by Horatio Parker, doctor of music at Yale. The cantata is replete with delicate beauties which set forth with effect the strength of the composition. Mr. Stebbins is unceasing in his pains to produce new and worthy sacred works, an effort most commendable, for it stimulates an interest in a grade of music which should supplant music which when sifted down is simply popular love songs set to sacred words. With such gems as fall from the pens of Dudley Buck, Harry Rowe Shelley, Horatio Parker and many other workers in this field there



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is no reason why arranged music should ever be tolerated in our churches.

The song recital of last Wednesday evening, the fourth of the series, was one of the most interesting that has yet been given. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies proved himself an artist and his numbers were received with enthusiasm which demonstrated a spontaneous appreciation of his great talent.

He sang the following songs:

Love Leads to Battle.....Purcell
In the Balm of Night.....Tschakowsky
The Clock.....Lowe
The Two Grenadiers.....Wagner

The Devout Lover.....M. S. White
Loch Lomond.....Traditional
Simon the Cellarer.....Hutton
The Templar's Love Song to Rebecca (Ivanhoe).....Sullivan

Miss Ethel Chamberlain sang with her usual sweetness of voice and manner:

Im Herbst.....Franz
Serenade.....Peter Cornelius
Spring Song.....Oscar Well

Rosamonde.....Chaminade
My Brown Boy.....Korby
Without Thee.....Guy d'Hardelot
Serenade.....Victor Herbert

She also appeared with great success in a duet with Ffrangcon-Davies. L'Addio di Donizetti was the selection. Miss Lotta Mills, a charming young pianist, played for the first time in Brooklyn upon that occasion, and the repose of her manner, as well as the degree of finish which marked her work, drew many laudatory remarks from her hearers. She gave the Magic Fire music, Wagner-Brassin; Paderewski's Cracovienne Fantastique, and as encore played the F major nocturne of Chopin. All the participants were gracious as to encores. Mr. Alexander Rihm played the accompaniments.

On Thursday night of last year the army of the Twenty-third Regiment was a brilliant spectacle when, under the auspices of Company K, Sousa and his great organization appeared for the first time this season in Brooklyn. Enthusiasm does not begin to express the degree of warmth to which the audience was wrought. Every number brought forth volleys of applause. Besides the excellence of the band, Sousa has with him three soloists whose merits are of a very high order. Miss Martina Johnstone, violinist, has a magnificent tone, style and delivery, and a virility very rare in a woman. Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, soprano, with selection and with execution was extremely successful, as was also Mr. Arthur Pryor, the trombone soloist. After the concert those present indulged in terpsichorean pleasures.

On New Year's morning Mr. Robert Thallon gave a matinee musical, in which he presented his guests with an exceptionally delightful program. The participants were: Mrs. John Thallon, soprano; Mr. Franz Kaltenborn, violin; Mr. Hermann Beyer-Hané, cello; Miss Annie G. Hodgson, Miss Jessie Hodgson, Mrs. Joseph Taylor, Mrs. McDermott, Miss Belle Maze, Mr. Fred Davidson, pianos; Mr. Robert Thallon, organ.

I have never heard a more perfect ensemble than that with which the Tannhäuser overture was given with three pianos and the organ. Mr. Beyer-Hané and Mr. Kaltenborn in solos and in concerted work were thoroughly enjoyable and artistic. Mr. Kaltenborn produced a beautiful, firm, clear tone, in addition to a fluent technic. Mr.

Beyer-Hané is also the possessor of a full tone, and shows a considerable amount of musicianly knowledge and sensibility.

Mrs. John Thallon has a clear, sweet parlor voice, which was well set forth by accompaniment of organ, violin and cello in Bizet's beautiful song, Agnus Dei.

Mr. Carl Fiqué's next recital is to occur January 10, at which time Mr. Fiqué will be assisted by Miss Mignon Ducos, soprano, and he will play a group of three solos himself.

People drop in to say Happy New Year to THE MUSICAL COURIER, and I heartily join with the rest and send good wishes all in a bunch.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

From Paris.

MME. EMILE AMBRE-BOUCHÈRE gave a musical soirée recently in her salons, 74 Rue Blanche, in honor of and directed by M. Th. Dubois, director of the Conservatoire. The company was very élite and much enthusiasm prevailed.

A hint worth taking is this, that when an American girl is engaged in opera or opéra comique in Paris all attention is directed to the number of appearances she makes or does not make, and when she is not constantly before the footlights all are agog as to what is the matter. They do not stop to question how many or how few times Mlle. X. or Monsieur Y. have appeared in so many years! They would often be surprised to know.

M. Emile Bertin, the excellent professor of lyric declamation, is busy with his operatic acting school in the Salle Pleyel and with private lessons in his own studios for pupils not yet ready for ensemble work. Among his interesting pupils this year is Mlle. Francesca, of San Francisco, a Marchesi pupil, whom he is preparing in the rôles of *Gilda*, *Desdemona*, *Juliette*, &c., which she is to play later on at Monte Carlo in company with Tamagno. M. Bertin has advanced rapidly in favor with young Americans in Paris as a teacher of acting, and especially for this practical stage work with other students, invaluable to all persons preparing for the stage. He is professor of mise en scène of Mme. Marchesi's opera class, which numbers this year some exceedingly brilliant subjects, of whom more hereafter. He is at present rehearsing them for the matinee (en costume) to be given at the Théâtre Mondain on the last of the month. *Carmen*, *Roméo*, *Manon*, *Faust*, *Hamlet*, *Don Pasquale* and *Lakmé* are the rôles to be played. The American pupils to appear are Miss Ettinger, Chicago; Miss Wethling (Mlle. Loretto), of Orange, N. J., and Mlle. Francesca.

M. Léon Rains, in New York a pupil of Mr. Oscar Saenger, and in Paris one of M. Bouhy's most intelligent students, has been engaged to sing regularly at the Atelier services held here in the avenue du Maine quarter by Rev. James Paxton, of Philadelphia.

A sketch of this interesting undertaking must interest every American at home and abroad. Two years ago Dr. Charles Wood decided to institute services in the Latin quarter. The work was continued last year by Dr. Paden, and to make the services more attractive professional musicians were engaged and the expenses met by a series of lectures given in Philadelphia. The venture proved so successful that Rev. James D. Paxton, of Philadelphia, son of William M. Paxton, of New York, has taken a year's vacation from his church, and come here at his own expense to keep up the good work. As the services are for students, Mr. Paxton has decided to engage none but students as singers, and his first program will be sung on Sun-

day by Miss Sargent, soprano; Mrs. Homer, alto, and M. Léon Rains, basso, pupils of M. Bouhy, and Mr. Ben Chase, of Cleveland, a tenor from Delle Sedie's studio. The program will be as follows:

Come Everyone that Thirsteth (Elijah).....
Bass solos—
Thus Said the Lord.....Messiah.....
Who May Abide.....
Duet, soprano and alto, In His Hands.....Mendelssohn
Alto solo, Oh, Thou that Tellest Good Tidings.....
Tenor solo, Rock of Ages.....Goldschmidt
Quartet, Jesus of Nazareth.....Gounod

M. and Mme. E. Ciampi give the first séance of their choral society the last of the month in their studio. This feature of ensemble singing is a unique one with this admirable school. It is under the direction of M. Ciampi. The society is widely sought for and for benevolent occasions. The last concert for the benefit of children's hospitals was an excellent one.

THE MUSICAL COURIER is glad to recommend to American students the home of Mme. Frank at Passy as one in every way suited to their comfort and well-being in Paris. The house is modern, thoroughly heated, lighted, with baths, hot and cold water, light, a superb view and plenty of fresh air. French may be learned in the home, and evening conversations will be made a feature of the house. Mme. Frank is herself a pupil of the father of Galli-Marie in diction and music, and with her excellent family is allied to the best artistic circles of Paris. The families of the best musicians are their friends. See card and address on page 3 of this paper.

Mrs. Marie Harrison, of Canada, who is studying with Mme. Marchesi, has accepted a short engagement in London during the Christmas holidays which promises to be as agreeable as profitable. It will be chiefly of a social character, with two or three public appearances. She remains in Paris another year probably.

Mr. Paul Marcel's last matinee musicale was devoted to the compositions of Mlle. Chaminade, accompanied by the charming author. More later.

The "days" of Mme. Henri Deshayes' conversation salons are Wednesdays and Saturdays in the evening. Her address is 10 avenue de Versailles. Write to her there.

The Opéra is busy with rehearsals of Messidor. Mr. Colonne gave the César Franck Redemption to-day and a Saint-Saëns concerto (his selections from M. Leroux's *Perse* were the source of a row between partisans); M. Lamoureux Brahms' symphony in D, Conservatoire Schumann symphony in B flat, among other more or less important writings.

Good news reaches Paris of the musical activity of Mrs. Suzanne Ella Wood, now of Chicago, who in Paris was a pupil of Mme. De la Grange.

Songs by Redman.—H. N. Redman has had a group of five songs published recently. They are not the first attempt, and they show that this composer is making progress.

E. E. Taubert on Augustus Hyllested.—Augustus Hyllested left a most lasting impression upon his audience. It is a long time since a critic has heard a pianist use the instrument in so masterly a manner in the art of touch. The most delicate pianissimo, as well as the most brilliant fortissimo, are at his command. He has the power of coaxing the finest dynamic shadings from his instrument. He is also master in the use of the pedal. A born pianist.—E. E. Taubert, in the *Berlin Post*, December 8, 1896.

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HARMON-FORCE.**

Soprano;

**FEILDING C.
ROSELLE.**

Contralto,

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FEILDING C. ROSELLE

ARTISTS:

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Soprano;

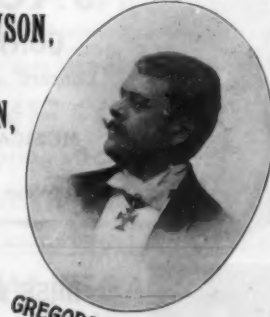
ADELE LAEIS BALDWIN,
Contralto,

... AND ...

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BUFFALO, N. Y., December 30, 1896.

THE Messiah was sung last Monday evening, December 28, in Music Hall. The performance was given under the auspices of the Buffalo Musical Association, an association of men prominent in the business world, and nearly, if not all, members of the Buffalo Club. They are associated musically for the purpose of fostering musical culture by managing or conducting musical enterprises on a large scale. Mrs. Hobart Weed is president, and the following are members of the association: Messrs. J. N. Adam, George Bleistein, Wilson S. Bissell, William C. Cornwell, Joseph P. Dudley, H. M. Gerrans, P. H. Griffin, Edmund Hayes, H. C. Harrower, R. H. Heusaler, F. C. M. Lautz, Roswell Park, C. W. Pardee, Ralph H. Plumb, Edward H. Rounds, W. G. Robbins, J. R. Smith, J. N. Scatcherd, George Urban, Edward C. Walker, Hobart Weed, Ansley Wilcox, John L. Williams, J. Ambrose Butler.

This is the second time this association has been responsible for the presentation of Handel's Messiah.

The chorus numbered 300 voices. The Buffalo Symphony Orchestra accompanied. The soloists were Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson, soprano; Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes, contralto; Mr. Geo. Leon Moore, tenor, and Mr. Gevilyn Miles, bass. Mr. John Lund was the conductor.

The chorus was the best one heard here in years. The parts were well balanced, the voices were young, fresh, mellow, well toned and well drilled. The singing was done with a freedom and crispness very refreshing.

The orchestra played very well, and performed the instrumental portion with entire satisfaction. A vocalist assisted with the accompaniments, Mr. Thomas presiding. The soloists were engaged from New York with one exception, the alto, Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes. She is a Buffalo singer, and we are very proud of her. It was her first appearance here in oratorio, and she acquitted herself in an admirable manner.

Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson is quite a favorite with us. In the air Rejoice Greatly, Oh, Daughter of Zion, she was at her best, the flexibility and carrying power of her voice showing in this number to special advantage.

Mr. Miles' voice received many compliments. His upper tones were full and sonorous.

Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. John Lund for his direction of the whole affair and for the splendid drill he gave the chorus.

Mr. Tom Karl came here last week to sing at the Delaware Avenue Baptist Church Christmas services, given last Sunday.

A concert was given by Mr. Karl the following Tuesday evening, December 29, assisted by local talent, when the program included the following:

Piano, Gavot.....	Bach-Saint-Saëns
Miss Mabelle H. McConnell.	
Baritone solo, Daphne's Love (new).....	Landon Ronald
Dedicated to Charles Santley.	
Mr. Phillips.	
Sunbeam and Lily.....	F. W. Riesberg
Sweetheart, Sign No More.....	Frank Lynes
Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes.	
Aria, Quando le sere.....	Verdi
Mr. Tom Karl.	

Cello soli—	
Air Suédois.....	G. Papini
Mélancoie.....	E. Gillet
Mr. Richard Fricke.	
Songs—	
Si mes vers.....	Halm
To Mary.....	M. V. White
Mr. Karl.	
Piano solo, Berceuse.....	Chopin
Miss McConnell.	
Baritone solo, A Night in June.....	Amy Ward
With cello obligato by Mr. Fricke.	
Mr. Phillips.	
Thy Beaming Eyes.....	E. A. MacDowell
Ecstasy.....	Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
Irish Folk Song.....	Arthur Foote
Mrs. Holmes.	
Songs—	
Stars.....	Leoni
The Night has a Thousand Eyes.....	Gerrit Smith
Slumber Song.....	
Mr. Karl.	
Cello soli—	
Gai Séjour.....	E. Gillet
Die Blume.....	M. Hauser
Mr. Fricke.	
Duet, La Notte.....	Millotti
Mrs. Holmes and Mr. Karl.	

This was Mr. Karl's first professional visit to Buffalo since he severed connections with the once famous Bostonians. His singing at the concert (also in church) gave very much pleasure. While he did not attempt anything very elaborate, every one of his selections was given with so much ease and finish that the results were genuinely enjoyable. He was received most cordially.

The home talent assisting him were Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes, Miss Mabelle H. McConnell, Mr. Joseph Phillips and Mr. Richard Fricke. Mrs. Holmes was in fine vocal condition and sang charmingly. Miss Mabelle H. McConnell, pianist, in a young miss who showed that she has much musical talent.

Mr. Phillips is a singer just coming into public notice. He has a naturally beautiful baritone voice. There is a fortune in it, if he is wise and pursues the correct methods of care and study. Mr. Fricke, of the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra ('cellist), played delightfully and won many of the compliments of the evening.

One of our Christmas services which deserved special comment was the afternoon service given at the First Presbyterian Church. With darkened church, and while stereopticon views, copies of celebrated pictures, were shown, the quartet sang carols. This quartet is composed of Miss Tyrrell, Mrs. Barnes Holmes, Mr. Williamson and Mr. George Sweet, and a very good one it is. The carols selected were by Barnby, Sullivan, Waith and Dyke. The idea of this service as carried out is practically an original one of Mr. Waith's.

Mr. Frank G. Dossert's (of New York) Christmas carols and duets found their way into several of our choirs this year and were sung with much pleasure by many of our singers.

Mr. Wm. S. Waith's male quartet—Messrs. J. R. Williamson, E. C. Dietrich, Raymond O. Riester and George Sweet—will soon make its first public appearance in a recital. The four singers are members of three of our prominent church quartets. They have been rehearsing regularly for some time under Mr. Waith's direction.

Dudley Buck's The Coming of a King was in preparation for several weeks by the choir of the Central Presbyterian Church, under the direction of Mr. Angelo M. Read. It was announced to be sung December 22, but unfortunately, when the audience was present and singers ready, the electric current in the organ was indisposed, and the singing of the cantata had to be postponed until the following Sunday. It was sung then without any electric hitches, and in a most satisfactory manner. It is said that Dudley Buck himself had a similar experience a year ago, when the cantata was sung for the first time, which fact was of some consolatory value to some of our disappointed ones.

Next week we will have the Nordica Concert Company and the third of the orchestra concerts, with Mr. H. Evans Williams as soloist.

OBSERVER.

The d'Arona Special Teacher's Course.

LETTERS have been received by THE MUSICAL COURIER asking for information about the d'Arona Special Course. We publish the following from Mms. d'Arona herself:

The d'Arona Special Teacher's Course is not published. It comprises 100 lessons upon the singing voice as found in men, women and children. It begins with an explanation of the distinctive character in voices and their place in the Italian category, their compass, quality, range and rôles in opera, and embraces the six classified soprano voices, three contraltos, six tenors, three baritones and five bass voices; the change of voice from childhood to maturity, causes and results. The anatomy from the diaphragm to the teeth is shown in colored charts, and the places and movements of the muscles during phonation are taught with vocal illustrations. The vocal scale from the middle C to high C is taken as an example, and each tone is given its mouth position, oral form, chief resonators, sympathetic resonators (as a result of a correct attack); also what takes place when the tones are not produced from a knowledge of their location, and the vibrated air mentally directed to sustain, expand and to nourish equally each tone of the range. Examples of all kinds of difficulties are audibly given, with their qualities of tone, and the causes are illustrated; breath vocalized through mental direction; size, shape and rapidity of the tone waves; how to gain the overtones belonging to the particular fundamental; the difference between purity and quality, the causes of a limited compass, breaks in the voice (or so-called registers), and how to remedy them. The difference between a head tone and the falsetto, the male alto and the tenor voice, the male alto and the contralto. The difference between upper chest and lower chest, direct chest attack and sympathetic chest, resonance tones in the lower pharynx and upper pharynx, open or closed posterior nasal channels, forehead vibration and back of the head vibration; the difference between falsetto and head, and what part of head, forehead, nose channels, hard palate, upper and lower pharynx, chest, &c., must be recognized as belonging to the tone to be sung, and what combinations can be effectively made to change the qualities without injuring purity. The lips and interior mouth for molding vowel form are next analyzed, and the difference between the use of the lung breath and the mouth breath for mellowing the tone into ripeness and beauty is a revelation to many teachers in this city, who, have been recognized, although they sometimes come to me veiled and otherwise disguised, and I would like to say right here that no one need fear Mme. d'Arona. Teachers' identity and names are perfectly safe with me, and in availing themselves of the \$10 single lessons (less than one term) teachers can consult me upon any point they are unable to master, or they can bring a pupil to sing for me without divulging the reason to the pupil, and can come later by appointment for consultation and advice. I sympathize and appreciate their position, and wish it understood that I respect it.

Articulation in tone comes next. Open and closed vowels, open and closed tones with words occupy pages which the pupil writes down and studies. The diatonic and chromatic scales with particular attention to the appoggio (breath support), &c. The sustaining of tone, when to breathe and when not to, breathing exercises for equalizing tone, expanding tone, diminishing tone. The sfogato attack, the difference between diaphragmatic and upper chest attack, the toccato or touch attack, and overtone attack, when and how to use them. Time, rhythm, phrasing, causes and care for nervousness, healthiness. Temperament defined. The emotion of the soul, the emotion of the passions. The broad delivery, and focus for buildings; how to modify for rooms of different size. The difference between an operatic and concert delivery, operatic and oratorio delivery, and why operatic artists dislike concert and oratorio work, and why concert artists take so long to

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"His reading of the concerto exhibited a satisfactory if not brilliant technique and a decided poetic feeling."—*New York Herald*, November 16, 1896.

"SIEVEKING has a singing touch, abundant technique, tremendous wrists, supple and sonorous and a most brilliant style. His success last night was marked."—*New York Morning Advertiser*, November 16, 1896.

"He played it splendidly, betraying in his performance a good share of all the qualities that go to the making of a great pianist—sensuous, emotional, intellectual. What strikes one first is the sensuous beauty of tone, so essential for real charm."—*New York Evening Post*, November 16, 1896.

"His recitals in December promise to be well attended, judging from the flattering comments of last night."—*New York Press*, November 16, 1896.

"When the occasion required it, he could accomplish wonders but he did them more as a matter of course and less for making a display than is the way of most artists. The audience felt at once that the man placed the forcible expression of thoughts or moods above mere musical fireworks."—*The Mail and Express*, New York, November 16, 1896.



be successful in opera. Color comes next; and the difference between artistic and inartistic production, cold or expressive vocal beauty. Timbre, natural and acquired. Vibration and reverberation. Personal magnetism; how to reach the medium of feeling and touch the emotion of another. To work upon the imagination, to understand a composer.

The difference between the Italian and German opera, and between learning and studying; how to study repertory and to commit. Vocal ornaments, such as the appoggiatura, linked notes, the mordante, the stentato, the gruppette, portamento, trill, crescendo and decrescendo (and how to produce it perfectly); the staccato, stroke of the glottis and the upper glottis; how it is done and why it is wrong and even dangerous to the voice. Flautato tones, repeated tones, syncopation, picchettato, martellato, and the all in all *legato* are all treated in full. Shading, the difference between lyric dramatic work and opera bouffe; the difference between violent pulsating sforzando and the touching of a tone as if the thread of a life had been cut, or to gradually diminish it down to an æolian murmur. To breathe away a tone as in a sigh, where to introduce a tempo rubato and to heavily accent a tone.

The difference between the singing of Beethoven's In Questo Tomba and a French chanson, &c.; linked singing, tone memory, defective ears and treatment, double attacks; how to stand before an audience in concert, at a reception, how to bow, &c.; posture, gesture, facial expression; how to preserve the voice, how to practice; what to eat, wear, &c.; accompanying; how to combine time, tune, interpretation, facial expression, gestures; the dramatic and the ideal features on scientific ground in operatic work, &c. The above is a synopsis of the work contained in the d'Arona Special Teacher's Course, at the completion of which a diploma is given authorizing the pupil to teach.

124 East Forty-second street.

FLORENZA D'ARONA.

Mary H. Mansfield.

MISS MARY H. MANSFIELD is a young soprano who has already achieved an enviable position in New York, and whose ability and energy are bound to lead to more prominent distinction in the future.

Miss Mansfield is well known as the solo soprano of the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue, New York, and also of Temple Emanu-El. Her work as a concert artist is equally well known, and she has the deserved reputation of being one of the most reliable singers before the public. She is a native of the fruitful vocal soil of New England, the land which gave us Eames and Nordica, having been born in New Haven and there educated. Before adopting music as a profession Miss Mansfield became a well-grounded musician, studied harmony, was well qualified as a pianist, and was one of the most rapid and unerring of readers at sight. She comes of a musical family, and was naturally endowed with the musical gift and temperament, but Miss Mansfield was determined to make of herself a musician as much as an artist of feeling and taste, and in doing so she has forged numerous paces ahead of her average singing sisters.

With this musical education Miss Mansfield is singularly independent. She can study any new work in her own studio without the aid of a coach or accompanist, and can sit down at any moment and accompany herself throughout her extensive repertory with the utmost intelligence and finish. Benjamin Jepson, supervisor of music in the New Haven schools, early pronounced her the best sight reader who had ever graduated there. By reason of this rarely developed gift Miss Mansfield is unusually quick in studies, and aided by her superior musical intelligence can grasp with unusual rapidity the true gist and sentiment of a composer.

The singer began her career in Hartford, Conn., where she sang in N. H. Allen's choir at the Centre Church, the

leading church, musically and socially, in Hartford. During her period there Miss Mansfield did more than sustain the high solo prestige of the choir, and simultaneously did a good deal of concert work and taught a large vocal class. Her efforts in every line were successful, and, knowing herself fitted to make her mark in a wider field, in the spring of 1893 Miss Mansfield came to New York.

For two years she sang in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, with R. T. Percy, organist, but in the spring of 1895 left there to take the position of solo soprano at the First Presbyterian Church, with William C. Carl, organist, where she still continues. In her present choir Miss Mansfield seems to have found her fitting place. She speaks in the most enthusiastic manner of Mr. Carl as



MARY H. MANSFIELD.

director and accompanist, finding him in her experience the best and most inspiring in his direction and support of any organist with whom she has ever sung.

In October, 1894, after the Temple Emanu-El had spent a year testing sopranos without any satisfactory results, Miss Mansfield was promptly selected upon application and has continued to remain. Her work there in conjunction with the contralto, Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, has become significant in the annals of choir music in New York. Both rich voices blend beautifully, so much so that Mr. A. J. Davis, who has been for twenty-five years organist at the Temple, has been incited to write special musical works with vocal duets embodied, as also separate duets, with the voices of these two particular singers in view. Friday and Saturday are Miss Mansfield's days at the Temple and the vocal music heard on those days is worth going a little distance to enjoy. On last Thanksgiving morning the duet from Mendelssohn's Lobgesang, I Waited for the Lord, as sung by Miss Mansfield and Mrs. Jacoby, was an exquisite and finished piece of vocal work which will long linger in the memory of those who had the good fortune to be present.

Miss Mansfield's voice is a high mezzo-soprano, dramatic in quality, but under such free and flexible control that she

can adapt herself successfully to the various forms of lighter music. She has two clean, firm octaves from C to C, in which each tone is mellow, vibrant and whole. Her delivery is broad and authoritative in music of the dramatic school, while at the same time she is a sympathetic and graceful interpreter of lyrics, either tender or gay. Her versatility in this regard is remarkable, as she is one of the few songstresses capable of standing up with an orchestra and singing with success a large dramatic aria or turning to the piano and singing to her own accompaniment with admirable delicacy and finesse a light song of the French, Italian, German or English school. Her lyric repertory in the four languages is extremely large, and she is thoroughly familiar with the principal standard oratorios. If necessary she can sing coloratura well, but her taste does not lie in that direction.

For this reason Miss Mansfield is studying dramatic rôles with a view to the operatic stage. A limited opportunity to show her dramatic possibilities was afforded her last season when she sang the rôle of *Patience* in the performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera given at the Metropolitan Opera House under the direction of Mr. Frank Russak for the athletic interests of the University of New York. Miss Mansfield was thoroughly at home on the big stage, easy, graceful and intelligent in her action, and sang with vibrant effect. Her strong adaptiveness for the stage was self-evident, and with her voice, intelligence and capacity for hard work she ought one day to win for herself the exact place there which she desires.

Personally Miss Mansfield is a young woman with what character readers would call a very strong but a very sympathetic face. It is alive with intelligence, shows firm grit of purpose and a persistent determination in energy. An object once set down to be achieved, this singer is not going to let it escape her if brains, will and hard work can conquer things. She is a young woman who makes no faulty experiments. She knows well what she has to do and she invariably does it. There are no slips or weak spots in her work, and she is an artist who will always do better under the stress of a public appearance than she may be known to do in private. She has confidence and control—the confidence which is based on a thorough assimilation of the music she has got to sing, and which is simply stimulated by the test of a public audience where other singers are made nervous. In a word, Miss Mansfield is a thoroughly reliable as well as generously equipped artist.

She works hard at her studies in her pretty studio at 118 West Thirteenth street, with the light from six large windows filling the niche where stands her grand piano. It is a charming studio, with every detail in decoration and every exterior incentive to song which a good singer need ask. That the singer who occupies it can make such accomplished and intelligent use of the piano is a charm which her many friends appreciate, for with plenty of voice and to spare, and the gift of accompanying herself with as much ease as grace, Miss Mansfield does not need to husband her resources and will sing a song or grave or gay for anybody, or a dozen of them without hesitancy. In manner the singer is bright, vivacious and with the sterling ring which is removed from all affectation. Her conversation is that of a woman of sound general education and she is obviously a keen observer.

Miss Mary H. Mansfield is a singer who, if natural musical endowments and strong character meet their deserts, will no doubt find herself some day soon exactly where she wants to be.

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BOSTON, Mass., January 3, 1897.

A BENEFIT concert was given to Col. J. H. Mapleson at the Boston Theatre last Sunday night. An orchestra and a chorus were conducted by Mr. Rotoli. The chief singers were Mme. Clementine de Vere-Sapio, Mme. Scalchi and Randaccio. There was a small audience and I doubt if the gallant colonel was \$5 to the good.

The Tuesday after two police officers requested a warrant against Mr. Tompkins, proprietor of the theatre, and those who took a prominent part in the concert. Judge Burke refused to grant a warrant on the evidence presented. It appears that special objection was made by certain bigots to the Star Spangled Banner, and compositions by Verdi, Wagner and Rotoli. One song by Rotoli was to have been sung by De Anna. As the baritone did not appear, the song was not sung. The officers were not aware of this fact.

For the benefit of innocent men and women who may be persuaded to sing in Boston Sunday night for some worthy cause, I quote the absurd blue law that governs. It is to be found in Chapter 484 of the Acts of 1895:

Whoever is present at a game, sport, play or public diversion, except a concert of sacred music or an entertainment given by a religious or charitable society, the proceeds of which, if any, are to be devoted exclusively to a charitable or religious purpose, upon the Lord's Day, shall be punished by fine not exceeding \$5 for each offense.

Have any pianists, fiddlers or singers made good resolutions for the New Year? Have any sworn solemnly to regard audiences and composers?

I thought, of these performing people, patient hearers and long suffering composers as I read on New Year's Day this sentence from Poe's Eleonora: "And the curse which I invoked of Him and of her, a saint in Helusion, should I prove traitorous to that promise, involved a penalty the exceeding great horror of which will not permit me to make record of it here."

And I thought of the wisdom of the Chinese concerning musicians.

For last month I went with men and women to a Chinese restaurant in Harrison avenue. The landlord is apparently a young boy, but he may be fifty years of age. Strange dishes were served in bewildering haste one after the other. Tea of nerve deceiving gentleness was the only drink. The company was in sympathy with the landlord, the place, the furniture, and one with another. To aid digestion or keep aloof the evil spirits, a yang-kin was brought in reverently, and a solemn Chinaman played with his two

lithe hammers upon the strings a fantasia of wondrous length.

Perhaps, you know this instrument by sight. It is the one called by Fétis the tseng, and strangers name it the kin. It is a trapezoidal, sonorous flat box. There are fourteen double strings of brass attached to the left, and tuned at the right by twenty-eight pegs. Two bridges of openwork are nearly parallel to the sides of the trapezoid. The double strings of the odd row rest on the ridge of the right bridge, and pass through the cuttings in the left bridge. The double strings of the even row pass through the cuttings of the right bridge, and rest on the ridge of the left bridge. The signs of notation are placed along the two sides of the bridges. The relation of vibration between the two sides, to the left and the right of the right bridge, is as 1 : 3. The left bridge divides the even strings in the proportion 5 : 8; which is equivalent, I believe, to the vibratory relation of the minor sixth. The ordinary compass is from B flat low soprano to G in octave above the staff, and in this scale are six pentaphonic series. The proportions of the instrument are generally about 9 inches high; the greater length 28 inches; the lesser length 10 inches. I believe there were two rosettes in the board we heard. The instrument in the famous Snaeck collection, the one that belonged to Fétis, and the one in the restaurant are nearly of the same size.

Now, I was so impressed by the quiet beauty of the instrument and its delectable voice when coaxed to speak that I tried that night to find out something about the yang-kin in the learned book by Father Amiot, a copy of which, 1779, is now before me. But I doubt if this particular size was known to the good missionary.

He knew the kin and the ché, and the instrument we heard is truly a lineal descendant.

Observe the care with which the kin was built. In the first place it was invented by that miracle of wisdom, Fou-hi. He rounded the top to portray the sky. Sundry proportions represented the eight winds and the four seasons. Five strings stood for the five planets and the five elements, "and its total length, 7 feet 2 inches, represented the universality of things." Here my mind began to totter. Why should 7 feet 2 inches be universality? The tea was stronger than I thought. But, no; here it is Sunday afternoon, Sunday in Boston, Mass., when the mind is unclouded, even in those who do not obey the Pythagorean maxim.

I consulted the ingenious Rowbotham. "The mystical side of Chinese music is a subject that has never been opened at any length, and yet all Chinese treatises are full of it. It is said that the tchou was invented to show by means of music the advantages which men procure for one another by being united in society, &c."

Amiot told me that the kin regulates its own heart and keeps the passions within just bounds; it civilizes men; it renders them obedient to law; it urges them to actions worthy of recompense, and it cultivates in peace the industry from which the wits are born.

Ouen-ouang and Ou-ouang added two strings. Now the yang-kin must be nearer the ché, which had originally fifty strings and they were reduced to twenty-five; but the ché was 7 feet 2 inches long.

Here is the paragraph that riveted my attention: "They who wish to draw from the kin sounds capable of charming," say the ancient Chinese writers, "should have a grave countenance and a well regulated mind; they should

pluck the strings lightly, and neither too high nor too low. And they who wish to play the ché should have mortified passions and the love of virtue graven in their hearts; unless they are such they will draw only sterile sounds, which will produce no fruit."

And then did I realize the solemnity of the music in that third story of a house in Harrison avenue. I remembered the awe-struck faces of the landlord and the attendants when a white woman of the company touched in careless fashion the mystical instrument. I saw again the serious contemplation of the Orientals as the musician played. Did he remember the injunctions of the ancients? Had he abstained from hitting the pipe that week?

What did he play? Not the eighty-four modulations, which was a show piece in 640 A. D. Not the Hymn to the Ancestors. So far as I could make out from the musician's words it was a favorite folk tune set as a fantasia.

Even our greatest pianists might learn from the wisdom of the Chinese. Only they who have learned to regulate the passions, and whose minds are tranquil, should be allowed to touch a piano. "They should have a grave countenance." Listen to that, de Pachmann! And you are not the only one that grimaces when playing. Neither envy, nor malice, nor lust of praise, nor fear of critic's rage or yawn should be in the breast of the pianist.

It is the new year. Will not pianists reflect on these matters? Will they not make a vow to imitate the players of the yang-kin? And would that they would also promise to abstain from the Waldstein sonata, Chopin's Berceuse and the Schubert-Liszt Hark, Hark the Lark, for one year. Perhaps this last is too much to ask.

Reading the Fardle of Facions this morning I came across an admirable description of the average comic opera chorus. The old Englishman, describing the Ichthyophagi, who "ate in the wilde field together abroad," adds, "rejoicing with a semblance of merinasse, and a manner of singyng full untuned."

The program of the tenth Symphony concert given last night in Music Hall was as follows:

Overture to *Fidello*.....Beethoven
Concerto for piano, No. 3, in F minor, op. 47.....Schütt
(First time in Boston.)
Symphonic poem, *Wallenstein's Lager*.....Smetana
(First time in Boston.)
Symphony No. 3, in F major.....Brahms

Here were two novelties. I do not know whether you have heard them in New York. I do not know whether either piece has been played in the United States, for there is no annual now that corresponds to Mr. Wilson's Year Book, and alas! THE MUSICAL COURIER is not indexed.

Neither, for that matter, is the *Signale* nor the *Ménestrel* indexed.

The second piano concerto of Eduard Schütt was first played, I understand, by the composer to Leschetisky and invited guests. It was first played in public by the composer at the fourth Philharmonic concert in Vienna, early in January, 1896. The concerto seems to me a barren work. There are small pieces for piano by Schütt that are interesting for piquancy of harmony and rhythm, daintiness, grace. But I know of no work of serious dimensions by him that leaves a durable impression. His suite for violin and piano, played here in 1894, was at the

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best salon music of a certain distinction. His comic opera, *Signor Formica* (Vienna, 1892), I have never heard, but I read that it is an eclectic thing, devoid of true humor, now looking toward *Die Meistersinger* and now toward the French *opéra-comique* of the forties and fifties. I do not know whether his first piano concerto (1892) has been played in this country. His piano trio was given in Chicago, '90-01.

The second concerto does not call for a long description. It is for the most part either bombastic or flippant. The second theme of the first movement is charming, but one theme does not make a concerto. The second movement is conventional in its prettiness. The finale is a dull and vulgar thing. There is a tarantella theme which squints at the audience for applause. There is a contrasting second theme that is to-day as though it had never been written. There is an interlude with a new cantabile theme. But the effect of the whole, as indeed of the concerto, is this and this alone: Insincerity. The orchestration is laboriously searched out or explosively meaningless and detrimental to the pianist. And in the whole concerto I heard no new idea, no new form of expression, no memorable and haunting sentence, no irresistible effect. I felt no creation and maintaining of a mood.

Mr. George W. Proctor made his debut in Boston in this concerto. He played last Thursday Mendelssohn's G minor concerto at the Symphony concert in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. He is a pretty boy with stiff arms and wrists.

I am told that he was a pupil at the New England Conservatory of Music, where he attracted the attention of a local patroness of music, who assisted him to study abroad. I am told that he studied with Leschetizky. All this may be true or false. I have no means to-day of verifying the statements, and I do not believe that there is palpitating anxiety throughout the United States concerning the truth.

The young man has, undoubtedly, piano talent. Mr. Apthorp, who is inclined to be epigrammatic, says he was born on the piano, a truly uncomfortable position for all concerned. It is true that Mr. Proctor has the piano instinct. There were agreeable features in his performance. First of all, he was eminently sincere when the concerto almost goaded him to insincerity. His bravura was often clear, if it was neither forcible nor dazzling. He showed a rhythmic sense; but it was a studious pupil's rhythm without spontaneity or abandon. His tone was colorless, lukewarm. His fortissimo chords were without resonance. I found no stroke of individuality in his playing. It seemed to me that the young man has been taught in an effeminate school, where brittleness is regarded as synonymous with strength; that if he had studied under another master, or more by himself, or had listened discriminatingly to others, he would now play with greater breadth and character. Still you must remember that the concerto is not a work to call out that which is best and noblest in a pianist.

I do not believe that Mr. Proctor would have been invited to play at the Symphony concert if he had not had powerful social backing. Advice to pianists thinking of Boston as an abiding place: When you arrive here make to yourselves friends of the mammon of musical unrighteousness and ignorance.

Mr. Apthorp, in his program book, says Wallenstein's Camp "belongs to Smetana's posthumous works."

Now Smetana was conductor of the Philharmonic Society in Gothenburg, Sweden, 1856-1861. In this capacity he wrote at least two symphonic poems—Richard III., in 1858

(it was played at Prague January 5, 1862), and Wallenstein's Lager, in 1859, the year of the death of his first wife. I do not think it likely that the latter was not performed until after the death of Smetana. Richard III., Wallenstein's Lager and Hakon Jarl (1861 or 1862) were published lately by Simrock. Is it likely that Smetana, for some time conductor of opera and concert at Prague, never wished to hear his musical idea of Schiller's play?

The piece itself is full of the sturdy honesty that characterizes so much of Smetana's music. Music of the camp it is, with lip cracking trumpet fanfares—thundering of drums—mysterious hints at the darkness and suspicion of the night; and are the sonorous recitatives of the trombones and tuba allusions to the Capuchin's sermon?

In the first movement of the Brahms symphony Mr. Paur indulged again in his fatal passion for the slow allegro. You know the passionate, pulsing movement; you know that Brahms marked it allegro con brio. But Mr. Paur waxed sentimental with the second theme—and the wood wind instruments under his beat were maudlin with their too-ti-too-ti-too-ti-tootle-tootle. I wish he would vary his passion, by surprising us with a lively adagio or a slow scherzo.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

JANUARY 2, 1897.

Siebeking will give his first recital in Boston in Steinert Hall on Saturday afternoon, January 9, when the following program will be played:

Sonata, op. 27, No. 2.....	Beethoven
Fantaisie, F minor, op. 49.....	
Two études.....	No. 3.....Chopin
	No. 5.....op. 10.....
Prelude, F major.....	
Polonaise, A flat.....	
Fantaisie, C major, op. 17.....	Schumann
Menuet from L'Arlésienne.....	Bizet
Angulus.....	
Waldklänge.....	Siebeking
Étude de Concert, G flat, op. 24.....	Moszkowski

Miss Suza Doane, pianist, and Mr. Albert Gerard-Thiers, tenor, will give a concert in Chickering Hall on Wednesday evening, January 6, when an interesting program will be given. Miss Doane recently played at some concerts in New York, when most flattering things were said of her.

Mrs. A. Sophia Markee will be the soloist at the concert to be given by one of the ladies' clubs of West Newton on Monday evening.

Madame Gertrude Franklin's talented pupil, Mrs. Titus, has been engaged for the Ogdensburg Festival January 27. On January 21 and 22 she will sing at Littleton, N. H., and at Lawrence February 4. Besides these engagements she has a number of private musicals. Those who heard Mrs. Titus sing recently will be glad to hear that she is to continue studying with Mme. Franklin. At Bumstead Hall, where she was heard privately by Mme. Franklin's friends, the opinion was freely expressed that it would be unfortunate to have such a voice "spoiled" by foreign training, and that where so much had been done by a teacher it was a pity for the pupil to make a change. Then would it not be a great advertisement for a singer to say "I am an American, trained in America by an American teacher"? It is a pleasure to hear that Mrs. Titus is working hard all the time and improving.

Mme. de Angelis will give a pupils' recital January 7 in the afternoon from 8 to 5.

The Mendelssohn Orchestral Club, Mr. Frederic Mahn conductor, is a new organization of musicians from orchestral organizations.

Miss Agot Lunde will be assisted at her recital on January 14 by Miss Laura Webster, of New York.

Mr. Max Heinrich's first song recital will take place in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening, January 5.

Mr. George W. Proctor will appear with Miss Beatrice Herford in the entertainment for the benefit of the Calhoun Colored School on Monday evening, January 11, in Association Hall. At the benefit for the Hampton Institute on Monday afternoon, January 4, in Steinert Hall, Mme. Antoinette Szumowska will be the pianist, and Miss Herford will appear in one of her unique entertainments as monologist.

Instrumentation.

IN general the pupil will not learn from books how to instrumentate; he will acquire exhaustive knowledge of the quality and method of writing for different instruments; all else is left to assiduous hearing and study of old works and practical exercise, and at last, with some gifts, some ear and taste, every young musician can succeed in writing simply and agreeably for the orchestra.

I remember that Nessler, the composer of the Trumpeter of Säckingen, once said to me that for instrumentation one ought to study logic. If that be so it would have been very necessary for him, for his scores are examples how not to orchestrate. But did our classical masters study logic? Scarcely, and yet their orchestral works are models of instinctively logical, sound instrumentation. Our age, however, which loves exaggeration, has inverted the relation between instrumentation and composition, and gives to the former an importance out of all due measure.

Let me be correctly understood. Instrumentation has, since the classical period, made a great advance, naturally based on the progress of the age and the consequent improvement in orchestral resources, an advance which has found its highest—perhaps its highest possible—expression in the scores of Wagner, Liszt and Berlioz. As in the classics, so in Wagner, the orchestration is in exact proportion to the musical contents; however bright his color it is always in the service of a higher form that inspires it. It is only recently that instrumentation has become an end in itself, a kind of musical sport, that men leave simplicity as far as possible, form inconceivable combinations, and seek for new effects. Yes, effects. That is the modern password. Instrumentation must be effective, even if the beautiful has to be superseded by the hideous; better the hideous than the "has been," be the *Klang* what it may.

And the writer to whom nothing original occurs seizes some harmless, defenseless little Lied or piano piece, instruments it for an orchestra where the brasses alone would suffice to throw down again the walls of Jericho, and then believes he has performed a great deed in music. The name of the instrumentator stands proudly in big letters on the programs, while that of the composer stands below all the smaller, and he naturally, even although he be in his grave, is held responsible if the "novelty" has not the desired success.

Why did he write so ungratefully? What exaggeration in the resources prescribed by the score, what unnatural tasks are assigned to the instruments! To master what stands to-day in the horn part a good violinist requires time to practice; piano glissando passages are not to be compared in rapidity with what is now demanded of clarinetist or flautist; a modern trombonist must have not one pair, but two pairs of cheeks, a drummer four arms instead of two, while for the oboist and fagotist the *fin de siècle* composer provides the services of an undertaker. And what is the practical effect? Observe how effective is

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in the old scores the introduction of one clarinet or one horn, compared to the noise of four or eight or even sixteen brass instruments in the latest orchestral works. Our senses are limited in their powers of perception and discrimination; we can only hear and appreciate within certain limits.

Continued color effects first dazzle, then tire, then bore us, and finally we turn with longing to the utmost simplicity. The reaction in this direction will come sooner or later, but it is inevitable. When the school of the great John Sebastian Bach, at the beginning of the last century, degenerated into idle, pedantic trifling or purposeless artificiality, when effect was sought for by polyphonic exaggerations, as to-day by instrumental, then in due time appeared a Haydn, who delivered Art by a sudden revolution from the long trodden path of contrapuntal complexity, and led her back to the original road of the simple and the sound.

Our degenerate instrumentation requires the coming man who will call a halt to an ill regulated tendency and enforce a change.

LOUIS B. SAAR.

(In the *New York Review*, December 27, 1896.)

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LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, December, 1896.

A FINE audience attended The Messiah given by Mr. Shackleton's Musical Club and a quartet of Chicago singers—Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, soprano; Mrs. Annie Thacker, contralto; Mr. Carberry, tenor, and Mr. Chas. Clark, basso. Mrs. Wilson has sung here before, and her work was beautiful, as usual. Mrs. Thacker and Mr. Carberry were most satisfactory, and Mr. Clark's dramatic intensity and musicianly phrasing provoked much enthusiasm.

The choruses were spirited, and the orchestral accompaniment good in attack and tempi. The club will give *Acis and Galatea*, *The Swan and Skylark*, *Samson and Delilah*, and *The Creation* during the rest of the season.

At the second concert of the Smith and Nixon series Maud Powell captured the house by her fine performances on her "genuine" Amati. Mr. Frieberg was the pianist and Chevalier De Bassini baritone.

Mrs. Americus Callahan is carrying everything before her at present. A pupil of Mrs. Emily Davison and Mr. Adams, of Boston, she coached with Mrs. Hess-Burr, of Chicago, this summer. This past week her appearance for the benefit of the Church of the Ascension, singing the Shadow Song from Dinorah, and a brace of songs besides, gave her friends an opportunity of hearing her at her best in coloratura singing.

Mr. George Selby introduced his pupil, Miss Clara Evans, at a choir recital in New Liederkranz Hall. Miss Evans' voice shows evidence of discriminating training, which cannot be said of Mr. Mansfield, tenor. The gentleman in question is a useful singer, reads well and sticks to his text, and it is a pity that somebody does not suggest to him to take lessons or stop singing. Mr. Beard's voice is a warm, rich bass, the natural qualities compensating for faulty production. Mrs. Brannin Sherley is a charming singer at any time, and her selections upon this occasion afforded her ample opportunity for the display of her talents. Others who took part were Miss Hess, Mr. Roach and Mr. Surman.

The first of the Quintet Club concerts was an artistic success. The quintet is composed of Miss Hattie Bishop, piano; John Surman, first violin; Victor Rudolf, second; Karl Schmidt, cello; Charles Setzler, viola—as it was last year. Miss Adele Howard assisted Miss Bishop at the piano, and Max Zoeller added to the cello parts. The program was interesting as to composers and thoroughly rehearsed.

The last Liederkranz concert of the season could be improved upon. Karl Schmidt's orchestrations are always fine, so are his cello solos, but he can't do everything, and probably utilizes his material as well as anybody could, but this time the brass was particularly base, over-predominant and flat.

Miss Florence Smith sang acceptably, though her ever recurring portamento marred what should have been her best effects. He Was a Prince is not always a happy selection for a young singer—it's too easy to make dreary. Mr. Douglas Webb is either not singing so well at present or is not judicious as to his reper-

CARL

"His performance was sympathetic, musical and vigorous. He registers with a fine color sense, and was recalled most heartily.—*James Huncker, in the Morning Advertiser, New York.*

"Standing room was at a premium at the organ concert given by WILLIAM C. CARL yesterday. Mr. CARL has a thorough knowledge of the resources of the organ, and his playing was marked by much brilliancy.—*Martinez, in The New York World.*

"Mr. CARL at the organ proved himself one of the foremost manipulators of this difficult instrument. His playing of the Guilmant 'Caprice' was entrancing.—*The New York Times.*

"His playing was the finest thing heard here for many a day.—*Cincinnati Post.*

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tory. The other soloists were acceptable, and Miss Bishop accompanied beautifully.

Miss Emily Davison, lately soprano at St. Andrew's, is studying with Fräulein Seehofer in Berlin preparatory to studying with Lilli Lehmann in the spring.

Miss Davison gives much promise, though it is doubtful if her talents will equal those of her gifted mother and teacher, whose debut in New York years ago, under the auspices of Richard Grant White, the celebrated critic, gave her an entrée to circles that her magnificent voice, musicianship and culture graced most fitly. Mr. Krehbiel and Mr. Damrosch pronounce Miss Davison well taught, and if she succeeds she will but another to the list of pupils having been successful and taught by her mother, among them being Mary Louise Clary, the contralto, now in New York; Rosa Green, contralto, of England; Lilla Harris, lately with Lilli Lehmann and Mrs. Americus Callahan, soprano, of our own Calvary Choir. MARGARET WARD BELL.

PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., December 28.

THE chief musical events of the season have been the two concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, both with splendid programs, Sieveking and Hall being the respective soloists. These concerts increase in popularity every year and are really the mainstay of our musical season, which in reality would be nothing without them.

The Arion Club gave at its first concert Samson and Delilah, a repetition from last season. The next concert will bring Elijah, and the last the Flying Dutchman. This seems to be a most unfortunate choice, as of all Wagner's pre-Nibelung operas none depends so much upon scenery and picturesque background as the Flying Dutchman.

Messrs. George H. Lomas, A. S. Metcalf, Frank P. Tingley, Newell L. Wilbur and other organists are giving a series of organ recitals which are enjoyed by large audiences.

In the month of December occurred the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Music Teachers' Association, opened by an organ recital of high order given by Mr. H. M. Danham, of Boston.

The sessions of the next day were filled out with papers and recitals. Among the papers may be mentioned of interest and usefulness *The Relation of Music to Education*, by Newell S. Wilbur; *Voice Mechanism from a Physiological Standpoint*, by Frank B. Spague, M. D., and *Musical Examinations in This and European Countries*, by George H. Lomas. Rev. Herbert H. Kott read a paper, *The Artist's Message*, which showed a great command of language, but treated the subject in a rather hyper-romantic way.

In the morning Miss Alice Coleman gave several piano selections, and in the afternoon Miss Eleanor B. Sprout gave a piano recital, assisted by G. G. Hornberger, cellist. Miss Sprout is a fine pianist, with a sure and brilliant technique, fine musical temper, and added to these gifts kind nature has given her a very sympathetic appearance. Miss Fanny C. Berry took Mme. Adingdon's place fully unprepared and at very short notice, and received enthusiastic applause for her fine piano playing. The event closed with an evening concert of orchestral compositions by Rhode Island composers, the contributor being D. W. Reeves, N. B. Sprague, Jules Jordan and your correspondent. In the afternoon Irving P. Irons was elected president, and your correspondent was made secretary and treasurer.

At Danielsonville and Peacedale N. B. Sprague gave his first concerts with his respective singing associations. At Newport Mr. Irons is preparing *Fatinitza* and *Piafore*, to be given at the Opera House by his pupils, assisted by friends and amateurs.

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THINK of it! \$6,000 for two performances in one week paid to Jean Reszké for singing *Siegfried*, and his representative in charge of the box office to watch the cash so that no mistake could be made in calculating the percentages to be paid to Reszké. Think of it, \$6,000 to one man alone in one week for two performances! No wonder grand opera in America is always doomed to failure. These foreign-

ers get every dollar the community can spend for music and then go home and tell us that we can have no opera without them, for without them opera must fail, as if it did not fail with them.

WHEN will that great paper, the New York *Sun*, secure the services of a music critic who is not afflicted with emotional hysteria and who can for that reason never separate the person from the artist or the artist from the person?

THE fiasco of Nellie Melba last Wednesday night as *Brünnhilde* was the most painful and pitiful drama ever exhibited on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. Those whose hearts did not go out to the woman were at least moved to regret at the fate of the artist. But what redress has she against Reszké? She knows he, of all men, very well understood her vocal range and possibilities; he poses as one of the great experts. She knows that. He knows that. And yet she has no redress except to refuse to sing with such an individual. If she desires to prove that she possesses true womanly instincts she will never again be seen in his company—at least in public.

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI

THE Reszké family is suffering from graphomania. Hardly a day passes but what Jean or one of his relatives rushes into print. Here is a batch of three letters from the *mishpocha* printed in the *Journal* on Sunday:

"He Stands Alone," Says Jean de Reszke.

In all the range of operatic music there is nothing which compares in greatness of effect with the works of Wagner. He stands alone—the master whom many have striven to imitate, but who never once permitted himself to borrow an idea from another. Wagner's music stands above considerations of country and period. It is the music not alone of the future but of the present, and not alone of the present, but of all time. It is universal and all-embracing. It interprets all human emotion, all passion.

It is true that the singing of some Wagner parts involves a physical tax on the singer, but it is true only in a measure. All depends on the artist. To interpret the master's music demands training the most perfect and severe. It demands that the singer shall be as perfect in his or her art as the limitations imposed by nature will admit of. That means that the artist must have absolute command of his or her voice. Given such conditions there need be no fear of injuring the voice or of suffering more fatigue than should be expected after hours of hard physical and intellectual work, to say nothing of the emotional strain incidental to any artistic effort. At this moment, for example, I have just returned from singing the most trying part I know—that of *Siegfried*. And I certainly do not feel sufficient fatigue to interfere with my enjoyment of affairs outside the Metropolitan Opera House.

But this is a proposition which hardly needs demonstration. If the singing of Wagner produced injurious physical effects, artists would not rush to their doom quite so eagerly. And what operatic artist is there who is not anxious to sing in Wagner opera?

JEAN DE RESZKÉ.

Edouard de Reszke on Wagner's Kingship.

In America more than in any other country, except Germany, is the kingship of Wagner established beyond question. For evidence of this let one observe the audience that gathers at every Wagnerian presentation. It is amazing! And in honoring Wagner New York honors itself, and places itself on a superior musical plane to almost any other capital in the world.

In order to sing Wagner in German, my brother and I devoted much time and labor to studying the language in which the great master wrote and thought the language which he himself welded indissolubly with music the most marvelous. We knew that only by learning that language could we qualify ourselves to interpret the master's works. Even in France and Italy now they insist upon having Wagner's operas presented in the German.

The amount of study demanded by Wagner is prodigious. Jean and I, for example, devoted nearly a year and a half to the close and laborious study of *Siegfried* before we ventured to appear in that opera. And it was very much the same with *Tristan*.

Of course it is no holiday pastime to interpret Wagner. But the strain on the voice and the physique which it involves has been absurdly exaggerated. No great artistic achievement is possible without fatigue, but with the training and experience that are necessary to make a man or a woman an artist such fatigue is reduced to a minimum and will produce no ill effects.

EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ.

Mme Litvinne "Not a Bit Tired."

It is the ambition of every artist to interpret Wagner's works, and this would not be the case if the effort were so great a strain as to be injurious. It is certain that I do not feel a bit tired after my performance this afternoon, which was unusually trying, because it was so unexpected. It was not until this morning that the management informed me that Mme. Melba was too ill to appear as *Brünhilde*, and asked me to take her place. I had never rehearsed the part, although, of course, I was familiar with the music, and had gone through it in private with M. Jean de Reszké. Nevertheless I suffered from nothing beyond the nervousness natural at such a time. I am now studying the part of *Ortruda*, which I will sing when Lohengrin is presented, later in the season.

FELIA LITVINNE.

They are in such a hurry to rush into the papers that they can find no time for comparisons, and, consequently, the one contradicts the other. Let us see a moment. The letters speak for themselves; but it is amusing to observe that Edouard says that Jean and he "devoted nearly a year and a half to the close and laborious study of *Siegfried*," and Sister-in-law Litvinne says that she had never even "rehearsed

the part." Oh, Felia Ophelia! Jean says that it involves a physical tax (if there is one thing Jean hates it is a tax), and Felia says she "suffered from nothing," although she seems to be physically taxed, come to think of it. Outside of the consuming egotism in these letters, they are the most ordinary, commonplace platitudes. But Reszkés will write.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

THE New York *Sun* in its Sunday issue of January 3 published the following from London on an interesting topic of the day:

Mr. Henry Labouchere in *Truth* and Editor Palmer of the *Yorkshire Post*, an influential provincial journal, call attention this week to the subject, once more referred to here, of bribing English newspapers by means of advertisements inserted ostensibly as news and by payment for the insertion of prospectuses of new companies on condition of their being puffed more or less directly. Neither critic is sufficiently severe upon this state of things, which is fast sapping the independence of the press of this country. Both appear to think that only third-rate newspapers print these things, which is far from being the case. Newspapers with more than a local reputation, such as the *London Times*, the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph*, habitually insert personal notices for payment which are advertisements pure and simple, and not always inspired by harmless vanity; and their example is being very widely followed. But the chief evil of the system is the puffing of the swindling concerns of company promoters and bucketshop keepers. A glaring case in point was the advertisement of the British Motor Syndicate's impudent scheme for extracting \$15,000,000 from the pockets of simple investors for property that is practically worthless. The newspapers, from the *Times* down to the smallest evening sheet in a third-rate town, got this advertisement at their own prices and inserted it, two columns long, with gratitude and joy, although it bore upon its face the full brand of dishonesty and the hall mark of swindling promoters, which every business man could plainly see and understand. Yet, with three or four honorable exceptions, no newspaper criticised the lying statements in the prospectus, and much less warned simple investors against its dangers. The inherent rottenness of the scheme is sufficiently proved by the fact that, despite lavish advertising upon a scale almost unparalleled, the public subscribed, not millions, as it was asked to do, but only a few poor thousands, which came entirely from country people unacquainted with the wiles of stock exchange sharks. Even these few thousands are now being returned to those who sent them, the promoters not daring to go to allotment upon them in view of the threats of legal proceedings.

Concurrently with this bribing by advertisements the custom of certain journals, more particularly of the London financial newspapers, to charge for the insertion of reports of public meetings of mining and industrial companies has spread largely, so that it is now almost impossible even for the soundest concern to obtain publicity for its proceedings without paying for it. The financial newspapers do not care a rap whether a company is honest or a swindle, provided so many pounds a column are paid for the report of meetings which, as often as not, are composed merely of the seven shareholders which the law says must be present to constitute a legal meeting, and these seven may be the actual promoters of the concern. The other day one of the leading financial newspapers contained about fifty columns of reports of company meetings, and it may be safely estimated that the payment for these reports aggregated \$200.

In comparison with such methods prevailing in the old mother country the pursuit of journalism in America is an innocent diversion. We merely reprint the above to set at rest the carping criticisms of those who find fault with our so-called sensational press for making the destiny of Mr. Jean Reszké's moustache the leading topic of last week's discussion and illustration.

The only fault that can be found is the fact that the daily papers divided the interests in their columns in that moustache and the Cuban skirmishes, the local suicides, the society scandals, the Chapman raid at Sherry's, the verdict in the Zucker arson case and the knock-out of pugilist Duffy at the Broadway Athletic Club. These events all pale into insignificance when compared with that epoch making fact, the removal of Jean Reszké's moustache, or Schnurbart, as a true Wagnerian would call it.

It is an evidence of poverty of imagination and lack of artistic and journalistic delicacy to publish the two pictures of Mr. Reszké, "Before Shaving" and "After Shaving," in the same paper in which Sherry's raid is analytically dissected. It is brutal to publish his portraits "with moustache" and "without moustache" in a paper simultaneously with the news that Government bonds were steady and the rate for money in London had declined. Bonds and money mentioned when Reszké's name is mentioned—how indelicate! The man got only \$6,000 for singing *Siegfried* twice last week; his brother got \$1,600 for singing twice in the same opera, and the sister-in-law \$500 for doing it once; \$8,100 for three members of one foreign family in one week for two performances of one opera, and there were some other engagements for members of the same family earlier in the week!

With such fabulous sums paid to Reszké and his ring of foreign satellites, how can the American people pay any moneys for the culture of their own native musical art, particularly when this boss Reszké refuses to entertain the possibility of such a factor as American music or American musicians? We can

never prosper musically or artistically in this country as long as this man and his followers have their hands upon the operatic scheme. The audition under their manipulation is equivalent to destruction. It will kill opera and music here.

MELBA'S FIASCO.

AN OPERATIC STUDY.

IT was not a prophetic gift that enabled THE MUSICAL COURIER to predict Melba's fiasco in Siegfried; we knew it as well as Jean Reszké, Esq., knew it. The difference is that we candidly advised Melba not to venture on those dangerous grounds, whereas Reszké under the guise of friendship hypocritically led her to her artistic doom, for the fiasco of Melba was one of the most overwhelming and crushing defeats ever witnessed on any stage, particularly when the standing and reputation of the singer are considered.

Melba sang *Brünnhilde* for the first and last time on Wednesday night, December 30, 1896, and on that day she forever closed her artistic progress; from that date her star declines, and it is probable that she will not return to this country next season, if ever again. South American operatic stages are left for her pecuniary ambition, and she may accept an engagement in Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres.

The one person morally responsible for this terrible fate is Jean Reszké, the boss and real manager of the operatic scheme in this town. As Reszké can brook no rival, as the very existence of his monopolistic career depends upon unquestioned and unquestionable control, both before and behind the footlights, he could not, as a diplomat, permit Nordica to remain with the company; for Nordica not only divided honors easily with Reszké in *Tristan* and *Isolde*, but she actually—in many instances—excelled him. Nordica, therefore, had to be removed, as such rivalry is a menace to a tenor boss's career. From the Reszkéian point of view this is absolutely correct, and judged from such a viewpoint there is no fault to find with Reszké. He is the boss; he knows he is the boss; he knows everything must be sacrificed (even the moustache) to continue uninterruptedly this boss-ship, and he sacrifices any or every one who crosses his path. Good politics, as long as it lasts.

The now well-known intrigue was then set on foot that brought about the exclusion of our American singer Nordica, and in order to provide for the emergency, which must have been foreseen by Reszké, his relative, Madame Litvinne, was prepared to fill the rôle in which Melba was to fail. In another part of this paper we reprint a letter of Litvinne, published in a Sunday paper, in which she candidly confesses that she had been privately coached as *Brünnhilde* by Jean Reszké. Good politics, as long as it lasts.

Mr. Reszké's triumph is, for the time being, complete and absolute. Under his sway no tenor of any consequence is at present engaged at the opera; no great baritone can secure a steady engagement—for Bispham has not a continuous engagement—and no contralto is at hand who can cope with the dramatic rôles that compare with those Reszké sings. For instance, there is no singer at the Metropolitan who can give a satisfactory *Brangäne* in *Tristan* and *Isolde* if Reszké sings the title rôle this season; no *Ortrude* in *Lohengrin* that can work an effect of artistic dimensions. Of course there is no dramatic soprano except Reszké's relative, Litvinne, who belongs to the third rate and who was conjured up by Reszké with the expectation of foisting her upon this community at a high price in future seasons.

The only artists left are Calvé and Eames and, for some rôles, Plançon, who rapidly becomes monotonous except in a few operas. The Reszké system does not permit of any fair average of good ensemble artists, for he and his relatives consume such an enormous salary and percentage that a fair ensemble is out of the question. Most of the "artists" get about \$150 a week, and hence most of them are absolutely incompetent. The bulk of all the moneys contributed by the people goes to Reszké and his followers, which means his family.

It is all due to him. He deserves it. He plots, he schemes, he manipulates, he works, he sings, he

acts and he has a fine organization at his command to co-operate under his direction in the splendid scheme of destroying all American musical ambition and all possible competition. A well-defined modern economic law, or rather a well-defined law which has of late years become manifest, underlies the whole Reszkéian structure. He is one of the few intellectual men who has appreciated the spirit of this law and who has, in addition, steadfastly studied its intricate application to our institutions. He is, in short, one of those who can be termed a contemporary talent; one of those who impresses his personality upon the current history of one of the smaller movements of the people, for say as we will, the whole musical scheme of the nation is a diminutive one as compared with the movements in general culture, in general art, in industry, commerce, finance or politics. He is just great enough to become great in a small movement chiefly because he condescends to make women the main victims of his tremendous egotism and his monumental vanity. He could, for this same reason, never become even a small figure in a great movement, for he has not that great moral vision, that universal mental comprehension, which would prove to him that he, in his case, could become a real dignity in the art of music if he would elevate his rivals with himself.

To him, therefore, it is only one question, and that is individual aggrandizement under modern methods, under the brutal sway of money and force impelled by the calculating impulse of a shrewd intellect.

How could a stupid woman like poor Melba stand up against such a force? Nordica did oppose it, but single handed as she was she was bound to surrender. There is no one now left here but Calvé, and she, being rather cunning herself, is apt to avoid clashing with Reszké, although two seasons ago her stand against his extravagant participation in the *Carmen* receipts which, she claimed, were due to her, ended in her banishment for one season. Having received an offer from Damrosch for the season 1895-6, Reszké was afraid to permit her to slip into his, the former's hands, and thus she returned to the Metropolitan. Had it not been for the Damrosch scheme of opera Calvé would never again have been engaged while Reszké commanded the situation.

Eames represents the sop to Cerberus. Reszké knows that he must have at least one American among his leading singers, and Eames is above the average, and is easily tractable if she can get the rôles she desires. She has no competition now that Melba has been finished off, except for the light lyric works which the subscribers at the Metropolitan are protesting against.

But just as we warned Melba we now warn Eames that her voice cannot bear the strain of *Elizabeth* and *Elsa*, and that by singing these parts she is giving Reszké the one excuse he needs to exile her after next season. He will simply point to Gerster and to Melba to find the excuse to exclude Eames.

The Melba fiasco will, however, not prove a lesson except to her. We, in our insane infatuation for foreign flavors, will continue to pour millions into the pockets of these strangers, while our native American and resident musicians of foreign birth will pass their lives in a hopeless struggle against these forces. Their music will not be heard, and hence there is no stimulus to compose; there certainly is no reason to study, for, after all the studying, Americans have no opportunity in their own country. The foreign hosts, led by Reszké and his cohorts, have ostracized American music and American musicians, and this country is banished as a factor in universal musical progress.

ANONYMOUS.

WE would not hesitate to publish anonymous comments on the great questions of the high salary crime and the necessarily deleterious effect on music in America provided the names of the writers were sent into this office as a guarantee of good faith. For instance, "An American Subscriber," who writes about Emma Eames, sends in a good letter, but we need her name. "Wotan" sends an excellent communication—but who is "Wotan"? "Three Malcontents" write well, but why do not they send at least one name as a guarantee? A whole lot of rubbish has been received, to which of course we can pay no attention, but the above three letters are really good ones.

We are willing to publish both sides of the question when sent in through official channels.

A PUERILE LETTER.

To the Editor of the Herald:

I read in one of this evening's papers, "Like Alvary, Jean de Reszké has honored New York with his début in Siegfried, and, like Alvary, it is to be hoped that he will live to delight us with his hundredth Siegfried."

This graceful wish must have called forth a smile on the face of many readers of the New York papers, which seem to delight in ascribing to me a number of years which I have not yet attained. It is therefore not from any feeling of coquetry or vanity, or from any desire to pose as a young man, but merely from a love of truth, that I am writing to ask you to rectify, once and for all, an error which seems to be gaining ground in this country.

My real age is forty-six years. I was born on January 14, 1850. I have not with me my certificate of birth, as it is not an article with which one usually travels, but in order to remove all doubt on the subject I have written to Warsaw for it, and shall forward it to you as soon as I receive it.

This fact being established, even if I do not arrive at my hundredth performance of Siegfried, I can reasonably trust that I may not be too decrepit to reach at least my fiftieth. In this hope I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

JEAN DE RESZKÉ.

NEW YORK, December 31, 1896.

IT was not an American, but a Berlin paper that stated that Jean Reszké was fifty-six years old, and his wife, whom he recently married, was sixty-three years old. If he was born January 14, 1850, he will, after Thursday of next week, be in his forty-eighth year. Forty-seven years will then have been finished.

Why should Mr. Reszké take it for granted that people need his certificate of birth before believing his own statements? Americans take it for granted that a gentleman tells the truth. We, however, do not believe that the original certificate of birth referred to will be produced, and as we do not believe so we propose to make the statement here unequivocally as a record for future reference.

DESPITE WAGNER.

ALONG the operatic line from the days of Monteverde men who wrote for the singing stage have risen at intervals and indicated the true path of opera as carved out fully and finally by Richard Wagner. The struggle for homogeneity in art versus the vulgar and unreal prominence of the individual has incidentally been made, but it took the authority and genius of a Wagner to conquer. The weaker voices who strove to utter the early war cry were drowned into forgetfulness by the pertinent ear-tickling appeals of a Bellini, a Donizetti, a Rossini or an early Verdi.

Lully, the founder of opera in France, raised one milestone in his tragédies lyriques, fighting in advance against the meretricious predominance of the Italian aria and duo. Gluck tried it in *Orfeo*, Mozart in *Die Zauberflöte*, and Weber made a tussle for lyric and dramatic equality in *Euryanthe*, but they were not the Messiah. There was just an indication of the right path; the spirit was there, but the Italian voice in its long drawn out sweetness and power was too strong for them. They did not develop and stand by their tendencies in the teeth of the Tuscan flood.

But Wagner came and conquered. He took his mighty orchestra and his singers, mighty in the strength of dramatic fidelity, and built the everlastingly truthful music drama, drowning forever in the minds of the knowing the tolerance of threadbare Italian methods.

But now, what of it? Has our public taste, or rather, has the taste of the leading artists who come to this, the great metropolis of the New World, to guide and cultivate public taste profited beyond theory by the symmetry of the Wagner ideal?

If they be German singers in German opera, yes. They may not be the most mellifluous birds in the way of song all these Germans, but they atone for any vocal lack of beauty by the contribution of every other element necessary to the fulfilment of the dramatic ideal, but how much do we get of German opera? A slice as compared to the Italian season. And, after all, considering that German opera means solely Richard Wagner in this country, a public might hardly be blamed for looking occasionally for something beyond the seven or eight Wagner operas with which they are familiar. They would gladly accept the Wagner theories under some new composer's name. But there's the rub. Who is keeping hoisted the Wagner banner? Are not the American public being taught to be satisfied with that form of opera which is a pitiful denial to all sense of homogeneity? and do we not find ourselves slipping back with deadly surety into the glorification of the individual in opera, the apotheosis of the "star"? For answer go to the Metropolitan Opera House, our first

temple of opera in America, and you will get the truth.

The whole system is a revolution round certain individualities; they are very few, and the system is working with the public. That public has been hypnotically drilled into an understanding and appreciation of opera solely from the viewpoint of the singer. The play is not the thing, the composition of a cast is not the thing, it is solely and simply the singer. It is Monsieur A. in this or Madame B. in that, and to Tophet with the rest of them! It makes no matter that every modern composer has not been unfaithful to the path marked out by Wagner. The singer will settle that.

If the music be not written after a fashion to drive him or her into unholy prominence, that can be managed by the cast. A weak or ill distributed cast can throw out the star into all the relief he or she may desire. The picture need not be a composition in color. It can be made a vivid splotch in the foreground, with a background of confusion and gray. But this is growing to be all right. There's no use in denying to ourselves that it is being found quite satisfactory and that the American public stands in the heart of a day as tolerant of the overweening glory of the individual singer, as oblivious to homogeneity in opera, as though Richard Wagner had never been born.

The Wagner ideal is becoming an episode in this country, not a spreading influence. The episode is confined to his own operas, and these as sung by German singers. Where a superior Italian singer might try conscientiously to fill a Wagner rôle the habit of separating them from a cast and stellarizing them has gone too far with the public to permit such singer to drop into judicious harmony with the scheme. The Wagner scheme with Italian luminaries—so constituted—is a travesty. As things stand it's all right, popular and paying to have the Queen of the Huguenots sing Brünnhilde. People are not thinking of Brünnhilde, they are thinking of the singer, and even were she to sing like a crow there's a lot, a mesmeric lot, on American soil in a shining star's personality.

And so here we are. We hold the Wagner gospel with its last word of operatic wisdom in one hand and we throw out our largess and our approval to its arch opponents with the other. If we are not doing it willingly let the public stand up and say so.

We are back to the old Italian idea epitomized by the maestro who when asked by a student what was necessary to an operatic career answered simply, "Voce, voce, e poi voce." The matter of play acting in the Italian mind was trumpery. You had only got to sing. If you had brains you might use them; if you hadn't you needn't.

We might cry out the same thing in New York today with an occasional variation. Sometimes it actually doesn't matter about the "voce" where it's a case of personality. We might answer, if asked the same question as the maestro very often, "Name," "Personality," "Press Idol," these satisfy for an operatic career.

Alack! This is only the naked truth. Rouse up, good people and pinch yourselves! See if you haven't been hypnotized and drawn into the wrong path against your own musical will. Because if you don't take care you might find your operatic stage some day taken up just by one solo artist and—well, there's no use shirking mention of the possibility—may be that same solo artist won't be able to sing.

We have got rid of the full blown Verdi in New York. There is no more Otello or Falstaff. Verdi in his maturer works exacts too much and gives too little single glory in return to suit the current ideal. Like his later master, Wagner, he demands that no dramatic constituent be missing, and would sacrifice some vocal beauty rather than jeopardize the ensemble by one false element. Even to physique, like the Bayreuth master, is he exacting. We all remember the story of the tenor Masini, who presented himself to the Grand Old Man of Italy for the rôle of Otello.

"Je te tiens," said Verdi, "pour le chanteur le plus exquis du monde, mais il faut pour Otello des dons physiques que tu ne possèdes pas."

This was the latest key given to the operatic situation as it should exist. Verdi demanded a just equipoise of vocal, dramatic and physical endowment.

But you can't have it here, Signor Verdi. The stars don't like it. They can throw you overboard and get instead a brand new man to write an opera for them and round them only, and they do it. The

opera mill is grinding out first-rate solo operas, with the accompaniment of a cast, all for a nice handsome douceur. The douceur will do it, and the American public will take the purchase when it comes.

And where does the purchase money come from, you ask. Why, where but from America, of course—made right here on our own soil to pay the foreign composer! That's the funny, the awfully funny part of it.

WHY was an old and worn voice like Scalchi's taken in place of Gertrude May Stein's in the Nordica company? Because the management can make more money by drawing larger audiences through advertising a foreigner of past merit and reputation than an American of present merit. We do not look for merit here unless it is associated with a foreign reputation or a scandal. Foreign names, long, unkempt locks of off-colored hair, unsavory associations in strange lands and mysteries in distant parts attract our infantile imagination. We are a nation of children who are interested by curious phenomena. We are not old enough as a nation for logic. We are now spoiling for a fight in any direction, just like a school boy on his vacation—looking for the fellow who will knock the chip off.

Mr. Grau, for instance, knows this, and hence he humbly submits to our childish humors and inclinations. We also get tired of our toys. We are getting tired of Reszké and Melba and Calvé. In a few seasons more the combination will not be able to draw a corporal's guard; they hardly draw sufficient now to make it worth all the trouble. We are tired of our toy Joseffy, for instance. If it were a foreign toy we would give about \$100,000 a year to it to play, for it is one of the finest toys of its kind in the world, but it's our own toy, and we value it not. The sum and substance of it is that we are foolish in many things, like children, and like children we must be punished before we can attain to the proper understanding. The first step towards correction is a recognition of the condition, and that is what THE MUSICAL COURIER is endeavoring to bring about.

The Passing Show.

D. F. E. GLADSTONE has been telling an amusing examination story to the Royal College of Organists. The examiner evidently had in his mind the time it takes for sound to travel, and he asked: "When a regiment is marching, with a band playing, do the soldiers' legs all move at the same time?" And a candidate, without a smile on his face, quietly replied: "The soldiers' legs obviously cannot all move together, because the left legs move at one time and the right at another."

Now that woman has so gracefully surrendered in the matter of the theatre hat, is it not time for men to stop going out to "see a friend" during the waits? The aisles of New York theatres are so abominably narrow that it is more than a nuisance to have men crawling over women's feet and almost sitting on them as they pass by. Why not, if you are alone, bring a good book with you or else a half pound of bonbons full of brandy. If you must acquire a "jag" do, for the sake of comfort, acquire it easily. Or, better still, come to the theatre with one and sleep it off. It is so refreshing to sit next to a drunken man, especially for a woman. The first night of Sign of the Cross a gentleman in the semi-paralyzed condition kept up a conversation with himself the entire evening. He went out during the entr'actes and "loaded up" his already half sinking organism, and when the Christian girl refused *Marcus Superbus* he cried out, "Go, Marcush, go fer her, she's only shammin'," and then he fell to cursing at a lady's hat that intercepted his view.

There was not a hat to be seen. He saw things darkly through a dozen glasses.

At the first night of A Fool of Fortune a man had to be led away. He was slobbering with sentiment and whiskey, and only a few nights ago a masculine voice, richly ornamented with the juice that is joyful, interrupted the actors at the Bijou. Doubtless some such lovely exhibition occurs every night in New York, and I think the women have cause for complaint. If they are so considerate as to remove

their bonnets and hats the men might sit still during the intermission.

If I keep on in this tone much longer I'll join that hard-boiled egg evangelist Brother Moody, and denounce the evils of intemperance from the platform. Ah! what a difference it does make when the other fellow is in the wrong. I remember well when I trod heavily on the hoofs of my kind in my mad pursuit of pleasure. Since I have read Ian Maclaren's sermons on How to Accumulate Pelf, yet Remain Holy, I am a changed man, a ch—anged man as George Boniface says in most dental and engaging manner.

Yvette Guilbert has a good memory, says the *Evening Sun*. She never forgets old friends. She had scarcely been in this country an hour before she found an opportunity to tell everybody in general what a fool Sarah Bernhardt is making of herself in Paris by arranging a reception to herself at which she is to be crowned queen of the French stage, and it was only a few minutes later, as she entered the Savoy, that she found time to speak of Mme. Melba.

Mme. Melba refused last year to attend a supper to which Yvette had been invited, on the ground that she did not care to meet music hall artists. Mlle. Guilbert made a very impolite reply. Since that time the great diva has never spoken the divette's name, but as soon as Manager Will McConnell informed Mlle. Guilbert that she was to occupy the Eulalia suite of rooms again she threw up her hands in protest.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed. "Don't put me in those beautiful rooms again. You know my occupying them gave Mme. Melba indigestion last year. I would not hurt her feelings for the world. Being only a grand opera singer, she cannot afford to pay the rent of them of course. I would not appear ostentatious for the world, and besides they told me in Paris that Mme. Melba was not well already. They say that rehearsing the music of Wagner's *Brünnhilde* in a drawing room has given her a sore throat. Poor woman! She has my sympathies. What will she do when she comes to sing it on the stage?"

This was sent to me by Boston's Bad Man. It is unnecessary to mention his name. The story appeared in the *Boston Herald*:

"Last Friday afternoon two small boys wandered into the Winter street corridor of Music Hall. They were anywhere from five to eight years of age, and that wholesome type of youngster that attracts anyone who has a heart in his body. Looking about for a moment, they at last espied Assistant Manager Comee, and at once accosted him. 'Say, mister, is the band playing now?' 'It is,' replied Mr. Comee, looking the pair over, and, greatly taken by their bright, fresh faces, he added: 'Would you like to go in and hear the music?' 'Oh, yes, sir,' they responded eagerly. So the doorkeeper was instructed to admit them. About five minutes later Mr. Comee met the urchins on their way out. 'Well, boys,' he said pleasantly, 'you didn't stay very long.' 'No, sir; we didn't like it!' The naïve response very nearly finished the assistant manager, and he is still wondering what sort of a 'band' the young gentlemen imagined they were going to hear. The honesty of the reply, however, if absolutely un-Bostonese in its criticism of the finest orchestra in the country, was most refreshing."

The curiosity hunters, says the Paris correspondent of the *Evening Post*, have been searching after the opinions of Frenchmen in the past concerning the music of Mozart. It seems that in the first quarter of the century it was looked on much as Wagnerian music has been until the late change in fashion. It was nicknamed "musiquette," and the first songstress of the day (an Italian at that) declared she could understand nothing in it. Béranger put it into one of his old songs: "Tell me when to applaud if it's Mozart that's on!" The Romantics changed all that. George Sand and Alfred de Musset loved and quarreled to the music of Mozart; and the former compared his work to a placid lake, wherein during the peace of night stars watch their course. Jules Claretie says that a special critic has reasoned out that Don Giovanni is Romanticism in love, La Traviata is Realism, Lohengrin is Botticellism! A practical Parisian inquires where Yvette Guilbert and her *genre* come in. Victor Hugo summed up the matter

by saying: "That which demonstrates the inferiority of Germany is her superiority in music!" There can be no doubt that the French love acting better than music, and understand their Molière better than Mozart. The revival has at least given occasion to a morsel of wit from Sardou. The mania of erecting statues everywhere and to everyone in modern France usually misses the most deserving, like Balzac. "The Commander is lucky; he is alive at a quarter after 8 and has his statue at half past 11!"

Philip Hale is an impressionist. Look at this cunning study in gray and black. It is a masterpiece in miniature:

"The daughter of the farmer sits before the looking-glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers. Her bodice is unhooked. Her hair kisses curves and nooks. She hardly notices the smell of the kerosene lamp, so closely, so proudly and so sorrowfully does she look at herself in the glass. No play actress or model shown in the cheap picture magazines is her equal. The farmer's daughter does not suspect this; she knows it. No summer city boarder, in spite of skillfully contrived costume, could rival or approach her in enchantment of figure. And the girl sits before the looking-glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers."

"She thinks of the artist who stopped on the farm last summer. She remembers his careless manners, his ease with himself and the world, his trinkets, his velvet jacket, the smell of his pipe, his pajamas thrown upon the floor. He never wooed her in direct speech, but she recollects the hot compliments of his eyes."

"The landscape chilled her all the day. The wood pile smelled of mortality. Mullein stalks shivered under the leaden sky. The hills watched her ironically. There was for her the treadmill routine of housework. At supper she noticed the shriveled skin of her mother, the untidiness of her mother's hair along the nape of the neck. Her mother is not so very old in years; and yet how tired she is! Her father blew on his tea in a saucer. He complained of his daughter's indifference to the storekeeper's son, and then he pulled off his boots, and dried his feet in the oven of the kitchen stove. And now she sits with unhooked bodice, before the looking-glass, with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers."

"It is not 9 o'clock, and yet what is there for her to do but to go to bed? And what change or pleasure does she see approaching her for weeks to come? A whistle calls for her far down the valley. She starts up and goes to the window. She peers into the night, hoping to see the lights of the express train as it hurries toward the city. A mist enwraps the house. The daughter of the farmer undresses herself slowly and puts out the light. Of what avail is her sumptuous beauty? Only the looking-glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers understands her and appreciates her."



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash Avenue, January 2, 1897.

"THE old year is going; let him go," said the musicians, "if this state of depression is to continue." Several banks have closed and rumors were filling the air at the beginning of the week of other failures. Everything has contributed to the ill effect and artists have not been in any way favored, for very few are getting engagements in the city. Where there were six musicales last season there has been one during the present, and the same proportion maintains with regard to concerts. Musically, there is comparatively nothing doing if the importance of the city is considered.

In consequence of the financial upheaval even the Thomas Orchestra has succumbed to the popular price edict. But 50 cents for admission is still the least sum for which the young and struggling student can hear any music unless a season ticket be procured, and this is oftentimes impossible. In London or in any great European city admission can be obtained for 25 cents. I have heard many musicians speak of the great work THE MUSICAL COURIER has undertaken in finding a means to reduce the cost of listening to good music.

When Nordica appeared here \$1 was the lowest price for admission, which means standing room for the entire evening or mounting to the topmost gallery of the Auditorium. In London for the same accommodation 1 shilling is charged, while a fairly good seat can be obtained for half a crown (60 cents).

The Apollo Club, I understand, also charged \$1 admission for The Messiah.

This \$1 admission for standing room only is an outrage and the musical public should fight it.

Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler has been on the sick list, suffering from an attack of the grip. She is now happily on the road to recovery and hopes to fulfill all engagements. Rosenthal is not making such progress toward convalescence as was anticipated. Wednesday his temperature rose to 103°. The best thing is undoubtedly to get him to California as quickly as possible, and away from this damp, foggy atmosphere, which has lately become chronic.

Talking of the great pianist reminds me that a very clever pianist, Regina Zeisler, sister-in-law to the great Fanny of that name, is a resident of Chicago, and a very successful teacher.

Henry Wolfsohn has been obliged to become well acquainted with Chicago, owing to his anxiety about Rosenthal.

The Amateur Musical Club gave a concert Monday, the

program being arranged by Mrs. Frederic Ullmann, president, and Miss Frances Gould, secretary. It was as follows:

The Holy Night.....Dudley Buck
And there were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

Cantique de Noël.....Adam
Mrs. Chandler Starr.
Mr. Frederick W. Carberry.

Violin Obligato.....Miss Marion Carpenter
Romanza.....Schumann
Spinning Song.....Mendelssohn
Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 1.....Liszt
Miss Mary Angell.

Christ Baum.....
Simeon.....Peter Cornelius
Die Hirten.....

Good Tidings.....Lynes
Mrs. Samuel H. Wright.
Mr. Carberry.

Christmas Hymn.....Otis
Mrs. Edward F. Gorton, Mrs. O. K. Johnson, Mr. Carberry, Mr. Brown.

Hallelujah Chorus.....Händel
Mr. Starr.

Victor Heinze, one of the two male Leschetizky pupils in Chicago, gave a concert in Steinway Hall Tuesday to show the good accomplishment of his pupils, and in comparatively short time. This was the program:

Prelude and Fugue.....Bach
Nocturne in G major.....Chopin
Miss Elsie Haggard.

Thornrose.....Bendel
Miss Marie Meyer.

Sonata, op. 2 No. 8.....Beethoven
Mrs. Kamm Goudy.

Song without Words.....Mendelssohn
Au Matin.....Godard
Master Alfred Weinsheimer.

Berceuse.....Chopin
Study in G flat major.....
Miss Elsie Haggard.

Sonata, op. 31.....Beethoven
Miss Lottie Smith.

The Trout.....Heller
Mrs. Kamm Goudy.

The Fountain.....Leschetizky
The Butterfly.....Grieg
Miss Marie Meyer.

Hark, hark, the Lark.....Schubert-Liszt
If I Were a Bird.....Henselt
Miss Elsie Haggard.

Valse in E major.....Moszkowski
Miss Lottie Smith.

Josef Vilim, formerly a member of the Chicago Orchestra, now head of the violin department at the American Conservatory, has been playing at several concerts lately. I have heard him on several occasions when he was always artistic and conscientious. At his last appearance in Cedar Rapids he was given the following well deserved notice:

Although Bohemian music lovers were disappointed about securing Fr. Ondricek, the renowned violinist, they determined under no circumstances to forego the pleasure of hearing their well-known countryman, Mr. Vilim, when an opportunity was offered. As yesterday was an open date with Mr. Vilim he was at once engaged by the Sokol Club to play here under its auspices.

Mr. Vilim is not unknown in this city, having delighted a large audience last spring. Without any knowledge of his previous reputation as an artist his work last evening would fully attest that he belonged to the front rank of American violinists.

In his solo numbers Vilim displayed technic, bowing and expressive tone, which proclaimed him a master of his favorite instrument. There is a distinctly national character to Vilim's violin playing.

The quartet numbers were given encores and indeed every one of Profess or Vilim's numbers were accorded such applause that he was obliged to respond two or three times before it ceased.—Cedar Rapids Gazette.

The most important of the college concerts of this season will take place in Central Music Hall on Tuesday evening.



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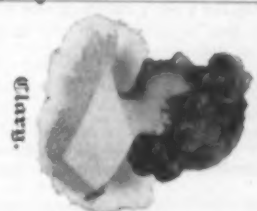
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January 19, under the auspices of the Chicago Musical College. Upon this occasion Walter R. Knupfer, the German pianist, will make his debut before an American audience. The following artists will also appear: Bernhard Listemann, violinist; John R. Ortengren, basso; Mabel F. Shorey, contralto; Edna M. Crawford, soprano; Mrs. Geneva Erb, soprano; Grafton G. Baker, tenor, and Frank Rushworth, tenor. A full orchestra will assist under the direction of Hans von Schiller and Henry Schoenfeld.

An excellent artist has been added to the faculty of the Chicago Musical College in Sig. Louis Amato, the cellist. In 1908 Sig. Amato scored great success as soloist with the Chicago Orchestra. At that time he received high praise from the press and public. He is a graduate of the Conservatory at Madrid, and studied for several years at the Paris Conservatoire. At the latter institution he received the honor of being awarded the first prize for his performance. Sig. Amato will teach exclusively at the Chicago Musical College, and will appear at concerts given by this institution.

The Oaks Culture Club, of Austin, held a reception Friday afternoon, January 1, at the Oaks Club House, from 3 until 6 o'clock. The club rooms were beautifully decorated with holly and mistletoe. Miss Carrie E. Lindley, the charming young soprano, was soloist of the occasion, and her work was rewarded by the most enthusiastic applause. She was heard to excellent advantage in several ballads. The Ladies' Quartet, of Austin, which consists of the Mesdames Titus, Ongawa, Jordan and Miss Carrie F. Lindley, sang several numbers. They were accorded a flattering reception. The afternoon proved both socially and musically a decided success.

The Sherwood Quartet leaves for a three weeks' Southern tour Monday next. This is one of the most successful organizations at present on the road.

S. Kronberg, of Kansas City and Boston, called at THE MUSICAL COURIER office on Thursday.

Mrs. Hess-Burr gives a concert at Toledo, Ohio, January 11 with Carl Halir and Pfrangcon-Davies. January 11 she appears with George W. Fergusson at Cleveland, Ohio, in which city she has been requested to coach some of the most prominent singers. Mrs. Hess-Burr accompanies Pfrangcon-Davies in Milwaukee and before the Amateur Musical Club in Chicago.

The order of the chamber concerts has been changed; it is now arranged that the Schubert concert be postponed until February, and Miss Ella Dahl will play at the next of the series, January 19, instead of the fifth concert, as formerly announced.

Miss Jennie Osborne gave a song recital at Mrs. Hess-Burr's studio to-day, and did fine work. She sang scene and aria (Jewel Song) from Faust, three songs by Grieg, two by Goring Thomas, in duets with Mr. Hunt (a new baritone, who will be heard of in future), the Throstle, by Maude Valerie White and in the duet from Semiramide, with Miss Mabel Crawford. Miss Osborne is young and winning, with a beautiful voice, and should become a Chicago star. She at one time studied at the Chicago Conservatory under the direction of a Signor Carpi, but since coaching with Mrs. Burr she has been immensely successful and is fulfilling any number of engagements, and speaks most enthusiastically of the work done with Mrs. Hess-Burr. Miss Osborne had a splendid reception at the Woman's Club Wednesday, after her performance.

To-day the weekly entertainment of the Chicago Musical College was supplied from the dramatic department of this most flourishing institution.

The following was given:

Piano—
Melody..... Paderewski
Valse, A major..... Mosakowski
Miss Nadine Wilson,
Scenes from Leah the Forsaken.....
Mrs. Jennie Crone.
Flower Scene from Ingomar.....
Miss Mina Prentice Borden.
Reading, Selected—
Mrs. A. G. Heitman.
Nydia, from Last Days of Pompeii.....
Miss Elizabeth Beatrice Hitch.
The Pet Lamb.....
Miss Blanche Neal.
Two Letters, Time of the Franco-Prussian War.....
Miss Mary Antoinette Miller.

The Chicago Orchestra program for this week, with Carl Halir soloist, is the following:

Scotch Symphony..... Mendelssohn
Golden Spinning Wheel.....
Symphonic poem..... Dvorak
March Marocaine.....
Concerto No. 8..... Berlioz
Spohr

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Is Theodore Thomas taking the advice proffered by THE MUSICAL COURIER two weeks ago and giving some one else a chance? Yesterday Arthur Mees made his debut as assistant conductor and directed the second part of the concert. The reason for Mr. Mees being selected as the favorite of fortune to follow Mr. Thomas as conductor is difficult of understanding. That he is persona grata with the chief is evident, as he not only manufactures the programs, trains and conducts the chorus, but is now being gradually installed as conductor to the orchestra.

The programs about which so much was prophesied really do not improve upon those of the former writer, W. S. B. Matthews, and the chorus which was to kill the Tomlins chorus fails entirely in its purpose.

What are the qualifications, what is the record, what the accomplishment of Mr. Arthur Mees that he should be chosen in place of all others? It is not a popular choice; he is not even well known; no one reason can be adduced for his selection, as from all accounts he is simply an ordinary musician. Artists here know but little about him, only that he happens to suit Theodore Thomas to the exclusion of those people who have served the orchestra faithfully for years past. The latter are displaced to make way for a newcomer who, possibly as recommendation for his exalted position, understands the art of humoring the moods of greatness.

With Ernest Wendel as concertmaster and Arthur Mees as conductor, where is the great Thomas orchestra?

FLORENCE FRENCH.

Blauvelt.

JANUARY 2, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

THERE appears to be a sort of epidemic raging at the Metropolitan Opera House, resulting in sudden temporary loss of voice. This malady is confined to prima donnas exclusively and is supposed to spring from the pocket nerves. A few night since Mme. Clementine de Vere-Sapio was called upon to assume a rôle at a very few hours' notice. Lillian Blauvelt was also applied to to fill the place of one of the fair exotics imported at a high price from sunny Italia, but she refused to be used for temporary purposes. Bravo, Blauvelt!

First Bispham Recital.—The first concert of David Bispham will be given in Carnegie Lyceum on Tuesday evening, January 12. Marguerite Hall and Charles Gregorowitsch, the Russian violinist, will assist him.

Metropolitan Opera Out of Town.—Two out of town performances will be given by sections of the Metropolitan company during this and the following week. On Thursday night Mme. Melba will sing at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, in Romeo and Juliet, with MM. Salignac, Plançon and Campanari. On next Monday evening Carmen will be sung at the Hyperion Theatre in New Haven by Mmes. Calvé and Traubmann and MM. Salignac and Ancona.



JAN VAN OORDT,
The Netherland Violinist.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA.

ADDRESS CHARLES DE GROAT.

42 University Place, New York City.

How Does Miss Fabris Know?

NEW YORK, December 31, 1896.

Editors The Musical Courier:

HAVING read your article, "One Way of Doing It," in THE MUSICAL COURIER, I beg to be allowed to state that you have been misinformed in many particulars, though correct in the main fact that Jean de Reszké did witness the performance of Brian Boru and visited me in the greenroom. Not on the invitation of a music critic or anyone else, but merely to resume an acquaintance formed some years ago when I was singing in grand opera in London, and to extend his congratulations on my performance in Brian Boru; surely a kind thing to do.

Hoping you will be good enough to give this the same publicity as that of your correspondent Yankee Doodle, believe me, most sincerely yours,

AMANDA FABRIS,

Prima Donna Brian Boru Opera Company.

[How does Miss Fabris, who is engaged on the stage, know what is in progress in the theatre proper? If Yankee Doodle was correct, as she says he was, regarding what she knows, he was probably correct regarding what she could not know.]

Antonia H. Sawyer's Musicales.

THE holidays do not ordinarily tempt music lovers forth, nevertheless the delightful musicale given by Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer, contralto, at the Waldorf on Friday afternoon, December 18, was a very crowded and fashionable affair. All Mrs. Sawyer's friends were present to hear her sing, which she pleased them by doing even a little better than usual, and among the audience were noticed several members of the world of art and letters, as well as several prominent figures from the world of fashion. Mrs. Sawyer was assisted by Mr. William C. Carl, concert organist; Mr. Hans Kronold, cellist; Mr. Platon Brounoff, pianist, and Mr. Henry H. Dunklee, accompanist. Following was the program:

Marche de la Symphonie Ariane.....Alexandre Guilmant
Mr. Carl and Mr. Brounoff.
La Montagne Noire.....Augusta Holmès
Serenade.....Tchaikowsky
The Silver Ring.....Chaminade
Barcarolle.....Platon Brounoff
Mrs. Sawyer.
Sonata.....Corelli
Mr. Kronold.
Thy Name.....Mary Knight Wood
My Little One.....Laura Sedgwick Collins
Spring Voices.....William C. Carl
Mrs. Sawyer.
Reveries.....Gottschalk
Etude Caprice.....Bottelini
Mr. Kronold.
Hymn au Seigneur.....Felix Gade
Mr. Carl, Mr. Kronold and Mr. Brounoff.
La Fiancée.....Charles Rene
Pensée d'Automne.....Massenet
Au Rossignol (new).....Fischhof
Mrs. Sawyer.
O Salutaris.....Alexandre Guilmant
(First time in America.)

Mrs. Sawyer, Mr. Carl, Mr. Kronold and Mr. Brounoff.

The work of her assisting artists, although excellent, served only in truth as so many relief spots to the long program of Mrs. Sawyer herself. For it was, after all, a purely Sawyer song recital and a highly interesting one at that. The contralto was never in better vocal condition; further, she sang more interestingly and with more sympathy and taste than usual. She has evidently been working, but not wholly externally. Much of her work, as we should judge, it seems has lain recently in the digging out of emotions and meanings dormant in herself which she has hitherto let lie fallow, but which she has now well acquired the power to express in song. She did not always realize that she had them, or at least she did not always utter them with the sincerity and conviction which now make of her song recitals things of varied and intelligent pleasure. In fact Mrs. Sawyer, as she sings to-day, might give a song recital without any assisting artists, and prove herself able to afford a couple of hours' unbroken pleasure to lovers of true song through many of its variant moods and phases.

Chaminade's Silver Ring she ought to make her own property. She sings it exquisitely, with peculiar grace and finish. Her Massenet and Holmès songs, with others of the French school, she also delivers charmingly. Her French is good, her enunciation perfect. This merit of diction is remarkable with Mrs. Sawyer in any tongue she sings. Every syllable is distinct and carries its full meaning without overwhelming in any degree the purity of the

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vocal tone. A great many artists might take lessons in pure and distinct enunciation from Mrs. Sawyer.

The contralto's lower and medium registers are firm, musical and even. The slender quality of the head voice is still apparent, but discreetly managed. Her songs in English were most feelingly given, and applause abundant for all her work as she deserved. Mr. Carl played with great delicacy and authority. More than one word of praise is due Mr. Dunklee for his sympathetic accompaniments.

Personally Mrs. Sawyer looked most attractive in a "Frenchy" afternoon toilette of grayish blue with large black hat. But she sang particularly well, which was the feature of the occasion, and we hope shortly to hear her again in one of her dainty modern programs which she has acquired the art to deliver with rare intelligence and skill.

It Looks Blue

FOR THE MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL OF NEXT YEAR.

MUSICAL circles in Indianapolis were never before stirred up as at present. It is all due to the alleged high-handed action of the directors of the May Music Festival in refusing to re-employ Professor Arens and going off in search of a stranger to Indianapolis musicians, finally finding one in a city where the last music festival was such a ridiculous failure that it was berated unmercifully by the Cincinnati papers. Yet in the columns of those same papers the Indianapolis festival was praised to the skies.

Such is the view taken of the situation by most of the musicians of Indianapolis. They further say that the employment of a Cincinnati man is made further absurd when it is known that Cincinnati a year or so ago strained every nerve to employ an Indianapolis man for their festival.

Those who have been intimate with May festival incidents claim openly that nothing on earth was behind the failure to renew Mr. Arens' contract than mere personal spite. One of the guarantors says that a director made the threat that he would see Arens "eat dirt" after the latter had made an attempt to enforce the rights which usually belong to the director of a May festival.

The 300 members of the chorus are now discussing whether to take part in the coming festival. Some of the most prominent musicians in the city declare that they will use all their influence to prevent chorus members from continuing with the organization under the new régime. The members call upon Mr. Arens by the score to ask his advice. He tells them to use their own judgment.

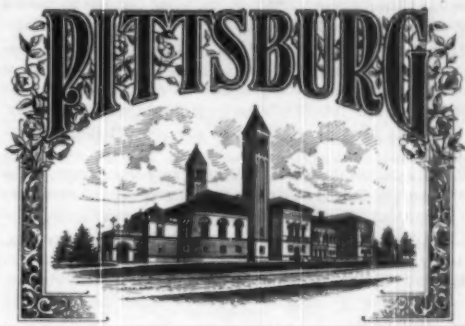
Competent artists express the belief that Professor Van der Stucken, of Cincinnati, though an able musician, cannot hope to take charge of the festival chorus, introduce his methods and acquaint himself with Indianapolis singers, and make a success of the festival in the twenty rehearsals which he proposes to give, and which the contract calls for. In the first place, they say, the chorus will be made up of strangers, for the most part, as the old chorus members, or most of them, will have nothing to do with the new management.

The outlook for the success of the 1897 festival is blue indeed.—*Indianapolis Sun, December 25.*

A communication from Indianapolis on the subject is worded as follows:

"The whole thing, looked at from all possible standpoints, is a most unaccountable outrage, and has without a single exception among people I have met for weeks the condemnation of both individual and organized musical workers. Members of this board of directors are on the staff of both the *Journal* and *News* here and the most influential people at any time entitled to the greatest respect cannot get a line in those papers. It is a 'gag' business, without a single mitigating circumstance during the entire ignominious crusade."

Averill-Bradley Recital.—The second joint recital of Perry Averill and Orton Bradley will be given in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall on Thursday evening, January 7. Mr. Averill will sing a group of songs by Goring Thomas, Tosti, Purdy, Wood, Arne, Faure, Massenet and Thomé. Mr. Bradley will play Ludwig Schytte's sonata in B flat, the Dvorák waltzes, and selections from Bach, Brahms, Grieg and Henselt.



PITTSBURG, Pa., January 2, 1897.

LAST season the Mozart Club omitted its customary Messiah production at Christmastide, because the work had just figured in the opening week at the new Carnegie Music Hall. This season the goodly custom was resumed, and it brought out last Tuesday evening the largest and most representative audience that the club has yet drawn in its nineteen years of concert giving.

Familiarity is the secret of popular enjoyment in music. It breeds content, where novelty breeds restlessness. And it is the receptive mood of the hearer that has most to do with his enjoyment.

To the performer, however, familiarity ever tends toward traditionalism, toward the dead level. That is the trouble with nearly all the singing of The Messiah choruses that one ever hears. So it was this time.

There was a fine body of tone, admirable precision, and in places a considerable fervor. Director James P. McCollum and his valiant singers all but equaled their own high-water mark, and within the traditional lines few choruses can do it any better.

But I verily believe it is possible—though I have never heard it fully done—for these choruses to be made eloquent, for them to cause the hearer to thrill with the sacred text in a fullness of meaning that nothing else could reveal to him. Once or twice I have had that sensation from the singing of the matchless page, And the Lord Hath Laid on Him the Iniquity of Us All. Why not elsewhere—In Surely He Hath Borne Our Griefs, for example?

There are many phases of sentiment in the text; there are various degrees of musical tension in the very structure of the choruses themselves. Why should there be nothing but open-mouthed, straight-away, conventional singing?

How the uttermost eloquence of sentiment may be combined with the most punctilious reverence for the written score and the most artistic refinement and reserve was clearly shown in the singing of the tenor solos by Mr. Wm. H. Rieger. How this desirable element of sentiment may be overdone so as to become sentimentality was clearly shown in the singing of He Shall Feed His Flock by Miss Grace Damian. That and certain liberties with the score and text did much to offset the many excellent qualities shown by this latter experienced and capable singer.

Mrs. Geneva Johnstone-Bishop sang the soprano part with breadth of style, and at most points with simple directness of expression, though she was not in good voice and found difficulty in using the mezza voce. Mr. J. Armour Galloway, the bass, had a bad throat and shied at the high tones, but was able to give a good account of his part, nevertheless.

The members of the Pittsburgh Orchestra were evidently tired with traveling, and a third of them had had no rehearsal. Of course there were ragged spots in their work, some very noticeable, though, as it was, it much surpassed former performances with a local force.

The Art Society's 229th reception, held December 21, in Carnegie Hall, was signalized by the first appearance of

the Kunits Quartet, formed of leading strings in the Pittsburgh Orchestra. They are said to have played extremely well. Beethoven's D major quartet, op. 18, No. 3, and three movements of a quartet in D minor, by Mr. Kunits, were the principal numbers. Mrs. James Stephen Martin, one of our most prized sopranos, assisted.

It is a pity that the general public has had no chance to hear such chamber music as yet. That ought to come naturally in the wake of the orchestra movement, and sooner or later no doubt it will.

C. A. S.

Huberman.

THE boy violinist Huberman appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House last Sunday evening to another large audience.

Indeed his drawing powers seem to be on the increase, as the audiences have been larger each successive evening, and the enthusiasm proportionately greater. Of his playing of the Goldmark concerto, it can be said that it has never been played better here.

The boy really seemed to be inspired, and at the close of the selection was greeted with a storm of applause and bravos that reminded one of great operatic triumphs.

That he has become a great favorite with the New York public is an assured fact. He will undoubtedly prove as great an attraction in our sister cities when he begins his out of town tour, and we felicitate them upon the prospective enjoyment of his magnificent playing, which is truly one of the musical wonders of the time.

He played with the Seidl Society in Brooklyn Tuesday evening and plays with them a week later. He will also appear three times more in Boston, and he is engaged in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Negotiations are pending with other cities, and inquiries throughout the entire country are coming in at an enormous rate.

The program of the concert was as follows:

Overture, The Merry Wives of Windsor.....	Nicolai
Aria, Oh! Don Fatale (Don Carlos).....	Verdi
Mme. Mantelli.	
Violin concerto.....	Goldmark
Bronislaw Huberman.	
Monologue from Falstaff.....	Verdi
M. Campanari.	
Stances de Sapho.....	Gounod
Mme. Litvinne.	
Prelude, Scène et Air de Euryanthe.....	Weber
M. Plançon.	
Prelude and finale, Tristan und Isolde.....	Wagner
Intermezzo, Pagliacci.....	Leoncavallo
Aria, Il mio Tesoro.....	Mosart
M. Cremonini.	
Zigeunerweisen (Spanish Dances).....	Sarasate
Bronislaw Huberman.	
Dance in the Hall of the Mountain King.....	Grieg

Dvorak Will Return.

AMERICA is a magnet for foreigners. Dr. Dvorak will return to us and to the National Conservatory. Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, who has been in Washington on business connected with the National Conservatory, when seen by a representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER reminded him that she had hinted about Dr. Dvorak's return many months ago.

"The doctor," remarked the energetic president of the conservatory, "has contemplated returning here for some time. You know that it is his ambition to become an American citizen, and if his mother's health had been good he would never have gone back to Bohemia. Of course we are glad to get him back, and I don't mind confessing to you that there was really no disagreement. Dr. Dvorak got it into his head that his mother needed him—he was homesick, in a word, and he must hark back to Prague. This time he will, I hope, stay a long time."

Mrs. Thurber has other important plans about a permanent orchestra and orchestral leader, and later will tell us all about them.



Mrs. Katharine Fisk.



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Mr. George Hamlin, Tenor.



Mr. George Ellsworth Holmes.



NEW YORK, January 7, 1897.

HOW many times have you written "1896" instead of the new year? And do you realize that in less than three years we shall be writing another century number—1900? No doubt if many of us could see into the future we should shrink from it; but again others would say, "Hurry up, Good Luck, I have waited long enough for you!" Luck! Bah! There's none! Hard work, conscientious effort, honesty, a good digestion and—everlasting Hustle; these are my synonyms for that called luck!

No, I have made no resolutions, because the habits established in several decades of life, more or less, are not to be rudely supplanted by new and poorer ones! I have not, however, sworn off smoking, to please my better-half or some one else's, or to save the new \$3.99 marked-down from \$8 parlor curtains, and for the best of reasons—I never smoke!

I have, however (what would the English language do without that word "however"?), sworn a mighty oath to kill the fat girl opposite who thinks she can play Beethoven's Moonlight Snorter, and also the schoolmaid downstairs who has practiced Bachmann's Sylphes for three months past, and still plays the dominant chord in the left hand at the same moment with the tonic in the right! Would I could hang her up with that same dominant cord, or give her some forever quieting tonic! Well, as Rip Van Winkle says: "Here's to your good health and your family's, and may you live long and prosper!"

I have this week in my desultory rambling about Gotham run across an interesting lot of people and things, Evan Williams and the amazing events in his short twenty-nine years of life the most notable of them all.

Rosamond Linnette, soprano; Mr. Eugene Clarke, tenor; Miss Grace Povey, pianist; Miss Carrie E. Dyer, also pianist; Miss Kate Chittenden, pianist, organist, lecturer, composer; Mr. James Sauvage, baritone and leading vocal instructor; Mr. Laroy Wood, director of large chorus choir of Judson Memorial Church (Baptist) and vocal instructor; Mr. Sanford Norcott, organist of the same, teacher of the piano also and composer; Lillian Blauvelt's two musical sisters, Miss Florence, at Wells College, and Mrs. Miriam Tilton, of this city—all of these people ye may here read of to-day, all vigorously pursuing the musical profession, and doubtless just as vigorously pursuing the almighty but equally elusive shekel!

Van Yox, tenor, has been in New York only three years, and in this comparatively short time has drawn to himself a large clientèle of vocal pupils at his large studio, 6 East Seventeenth street. He is of Dutch noble descent, as his

peculiar name implies, and had the good fortune to have a first-rate commercial training for seven years before following music. He sings in Mr. Frank Damrosch's Messiah in Bridgeport, in New Britain, also in Providence The Creation soon; with his wife in one of Pratt's "At Homes" in St. John's (Brooklyn), five special services, and expects next year to go on the concert stage extensively.

Rosamond Linnette, of 140 West Ninety-first street, is the soprano of the Orthian Trio, of whom the other two members are at present Miss Marie Stori, second soprano and violinist, and Miss Irene Van Tyne, alto. On Thursday evening, January 14, at St. Peter's Hall—wonder if he will be at the gate!—on West Twentieth street, near Eighth avenue, they will give a concert. This is what the Brooklyn Times said of her:

Rosamond Linnette possesses a rich and beautiful soprano voice, and elicited great applause for her fine rendering of the aria from *Hérodiade*.

And of Miss Van Tyne the Times said:

At an amateur performance of *Patience* at the Metropolitan Opera House Miss Van Tyne created an excellent impression upon the audience and critics. She is tall, exceedingly pretty, and is an accomplished young woman. Her voice is a sympathetic contralto, and she uses it very artistically.

The trio gave an entertainment at the Sailors' Snug Harbor Hall last month, which was a success.

Mr. Eugene Clarke, tenor, and late first tenor of the Kellogg Opera Company, Hersee Opera Company, &c., author of Practical Ways and Means for the Cultivation of the Voice, whose elegant and centrally appointed studio at 234 West Forty-second street is the scene of continued musical activity, has in preparation Balfe's *The Sleeping Queen*, with this pupil cast: *The Queen*, Juliette Hynemann; *Agnes*, Colli Smith (Bridgeport, Mass.); *The Widow*, Charlotte Tilden (Buffalo, N. Y.); *Regent*, Madeline Cooper; *Philip*, James Cooper.

It will be presented at his studio, which has a capacity of 200 persons, the end of the month. In February Macfarren's *Soldier's Legacy* will be given. Some of Mr. Clarke's pupils travel nearly 200 miles for their lessons; he has pupils from Philadelphia, Springfield, Bridgeport, &c. One of the best students and most attractive young women is Miss Charlotte Tilden, of Buffalo, a member of one of the leading families of the Bison City, who has sung in comic opera frequently, and whose progress, with three lessons weekly, is nothing short of phenomenal. When Antoinette Stirling was here in 1895 she "coached" with Mr. Clarke, who has sung the tenor rôles in over sixty operas. He was for many years a member of the choirs in Plymouth and St. Ann's Churches, Brooklyn; also in Dr. Cuyler's and Dr. Chapin's churches.

Miss Grace Povey, pianist, studio 113 East Fifty-ninth street (over the Aguilar Library), shows with pride the following testimonial from Mr. Joseffy:

It is with pleasure I endorse heartily the excellent musicianship and artistic piano playing of Miss Grace Povey, who was a pupil of mine for a period of four years. Miss Povey possesses all the elements that go toward the making of a sterling teacher, while her sterling talent, earnestness and sincerity of purpose are sure to produce artistic results.

RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

Miss Povey spent one year in Ann Arbor, Mich., in connection with the School of Music (branch of the university), over which Señor Alberto Jonás now presides, and on her return here found it exceedingly difficult to re-establish herself. Folks "had not forgotten her," they said;

no one could forget such a pretty girl! She has for some years suffered with a sprained wrist, and after trying all sorts of remedies—electricity, hot and cold local baths—has finally found relief, and she believes final cure, in massage.

Miss Carrie E. Dyer, of 141 West Forty-fourth street, can tell you all you want to know of the celebrated "dumb thumb" method of Prof. Oscar Raif, of Berlin, for she spent some years there as his pupil. She was also with Dr. Mason, and now teaches piano, the Virgil clavier and vocal culture. It gives me pleasure to print the following testimonial:

Miss Carrie E. Dyer has taught my little girl the piano for six months, and I am both pleased and astonished at her progress. I most earnestly recommend Miss Dyer as a rarely capable, conscientious and thorough teacher, and am entirely satisfied with her work. I will be glad to see anyone wishing further particulars or may be addressed at 341 West End avenue, New York.

MRS. FREDERICK H. MAN.

Miss Kate Chittenden and her special doings are duly chronicled in another part of this journal. It only remains for me to add that a youth from Northern New York, young Weston, is one of her promising talents, studying composition with Buck. Miss Chittenden probably earns as much as any woman in this city.

F. W. RIESBERG.

On Seygard.

Miss Camille Seygard proved a sympathetic and serious minded artist. She sang a romance and air, the latter from the opera *Onegin*. The music seemed rather low for her voice, and it is not of the brilliant kind that a singer anxious to exploit herself would be likely to choose; therefore it served to put her artistic nature in a favorable light, and made all the more enjoyable her fine, authoritative manner of singing, her intelligence and her warmth and correctness of feeling.—*New York Tribune*, November 9, 1896.

Mlle. Camille Seygard, the Opéra Comique soprano, who made her début here in the first Symphony concert of the season, was heard last evening in an air from Massenet's *Hérodiade*, *Il est doux*. Her artistic and finished rendition was a welcome feature of the evening. She colors her tones and varies her expression with the assured skill that the Comique experience seems to give, and although her voice is in itself not an extraordinary one, her performances are always interesting.—*New York Mail and Express*, December 7, 1896.

Mlle. Seygard proves to be a charming singer. She is pre-eminently a coloratura singer, and in selections full of ornamentations she is highly successful. In the variations on a theme from the *Crown Diamonds* she showed great skill and splendid schooling.—*Columbus Arion Concert*, *Ohio State Journal*, November 20, 1896.

Miss Seygard proved herself the possessor of a well built soprano, with a mezzo quality that colors the lower register and gives effective value. She sings with great expression. She evinced a slight nervousness in her early numbers, which quite disappeared for her last appearance, when she granted an encore, and in the warm feeling of a song by Alfred Robyn, entitled *You*, was heard to the best advantage of the evening. Her easy rendition of difficult cadenzas won her warm applause, and she responded with the English song. Her first encore was a gavot from Massenet's *Manon*.—*Minneapolis Tribune*, December 27, 1896.

Mlle. Seygard made a favorable impression through her gracefulness and charm of singing. Her coloratura singing was brilliant.—*Minneapolis Sunday Times*.

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Rupert Hughes' Final Reply.

Editors The Musical Courier:

DOUBTLESS your readers are quite as tired as I am of this controversy of "open letters" Dr. Douglas H. Stewart persists in carrying on with me. One more and I am done—to a turn.

Dr. Stewart follows his first letter (in which he put me down for an arrogant ignoramus) and my gentle reply to his specific instances by accusing me of "personalities" and citing further examples of my transgressions. With sublime and hot Scotch persistence he ignores my plea that the articles I have been writing for *Godey's Magazine* have religiously avoided technicalities and sought the maximum plainness of speech.

When I say of the composition of Homer N. Bartlett's that it resembles Chopin's Fifteenth Prelude, and has an "organ point on the same note, A flat," Dr. Stewart, who had previously invoked the aid of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, now rakes out his Primer of Harmony and informs a gratified and edified world that organ points inhabit only tonics and dominants, an inelastic statement that has as much to do with the case as the famous spring flowers.

But, as before, I was not wheeling axioms into line, and only cared to strengthen my observation of a similarity between two pieces by noting that, curiously enough, both have pedal points on the very same note, A flat. When I speak of "a rather soulless imitation by the tenor of a figure in the soprano," Dr. Stewart sagaciously adds a long commentary explaining that the imitation I mention is a strict canonic imitation, and cannot therefore be soulless. I wonder if Dr. Stewart would be moved to tears over such a soulful thing as a table of logarithms!

He protests against my speaking of the words of a certain song as "bargain-counter verse" because Lassen set them to music, though what that proves he does not say. For the benefit of the benighted reader that has not read my heinous article, which Dr. Stewart has made so world famous, I will quote part of the translation to whose use by a civilized composer I objected:

Robin—Prithee, maiden, one word tell me,
Tell me if thou dost dislike me?
Maiden—Dearest Robin! do not worry,
For I don't at all dislike thee.
Robin—Ah! what care I for this answer,
If thou lov'st me not a little?
Maiden—Dearest Robin! do not worry,
For indeed I love a little.
Robin—Ah! what care I, &c.

On reconsideration I retract my words about "bargain-counter" verse; I should have said "remnant counter."

There are other minutiae in Dr. Stewart's microscopic and pedantic study of my critical bacilli, but his aspersions refute themselves to any liberal reader.

I have been trying mightily to interest the general public in the national school of music, for which THE MUSICAL COURIER is waging such potent battle. I have thought it fit at the same time to argue bluntly against certain bad tendencies, individual and popular. My study of these composers has been practically all of it pioneer work, and therefore difficult and risky. That it has many errors I do not doubt. That Dr. Stewart has picked out any one of those numerous slips of mind, pen or proof-reader, I very cheerfully deny. But if he is going to keep on indefinitely reiterating his claim that Chopin wrote no bravura passages and rewording my untechnical critiques into the cant of the text books, I shall have to retire to a resigned silence and solace myself with a patient "Shoo, fly!"

Thanking you again for a chance to justify myself before the same large audience that heard Dr. Stewart's indictments, I am, Cordially yours, RUPERT HUGHES.
DECEMBER 31, 1896.

Mme. Georgine von Januschowsky.

MME. JANUSCHOWSKY was called to Philadelphia last Wednesday by Mr. Walter Damrosch to sing *Leonora* in *Fidelio* in place of Mme. Mohor-Ravenstein, who was sick. Mme. von Januschowsky's success in the part was great and well deserved, and the public as well as the press were unanimous in their praise.

The *Ledger* said, after speaking about the ill success which the first representations of the opera had in Vienna at the beginning of this century:

That was but a short-lived triumph over the composer; his enemies are dead, buried and forgotten long ago, and here we have so modern a conductor as Mr. Damrosch giving us *Fidelio* in the

Academy of Music. And a pretty revival it was, too, endowed with just the right artistic atmosphere and deriving an especial attractiveness from the performance of Madame Januschowsky as *Leonora*. This well equipped prima donna, who is by no means a stranger to the Philadelphia stage, has an excellent voice, which she uses skillfully, and a thorough comprehension of whatever rôle she happens to essay—two virtues which she exploited last night with really charming results. Not only did she lend distinction to the music of the rôle, but she went further, and exhibited a sentiment and a feeling that quite realized one's idea of the faithful *Leonora*, never overstepping the dainty pathway that Beethoven marked out for his heroine, yet always bringing out to the full that exquisite undercurrent of love and tenderness pervading the character. For *Leonora* must be treated delicately; she is a brave woman, but there is a wealth of grace and gentleness amid all her fortitude, and the artist who would depict her must do so with tact and sympathy. This is exactly what Madame Januschowsky did, and had she flourished when *Fidelio* was first heard Beethoven might have looked upon her performances with lively satisfaction. That compliment is denied her, but another compliment came last night in the shape of cordial applause, liberally bestowed and as liberally earned.

The *Times* wrote about her performance:

Many an operatic director in the last ten years has been helped out of a strait by Georgine von Januschowsky. She is one of those thoroughly equipped Viennese artists who are ready for any part in any opera, and will sing it always with artistic intelligence and feeling, with authority and skill. She sang with clearness and power, with fine dramatic sentiment and admirable execution, and also with a personal charm that made of it altogether a most sympathetic figure which won the hearts of her audience entirely.

The *North American* said:

Mme. von Januschowsky assumed at short notice the place of Mme. Mohor-Ravenstein, but no one could have felt any occasion to regret the substitution. Mme. Januschowsky is a good singer, with a broadly dramatic method, an agreeable presence and a full, resonant, sympathetic voice, and she made the devoted *Leonora* an extremely vital and impressive figure, delivering the music with much power and expression, and acting with unfailing intelligence and force.

The *Inquirer* remarked:

As *Leonora* Mme. Januschowsky showed herself to be a thoroughly dramatic artist. She sang and acted with all her heart, and brought to her work fine sympathy and a thorough understanding of the composer's intent. Her singing of the great Abscheulicher aria, one of the masterpieces of dramatic declamation, had about it conviction and passion; in fact, all through the opera she was spontaneous and eloquent in her singing and declamation.

A Knowledge of Harmony

Essential to Intelligent Study of Piano Music.

By SILAS G. PRATT.

IN resuming my professional work as a piano teacher, after some years' intermission, I am brought to realize, not only in my own practice, but in teaching others, the need of applying the knowledge of chords to secure a mental grasp of any work of importance. To apply this in a practical manner, and suggest analysis of harmonic construction (the base of music) and the grouping of passages into scales and chords out of which they are constructed, as well as into positions of the hand comprehending the correct figuring, is the purpose of this short article.

It should be understood at once that a knowledge of the rudiments of theory and harmony is absolutely essential to an intelligent study and comprehension of piano literature. To illustrate: Single notes in music are like letters of the alphabet—they spell words; these words are the chords (harmony), and the melodies are a collection of words and phrases.

Now, if a teacher of language should simply teach the letters and how to pronounce them, without giving you the meaning of the groupings of letters that form the words (and consequently should not signify the collection of words which form a sentence), you would say that would be a silly waste of time. But suppose that by long practice the lips mechanically should fall into the habit of grouping the letters into words, and thus repeat them, the mind meanwhile not knowing the meaning either of the small groupings of letters into words or the larger grouping of words into sentences? This parrot-like speech would certainly be unintelligible to the speaker as well as to the listener. I believe the picture is not overdrawn when I state that this sort of unintelligible jargon is precisely what is the result of the greater part of piano teaching to-day, not merely in the United States, but in the world.

No teacher is fit to teach the piano who has not mastered the rudiments of theory and harmony; and no teacher should teach who does not apply this knowledge in the piano lessons as they progress; otherwise the pupil is blindly groping about in a labyrinth of notes until by sheer

force of persistent practice and physical endurance the fingers acquire a mechanical mastery of the riddle, while mentally the successful performance is a continual surprise party to the performer. Thus hours, days, weeks and years are passed in an expenditure of physical force, often ending in broken health, when if the mind at the same time were properly trained the muscles would require less than half the exertion. In other words, if one is taught to think for the fingers, the fingers will not have to mechanically acquire the habit of thinking for themselves. I have stated that this false and muscular system prevails in Europe as well as here, for I well remember my instructors Theodore Kullak, the elder (contemporary with Czerny and later of Tausig), and Frans Bendel never suggested to me any need of studying the harmonic construction of various phrases; nor did they ever point out how by analyzing a rapid passage into the harmonies upon which it was built, and dividing it into groupings which would enable it to be rendered with, at the most, three or four different positions of the hand, a mental grasp could be maintained upon it while it was being rapidly played. The only advice was "to practice very slow at first, and strike every note firmly, so that if you hit a wrong note you would be sure to know it."

The result was that with frequent repetitions, especially of intricate passages, greater speed was acquired by the fingers than the mind was able to comprehend, and the more I practiced them the less I knew them. My fingers could do rapid cadenzas which my mind could not follow, for, it must be understood, one can play five or ten separate notes in the time it takes to think one, and when I came to these I would mentally close my eyes, trust to luck and thank the Lord when it was done successfully. The success depended on continued mechanical reiteration.

Now, by proper habit one can think a group or single position of the hand containing several notes, just as one can at a glance recognize a word comprising several letters; and thus by analyzing passages into chord or scale groupings one can think the groups or positions of the hand even when it is rapidly played. If this is not done it is simply impossible to keep a mental hold upon it except when it is done so slowly that one can think the separate notes!

Think of a reciter delivering the following sentence: "Woe doth the heavier sit where it perceives it is but faintly borne" as though it were a mere collection of letters thus:

WOEDOTHEHEAVIERSIT, &c.;

yet this is what the piano student is required to learn by an enormous amount of muscular mechanical training, and is it strange that at times, indeed quite frequently, not having the groupings pointed out or the accentuation properly given they give an absolutely wrong division, producing this sort of jargon,

WO EDOT HEHE AVI ERS IT, &c.?

This would be funny if it were not such a serious matter. I assure you the example is just. It is only lately that I heard a protégé of one of the world's distinguished pianists under his immediate instruction play a passage in the romance of Chopin's concerto which is written in triplets.

Is it any wonder the people do not like classic music? How can they when it is rendered so unintelligibly? The waltz and march, mazourka or other dance is preferred because the strongly marked rhythm compels to a division of notes and groupings which make them easily understood. This is one reason (of course not the only one) why the public like dance music and dislike music in classic form.

In closing, I wish to emphasize the idea that it is not merely a knowledge of harmony that is essential, but the method of applying that knowledge to piano music. The conservatory class in harmony, with text books filled with rules and long, often meaningless, terminology, discourages the majority of piano students, who attend a few lessons and then leave because it is too dry and uninteresting. A simple method is needed that will teach the construction of chords and their most common resolutions. This, properly applied, will render all piano music except fugue and canon intelligible to the pupil.

SILAS G. PRATT.
69 WEST EIGHTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Verlet.—The young soprano Mlle. Alice Verlet, with Mr. Leo Stern, the cellist, is already booked for thirty engagements with leading musical societies. The recitals of these two popular artists will prove a great treat. Mlle. Verlet sings with the Troy Vocal Society January 18 and with the Mendelssohn Choir, Toronto, January 21.

CAMILLE SEVGARD,
PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO.
ADELE AUS DER OHE,
PIANIST AFTER JANUARY 1, 1897.

FOR TERMS, DATES, ETC., ADDRESS

The Wolfsohn Musical Bureau,
131 EAST 17th STREET,
NEW YORK.



Lilli Lehmann Here.—Mme. Lehmann arrived in New York on Friday last on the S. S. Aller to take part in the forthcoming series of German opera under Walter Damrosch. She is staying at the Hotel Netherlands.

Vanderveer-Green.—Marie Vanderveer-Green, the contralto, has just returned to the city from a short recital tour at Buffalo and cities in Western New York. The engagements of this artist extend far into the spring season.

Another Musician Dead.—Sandusky, Ohio, January 2.—Prof. W. A. Loades, sixty-four years old, a prominent musician, of this city, who had a remarkable history, died here last night. When a lad he was employed at the royal court at Windsor Castle, London. His musical education was received at the royal academies in London and Paris, and after completing his studies he was connected with the Queen's Orchestra. He traveled through England with Jenny Lind, and her success in this country induced him to settle here. Although he made much money he died a poor man.—*Exchange*.

Third Philharmonic Concert.—The third public rehearsal and concert of the Philharmonic Society will be held on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Mme. Teresa Carreño will make her reappearance then after an absence of nearly eight years from this country. The following program will be given at both performances:

Overture, Prometheus Bound, op. 39.....Goldmark
Concerto for piano, No. 4, D minor, op. 70.....Rubinstein
Mme. Carreño.
Symphony No. 6, B minor, Pathétique.....Tchaikowsky

Churchill Mayer.—Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Mayer, vocal teacher, has removed from 230 West Fifty-ninth street to No. 3 East Forty-first street, where she has resumed her lessons in theory and harmony, and prepares pupils for opera, concert, church or oratorio.

Kaltenborn String Quartet.—The Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hané String Quartet has been most successful in securing engagements, the latest being a series of afternoon musicales at one of the most fashionable clubs in Brooklyn, for eight consecutive Sundays, beginning January 10, and also a private concert at Nutley, N. J., in the third week of January.

Hermann Beyer-Hané.—Mr. Hermann Beyer-Hané, of the Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hané String Quartet, has been engaged for a large concert in Baltimore January 18, and also for one in Philadelphia January 21, and has a number of other dates pending. Appreciation of his artistic playing and beautiful tone is shown by the marked success which repeats itself at every concert where he is heard, and by the numerous engagements which follow.

Samuel Boyle.—Mr. Samuel Boyle, the new basso cantante, is very busy. He has been singing at several private musicales lately, and also at church festivals. On Christmas Day he sang the bass solos at St. John's Church, White Plains, and his appearance at some concerts in that town is eagerly looked forward to. Several important oratorio engagements are pending, and his engagement at one of the leading city churches as soloist is sure. His

voice and great experience in the latter direction will be of value to the choirmaster securing him.

Carl in Ohio.—The proof of the success of the Carl concerts in Ohio is appended, and the popularity of this young and successful artist is daily on the increase. Mr. Carl will resume his tours in a few days, having been in the city for the holidays, and has many dates booked ahead. Here are a few of the notices:

It is a rare privilege to hear an organist of Mr. Carl's artistic attainments. Concert organists are rare, and an artist who can make an organ recital genuinely interesting is rarer still.—*The Times-Star, Cincinnati, Ohio*.

Mr. Carl's fame as a musician had preceded him, and it was fully borne out by his performance.—*The Leader, Cleveland, Ohio*.

Mr. Carl showed remarkable technical ability, and added to that was an intelligent treatment of the compositions, which brought expressions of delight to the faces of the auditors. It was one of the finest ever heard in this city.—*The Plain Dealer, Cleveland, Ohio*.

"I don't remember to have seen or heard such grace or quickness in position of movement, such complete command of the stop combinations, and, more than all, such delicate and even shading from any other player. This latter effect, produced by clever manipulation of the swells, really created the impression that one was listening to an orchestra."—*The Evening Dispatch, Columbus, Ohio*.

"His technic is faultless, his style is graceful and his mastery over the great organ complete."—*The Evening Repository, Canton, Ohio*.

"His playing is characterized by much breadth and brilliancy of execution, combined with great delicacy of feeling and expression."—*The Daily News, Chillicothe, Ohio*.

He is a master of all he professes to know, and not one who heard him can say aught against the program or the accomplished manner with which it was rendered.—*The Daily Gazette, Delaware, Ohio*.

The hearty applause at the conclusion of each number testified to his complete capture of the approval and satisfaction of the people.—*The Daily Herald, Washington C. H., Ohio*.

Mr. Carl is an artist in all that the term implies, and his playing last evening was of a high order of excellence.—*The Daily Sun, Newark, Ohio*.

Mr. Carl has gained the merited reputation of being one of the finest organists in the country, and his rendition of the various numbers on the program here proved him to be a complete master of that instrument.—*The Times, Granville, Ohio*.

J. H. McKinley's Success.—We subjoin some press notices of Mr. J. H. McKinley's singing in Canada and this State:

Mr. J. H. McKinley, who essayed the tenor parts, has a voice of high calibre, beautifully sweet and thoroughly well trained, and its owner knows how to use it in the best way; for Mr. McKinley is a thoroughly dramatic singer, and knows the value of the words as well as the music he is singing. It is safe to say that Thou Shalt Break Them has never caused such a sensation as it did last night in this city.—*Montreal Gazette*.

Mr. McKinley electrified the audience with his rendering of Thou Shalt Break Them. It was a striking rendition and the finale was really superb.—*Montreal Herald*.

As to the soloists, the tenor, Mr. J. H. McKinley, was in the greatest favor of his audience. He has a voice of excellent quality, rich and well trained. His enunciation was very clear, but his strongest point was the expression with which he sang. This was most noticeable in Thy Rebuke Hast Broken His Heart and the, perhaps, most difficult Thou Shalt Break Them, the two parts being extremes of feeling.—*Montreal Daily Witness*.

The tenor solos by Mr. McKinley brought a very sympathetic, strong voice, which was admirable in its work throughout. His last solo, In Native Worth, was the hit of the evening and he sang it with triumphal effect.—*Poughkeepsie News-Press*.

Mr. McKinley was excellent in all points; his rendering of In

Native Worth was particularly fine and received recognition from the audience.—*Poughkeepsie Daily Eagle*.

All were of the opinion that they never had heard the trial done with such intelligence and finish.—*Poughkeepsie Correspondent*.

Both in oratorio work, with its trying recitatives and arias, and in the ballad Mr. McKinley is one of the most acceptable tenors heard in Hartford for a long time.—*Hartford Courant*.

Adele Laels Baldwin.—Mrs. Baldwin (contralto) sang in The Messiah in Newark December 11, and the papers of that city speak of her work as follows:

Mme. Baldwin's voice was uniformly rich and sympathetic, and she exhibited an even quality of tone not always heard in a deep contralto. Her rendition of He Was Despised was excellent.—*Daily Advertiser, Newark, N. J.*

Mrs. Baldwin has a deep and rich voice, and sung her numbers with much expression.—*Sunday Call, Newark, N. J.*

Mme. Baldwin sang He Was Despised with a grace and dignity of style that won cordial approbation from the audience.—*Evening News, Newark, N. J.*

Wm. H. Rieger.—We print this week the following series of notices of ten performances of the lyric tenor Mr. Wm. H. Rieger, selected from journals in all sections of the country:

Mr. Rieger shared the honors with Mme. Nordica.—*Atlanta, Ga., Constitution*.

Too much praise cannot be said of Mr. Rieger's voice. It is a lyric tenor of the sweetest and purest quality and is exquisitely cultivated. He rendered his selections in such pleasing and finished manner that before he had finished the audience had determined to have encores, which were kindly given. Many think Mr. Rieger the best tenor ever heard here.—*The Sun, Nashville, Tenn.*

Mr. Wm. H. Rieger fulfilled every expectation. A more beautifully modulated tenor has never before been heard. He is at all times natural and artistic, sings with full dramatic power and enunciates beautifully.—*The Herald, Memphis, Tenn.*

Rieger's lyric tenor is as caressing as a maiden's first love, and as sweet as the breath of flowers. As an exponent of tenderness it stands without a peer. Rieger's personality, too, is in his favor. Handsome, graceful and manly, it is easily comprehended how the people could and do lionize him. His first number was an aria; it was difficult to the extreme, but the pure freshness of the sweetest of all voices made a poem of it that fairly dazzled the singer's hearers. In the midst of his artistic singing his pronunciation is clear and distinct and perfectly comprehensible.—*Commercial Appeal, Memphis, Tenn.*

Rieger, the tenor, has one of those voices of a peculiar charm which bring to mind all the sweet old German stories of singing lovers that lurk in the brain. "A voice soft and sweet as a tune that one knows," it has a timbre which recalls Meredith's lines:

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote
The best, to my mind, is Il Trovatore,
And Mario can charm with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

He was called back again and again by enthusiastic encores.—*Times-Democrat, New Orleans, La.*

Mr. Wm. H. Rieger, the tenor, is a delightful singer. He made a decided hit.—*The Daily Item, New Orleans, La.*

Mr. Wm. H. Rieger's melting voice, full of exquisite sentiment, was beyond compare. He won the hearts of the hearers completely.—*The Post, Houston, Tex.*

Mr. William H. Rieger sang his aria beautifully, with lovely voice and expression. As an encore he sang a German song.—*The News, Galveston, Tex.*

Mr. Wm. H. Rieger has a tenor voice of charming quality and his work is finished and artistic. He had a most liberal share of the applause.—*The Journal, Atlanta, Ga.*

Mr. Rieger made a decided hit with his beautiful voice and artistic singing. He was recalled after both his numbers and compelled to give encores.—*The Sun, Baltimore, Md.*

German Liederkrans.—The German Liederkrans, of New York, will give its fiftieth anniversary festival concert on Thursday, January 7. Soloists—Lillian Blauvelt,

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Lillian Blauvelt, Helene Bartenwerfer,
Rafael Joseffy.

Male Chorus of Liederkrans and Metropolitan

Permanent Orchestra.

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cony, 50 cts. For sale at Schubert's, 23 Union Square.

STEINWAY PIANO USED.

Helene Bartenwerfer and Rafael Joseffy. The place will be Carnegie Hall and the time 8 p. m.

Mrs. Lawson in Buffalo.—The following are the clippings from the Buffalo dailies of December 29 concerning Corinne Moore-Lawson's performance in The Messiah on the 25th:

Among the solo singers Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson was the bright, particular star, beside whose excellent training, intelligent comprehension and musical conception her associates paled. Her singing of Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion, with the preceding recitatives, was a most noble and beautiful piece of vocalization. The same may be said of the aria, Come Unto Me, All Ye That Labor and Are Heavy Laden. The pathos of the singer's voice made the prayer exquisite. I Know That My Redeemer Liveth was sung in the same refined style which characterized everything that Mrs. Lawson does. The orchestra accompanied her beautifully in all of her solos, and but once transgressed in obliterating some soft low notes. The long phrases in Handel's arias, which require such breath and execution, are the terror of undisciplined vocalists. They can, however, be overcome, as was evident last evening in Mrs. Lawson's singing. No singer who cannot sing these phrases should present himself before an audience. If it were impossible to sing the music as it is written, an excuse could be found, but those singers who care to study can sing Handel's music without awkwardly breaking phrases for want of breath.—*Courier*.

Mrs. Lawson proved to those who were not already familiar with her singing that she has a very pure soprano voice, of moderate size and pleasing color, which she handles with a splendid degree of artistic culture. Her skill in a technical way was shown in such arias, abounding in long runs, as Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion; her emotional resources were shown by her singing of that beautiful confession of faith, I Know That My Redeemer Liveth. Mrs. Lawson understands the elevated style necessary to oratorio singing.—*Express*.

Mrs. Moore-Lawson sang much better during the latter half of the evening than in the first. Come Unto Me, one of the most beautiful solos in the oratorio, was given deliciously. With perfect enunciation, and with sweet, natural feeling of interpretation the words fell peacefully upon the audience.

Her voice on the higher notes was like a flute, rising clear and full above the swaying, rustling accompaniment of the strings. And what an accompaniment that was! Soft as were the tones of the singer, still softer were those of the orchestra, yet it rose and fell with a light, artistic grace as if it were a part of the singer.—*Enquirer*.

George W. Fergusson.—Mr. G. W. Fergusson has had very great success in recital, for which, he modestly writes, he seems naturally adapted. The recital in Cincinnati was a most gratifying success. Mr. Fergusson's trip may be prolonged beyond his original intention.

Here are some press notices:

George Fergusson, the baritone singer of New York, was the artist on this occasion, and he is an artist, both as to the quality of his magnificent voice and his magnetic stage presence. When Mr. Fergusson enters upon the stage and faces his audience there is nothing of egotism apparent in his manner, or that air of sang froid so prevalent among professional musicians, but from the moment he emits the first note it dawns upon his hearers that "here is an artist to his finger tips." He really seems unconscious of his talents, in which he assumes no affectation, but on the contrary puts his audience in rapport with him almost immediately. His voice has a wonderful range, from tenor to a rich baritone. He sang a group of German, English, Italian and French songs, and 'twas difficult to tell which we liked him best in, though the aria Vision Fugitive (Hérodiade) by Massenet, was superb as sung by this artist. Mr. Fergusson's accompanist, Mrs. Hess-Burr, is as much of an artist in her line as the gentleman himself. She possesses rare gifts and talents as an accompanist and pianist of ability.—*Grand Rapids Music and Drama*.

George W. Fergusson, now of New York, formerly of Minneapolis, is an artist who ought to be accorded a respectful and appreciative hearing. He is a delightful singer, full of feeling and expression, well versed in the technicalities of his art and exceedingly happy in his choice of repertoire.

Last evening Mr. Fergusson appeared in a recital at the Plymouth Church, under the auspices of the Ladies' Thursday Musicals. The church was well filled, and there were many signs that indicated the presence of a more musical audience than is often to be found in this city. Satisfaction was stamped on every face, and the dignified applause of the early part of the concert developed gradually into a crowning storm of plaudits after the conclusion of the program.

The program was rarely interesting. Besides two organ numbers—the only numbers not rendered by Mr. Fergusson—it contained five groups of songs. The first one included only a modern aria, by Massenet. The next group consisted of two Schumann and as many Schubert numbers; the third one was made up of five English and one old Irish songs; the fourth contained two Handel numbers and two old Italian arias by Giordani and Scarlatti; the fifth and last group brought before the public three modern French arias. It takes a good deal of versatility to render such a program in one evening and with satisfactory result. But Mr. Fergusson was evidently master of his task. While necessarily he succeeded differently well in different numbers, every one of them was kept well up to the average level of the performance.

Mr. Fergusson's initial number was, perhaps, the gem of the evening. He sang the whole aria with such exquisite feeling that it was carried straight to the hearts of the listeners. Other triumphs during the evening were his renditions of Schubert's Mit dem Grünen Lautenbande; M. Valerie White's The Throstle; the old Irish love song, The Banks of the Daisies, and Handel's beautiful Where'er You Walk.

The accompaniment to Mr. Fergusson's songs was furnished by Miss Florence E. Burtis, who added further to her fame as an accompanist.—*Minneapolis Times*.

Genevra Johnstone-Bishop.—Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, the oratorio singer, spent yesterday in this city at

NORRI, DRAMATIC SOPRANO.

In America Season 1896-7.

SOLE MANAGEMENT:

H. M. HIRSCHBERG'S MUSICAL BUREAU,
36 West 15th Street, New York.

the Hollenden. Mrs. Bishop is en route to Pittsburg and Toronto, having great success through the country in The Messiah. Oberlin, Ann Arbor and New York papers all say her singing of I Know That My Redeemer Liveth is unequalled in this country.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Froehlich School of Music.—The recital of the pupils of this school on December 10 went off finely. The andante from Haydn's Surprise symphony was the successful number, Miss Mary Henry taking the part of *Jul Caspar*. Other numbers were Air Varié, for violin, by Dancla, Joseph Salsberg, violin; Introduction by Bohm, Laura Cranbrook, piano; Carmen, Marie Rotholz, and piano, Serenade of Schubert, Annette F. Gates.

Virgil Piano School.—The Virgil Piano School of Chicago opened Monday, January 4, under Mr. Anthony Stankowitch, director, in the Woman's Club Building, Washington street.

Riccardo Ricci.—Mr. Riccardo Ricci has returned to town after scoring many successes on a short operatic tour. He finds the outlook for his season's work very promising. Speaking of his appearances in Canada the *Toronto World* says:

"Mr. Ricci, was an ideal *Plunket*, showing a fine bass voice and perfect acting"; and the *Globe*: "The *Mefisto* of Riccardo Ricci was decidedly good. He has a rich bass voice, well under control, and his acting was beyond reproach, although encroaching perhaps at times on accepted traditions."

Frank H. Tubbs.—Mr. Frank H. Tubbs will begin a series of lectures on subjects pertaining to singing and singers at his studio, 131 West Forty-second street, this city, on Wednesday evening, January 13. They will bear upon the psychology of the art under the title *Premises and Deductions for Singers*. The course will continue seven evenings (Wednesdays) and is free to all. Mr. Tubbs wishes, however, that those who propose to attend the course would notify him in advance, in order that the studio may not be overcrowded. Should the attendance be large, larger rooms will be secured. The topics for early lectures are Art Is Expression of Life, Mind, Material Implements, Physical Culture and Vocal Methods.

Perry Averill.—The second recital of Mr. Perry Averill and Mr. Orton Bradley will take place on Thursday evening, January 7, in Mendelssohn Hall. Mr. Averill will sing *Feldeinsamkeit* and *Von ewiger Liebe* of Brahms, a group of French songs by Faure, Massenet and Thomé, and a group of favorite songs, by request, including Tosti's *Ninon*, A Song of Solomon, by Mary Knight Wood, and *Love's Repose*, by M. McCrackan Purdy.

Mr. Bradley's program will include the gavot and gigue from J. S. Bach's G minor suite, the new sonata by Ludwig Schytte, two waltzes by Dvorák, and a group of light pieces by Grieg, John Farmer, Henselt and Kleczynski.

On Wednesday last a few musical friends met at the studio of Messrs. Perry Averill and Orton Bradley to listen to a very delightful informal program. The singers were Miss Laura Louise Wallen, Mrs. Adele Laeis Baldwin, Mr. Ellison van Hoose and Mr. Averill. Mr. Bradley played some soli and all the accompaniments. The final touch to the enjoyment of the guests was given by Madame Mantelli, who came as audience, but was prevailed upon to sing one number.

Among those who were present were Mrs. Samuel Thorne, Mrs. George Place, Mrs. Frederick Whitridge, Mrs. and Miss Winslow, Mrs. Oliver Read, the Misses Schenck, Mrs. E. Lawson Purdy and Miss Alice Verlet.

Gertrude May Stein.—We annex extracts from papers respecting this lady's appearances during the last few weeks:

Miss Gertrude May Stein, contralto, gave additional proof of her claims to being an artist of no mean degree. She rose to the condition of dramatic fervor in her delivery of the aria from *Jeanne d'Arc*, by Bumberg, using the original German text of Schiller. Her singing of Wagner's *Träume* was of an intellectual bent, but there was a touch of delicate poetry in her rendering of *Fruehlingsnacht*, by Schumann, the instrumentation by Mr. Van der Stucken being particularly effective. As an encore she gave a little song by MacDowell, *Chabrier's rhapsody*, Espana, with its grotesque Spanish coloring and circus effects, ingeniously instrumented, brought out the full resources of the orchestra to splendid advantage.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*, December 10.

Miss Stein's choice of songs was characteristic of her artistic aims. Her voice has become both broader and more sympathetic in quality. She is one of the few singers before the public who can put true dramatic force into modern aria and retain the musical, the pure contralto quality of her voice. In matters of breathing and of tone production Miss Stein furnishes an example for students to follow. As an encore a MacDowell ballad was given.—*The Times-Star*.

Miss Gertrude May Stein, the soloist of the afternoon, showed marked improvement in tone and expression compared with last season. Her voice seemed rounder and fuller, but that may be owing

ing to the superior acoustics of Music Hall. The aria from Bumberg's *Jeanne d'Arc*, with orchestra accompaniment, was her best number, and would have made even a better impression had she not been driven by the orchestra into a tempo altogether too fast for a sentimental farewell.

Her two songs, Wagner's *Träume* and Schumann's *Fruehlingsnacht*, were well received, and in response to repeated outbursts of applause Miss Stein gave as encore MacDowell's *Thy Roaming Eyes*.

To-night the program will be repeated.—*The Commercial Tribune*.

Last evening one of the most delightful vocal concerts of the season was given at the Athenaeum under the auspices of the Woman's Club of Wisconsin, in the form of a song recital by Miss Gertrude May Stein, a charming mezzo soprano from New York, and Mr. George W. Fergusson, the celebrated English baritone, who is a great favorite in Milwaukee. Miss Stein is a newcomer here, but at once sprang into the position of a favorite through her rich, full voice and the admirably artistic manner in which she sings. She was at her best, perhaps, in the Wagner songs and Bumberg's *La Morte de Jeanne d'Arc*, and she was greeted with warm applause. Mr. Fergusson, who was in admirable voice, sang a great variety of songs from Handel, Giordani and Scarlatti to modern writers, like Maude Valerie White and Massenet, and he was repeatedly honored with well earned bursts of applause. The charming duets by Goring Thomas were rendered by the two artists and the latter proved especially to be the liking of the audience. Such admirable singing as this is not only a keen pleasure to the audience, but also immensely instructive to all students of this beautiful but elusive art. Mr. Fergusson's phrasing is so artistic that it is a valuable lesson alone to hear him sing a few numbers.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

The Messiah.

TO go without our Xmas Messiah by the New York Oratorio Society, Walter Damrosch director, every holiday-tide would be to the oratorio going public of New York a larger omission than the absence of the fatted turkey or the historic plum pudding at the Xmas board. This year we had our music gift duly given us. Handel appeared in his well-worn holiday rôles, sung by the New York Oratorio Society on Monday afternoon, on December 28, in Carnegie Hall at the public rehearsal, followed by the public concert on Tuesday evening, the 29th. The soloists were Lillian Blauvelt, soprano; Adèle Laeis Baldwin, contralto; Evan Williams, tenor, and Ffrangcon-Davies, bass.

There is nothing new to be said about The Messiah. Its merit to oratorio goes of this, a preceding and a following generation—if following generations will continue to demand it—lies mainly in the performance. This last as given under Mr. Damrosch was eminently satisfactory. There is one thing about The Messiah in the hands of the Oratorio Society, which is that the choral part—the extremely important choral part—is sure to be sung with absolute precision and beauty. The Oratorio Society has learned its lesson well, and under Mr. Damrosch's supervision is not permitted to forget it in any detail, so that even to the over-familiar and even weary ear the singing of a chorus like *For Unto Us* is a miracle of tonal beauty, worth in itself a journey to hear. We may be pretty tired of Messiah tunes, but their delivery by the New York Oratorio Society, trained to these choruses year after year, yet never seeming to lose seat thereby, while fully retaining the remarkable tonal perfection and beauty, is a thing ever left to be desired.

Miss Lillian Blauvelt, who has been absent from her familiar ground for some time, sang with her usual exquisite beauty and freshness, and delighted her hearers, although this lark-like instrument of hers is heard to better advantage in oratorios of the suave, graceful flow of The Creation or The Seasons. The lovely voice is flexible and musical as ever, but its quality is best fitted to phrases of no large dramatic grasp in meaning. But what a delicious instrument it is, and with what taste and judgment does the gifted young singer use it!

Mrs. Adèle Laeis Baldwin, a contralto well known to New York audiences through continued concert work, sang with purity, some distinction of style, and a great deal of feeling. Her spirit and methods are at home in oratorio, and the larger arias were delivered by her with infinite sympathy and taste. Her diction deserves commendation, being unusually clear, impressive and refined.

Ffrangcon-Davies sang after the manner of a musician, and with intelligent feeling.

Mr. Williams was eminently satisfactory.

The house was of good size, but by no means crowded. Chorally The Messiah has never been better done, and deserved more audience, as well as enthusiasm. Matters were painfully frigid, but Mr. Damrosch worked throughout with unabated zeal and evolved the last shade of tonal effect possible, both from chorus and orchestra.

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QUITE the most interesting operatic event of the season was the first Siegfried performance at the Metropolitan Opera House by Mr. Grau's company last Wednesday evening. This was the cast:

Siegfried.....	M. Jean de Reszké
(His first appearance in this character.)	
Der Wanderer.....	M. Ed. de Reszké
(His first appearance in this character.)	
Mime.....	Herr von Hubbenet
Alberich.....	Mr. David Bispham
Fafner.....	M. Castelmery
Stimme des Waldvogels.....	Miss Sophia Traubman
Erda.....	Mlle. Olitzka
Brünnhilde.....	Mme. Melba
(Her first appearance in this character and her first appearance in German opera.)	
Conductor.....	Mr. Anton Seidl

It was a foregone conclusion that M. de Reszké would give us a *Siegfried* out of the ordinary. He sang the rôle better than Alvary, Gudehus or Vogl, although it was impossible for him at his age to look as young or act as elastically as Alvary. De Reszké was best in the first act. There he realized the musical and mimetic intentions of the composer. The forge scene was brilliantly executed; but after all is this a part for an old man? He lumbered about the stage and by forced activity he attempted to suggest youth and its buoyant symbolism. There were many distracting points during the evening. *Siegfried* made many inexcusable retardandos and at all times failed to suggest the boyish awkwardness of the young hero. For instance, why should he tell the audience of the fact that he was in grievance for his father and mother? Concessions of this sort M. de Reszké made to the manes of Italian opera. His enunciation was clearness itself, but the pronunciation Polish, markedly Polish. In Act II, he showed traces of mental and physical fatigue. The Waldweben episode lost because of its lack of simplicity. In a word, this *Siegfried* acted too well, was too well acquainted with the conventional histrionics of the operatic stage.

In Act III, he was passionate, after the manner of *Raoul* or *Vasco*. It was no longer *Siegfried*, but just the ordinary operatic tenor making love in the ordinary operatic fashion. Of course Melba had a disconcerting effect, but for all that it proved that M. Jean de Reszké has not yet accurately gauged *Siegfried*. Praise can be lavished on his musical phrasing, on his clear comprehension of all the music. Barring a tendency to sentimentalize, *Siegfried* was sung as it has never been sung here before.

Edouard de Reszké's *Wanderer* was a very French *Wotan*. More like Meyerbeer than Wagner was his pose and execution. In the *Erda* invocation he was most imposing. Like his brother, the abiding idea was that both men were accomplishing a tour de force, that not for a moment were they really within the skins of the characters they simulated.

As to Melba, the veil of charity can only be drawn. She was not for a single second *Brünnhilde*. Her voice, style, personality—all were at bitter variance with our preconceived notions of the part. It has been claimed that she sang the music well. How can one sing the music if one's breathing powers are inadequate? The fact of the matter is that too much stress is laid upon the pleasing powers of a singer, overlooking the faculties of characterization. Melba sang *Violetta* exceedingly well and she acted, for her, with some variety and force, but all her artifices availed her not in attempting to bolster up such a part as *Brünnhilde*. It must be sung, it must be acted; all evasions are ridiculous. Poor Melba from the start suggested a string of negatives. She behaved not badly, she sang not badly, but she did nothing affirmatively. She attempted in the duo a few bursts of speed, but they nearly resulted in disaster. Her voice, in reality, did not sound so small, but it said nothing, and her accent was lamentable.

Miss Traubman was often sharp as the *Bird* and she did not sing very well. Miss Olitzka was a most competent *Erda*, singing with great power and expressiveness.

Hubbenet as *Mime* sang with considerable ease, but he was not a second Paul Lange. His conception was at fault in a dozen places and he failed to touch the humorous element in the bitter little dwarf. *Alberich*, on the contrary, was a well rounded, well thought out rôle. Mr. Bispham sang and acted with finely suppressed malevolence and completely realized the character of the sinister half-brother of *Mime*. Castelmery was a very Gallic *Dragon*, inasmuch as he could not be understood at all. Mr. Seidl conducted with passion and skill. Indeed, he may truly be said to have been the star of the night.

We did not care for Mr. Parry's stage management. There were many flaws in the forge scene, the bellows and flame never quite being in rhythm. The lighting was not good, the stage being too dark, and in Act I, the *Wanderer-Mime* episode was not well illustrated. *Loge* was not himself there.

Jean de Reszké nearly fell at the close, but recovered his balance while pretending to hew the anvil. He also stumbled over his sword several times—all faults that will disappear in later performances. The attendance was large and there was much enthusiasm. There were many exclamations of disappointment by M. de Reszké's admirers because he had shaved off his moustache. He looks ten years older without it, and his fat face was hardly ideal enough for the brilliant son of *Sigmund* and *Sieglinde*.

Friday night Hamlet was given, but without Calvé, who had a slight throat trouble, and preferred not to risk singing. The cast was as follows:

Opélie.....	Clementine de Vere-Sapio
La Reine Gertrude.....	Mme. Litvinne
Claudius, Roi de Danemark.....	M. Plançon
Laerte.....	M. Gogny
L'Ombre du Feu Roi.....	M. Castelmery
Marcellus.....	Sig. Corsi
Horatio.....	Sig. Viviani
Polonius.....	Sig. de Vachetti
Hamlet.....	M. Lassalle
The incidental divertissement by Mlle. Irmier and corps de ballet.	
Conductor, Sig. Bevgnani.	

Madame de Vere-Sapio was altogether an agreeable surprise. We have heard her sing the mad scene in the concert room, but we little knew how well she acted and what dramatic intelligence she possessed. Although she had no rehearsal, she assumed the rôle of *Ophélie* with the utmost ease, and barring a certain nervousness at the outset she carried the evening to a successful close. It was in other respects a depressing evening. The opera is silly, and Lassalle was dreary. Litvinne went about in her accustomed elephantine fashion. It was an off night as regards attendance.

At the Saturday matinée *Siegfried* was repeated with a few changes. Melba, having about enough of Wagner, did not appear, and the usual Holbrook Curtis certificate—such a plausible certificate!—was sent out and the lobbyites were disgusted. Bad as was Melba, she was better than Litvinne. It was an absurd spectacle of incompetency, and Jean de Reszké showed by his actions very plainly what he thought of the family boomerang.

Saturday night *Tannhäuser* was sung most disgracefully at the popular performance. Gogny has not improved and Eames was evidently depressed by her surroundings. It is a consolation to know that it was the last *Tannhäuser* we get this season.

Musical circles have been awaiting with deep interest the appearance of Calvé as *Marguerite* in Gounod's *Faust*, and with the usual cast the opera was given on Monday night with this artist in the promised place. All the automatic traditional *Marguerites* of Madame Marchesi's Paris studio were finally disposed of by Calvé, who for the first time made intelligible those great dramatic climaxes which have hitherto been the vehicles merely of vocal execution. Even as far back as the days of Nilsson, who opened the Metropolitan Opera House with *Marguerite*, we can find no interpreter of the rôle who has ever attempted even to explore the dramatic resources of the part, much less make it a source of legitimate stage action and assimilate it with the character. Calvé is really the first dramatic *Marguerite* we have ever had, using the word in its application to the histrionic art as apart from the dramatic tradition which is imbibed by vocal students as a part of the usual study of the rôle.

The cathedral scene, the scene with *Valentine*, the last act, the jewel song scene, all were transformed into refreshing, living episodes of the poem instead of mere means to sing Gounod's music properly. It is probable that Calvé with this performance has given all the necessary evidence that she is the most versatile artist of her genre on the operatic stage to-day. She is at work on the *Brünnhilde*; why not give her the opportunity, Mr. Reszké?

On Wednesday evening Massenet's *Werther* will be revived, with the principal characters again in the hands of Jean de Reszké and Emma Eames, who created the rôles of *Werther* and *Charlotte* when the opera was sung here for the first time three seasons ago. Miss Sophie Traubmann and MM. de Vries and Castelmery will be in the cast. The opera will be sung in French and Sig. Mancinelli will conduct. On Friday evening *Lohengrin* in German will be presented by MM. Jean and Edouard de

Reszké, David Bispham and Maurice de Vries, and Mmes. Eames and Olitzka. Anton Seidl will conduct. At the Saturday matinée a double bill will be given. Mme. Melba will sing in *La Traviata*, with MM. Salignac, Ancona and Bars, and Mlle. Calvé will be heard in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, with MM. Ceppi and Campanari and Mmes. Belina and Bauermeister. At the Saturday evening performance Don Giovanni will be sung by Mmes. Litvinne, Traubmann and Engle, and MM. Lassalle, Cremonini, Bispham and Castelmery.

The news columns of the *Sun* last Sunday contained this bit of news:

It is possible that Mlle. Calvé may be heard in a new rôle at the Metropolitan later in the season, in addition to her performance of *Selika*, which, as the *Sun* announced, will be given probably on January 23. If *Le Nozze di Figaro* is given this year Mlle. Calvé will appear as *Cherubino*, and not as *Susanna*. She has expressed her preference for the former rôle.

The arrangements to present Mozart's opera are not yet settled, but Mme. Eames will appear as the *Countess* if it be given. Either to Miss Sophie Traubmann or to a well-known member of the company will be assigned the rôle of *Susanna*. Miss Traubmann has been studying the part since November.

La Gioconda can be produced within a short time when the date of the performance has been settled, but that is still uncertain. Mme. Litvinne, Edouard de Reszké and Signor Cremonini are to be in the cast.

Walter Damrosch has engaged Miss Susan Strong, who made her début with the Mapleson Company, to sing *Brünnhilde* in *Siegfried* with his company in Philadelphia. Herr Krauss, the tenor of the company, who will sing *Siegfried*, sat in a box with Walter Damrosch and Miss Strong at the matinée at the Metropolitan yesterday.

New Music.

G. SCHIRMER, New York, has issued a series entitled *The Master Pieces of Vocalization*, edited by Max Spicker. It is a graded series of vocal studies for all voices, selected from the celebrated works of Bordese, Bordogni, Concone, Lablache, Lamperti, Marchesi, Nava, Panofka, Paneron, Rubini, Savinelli, Lieber and others.

The mezzo soprano, baritone, soprano, alto and tenor have each four volumes of these vocalises, the Bass having three books—672 vocalises comprising the whole selection, about evenly divided. They are purely the vocalises without text, and can be studied and should be studied on each vowel. We consider the series exceedingly valuable for constant use.

In Schirmer's Octavo Church Music is a No. 808, *The Vigil of the Shepherds*, by W. L. Blumenschein, of Dayton, Ohio. It is an excellent Christmas anthem, far above the usual output in that direction.

Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig and New York, have issued a Music Guide, being a graded catalogue of select compositions for piano, string and wind instruments, the organ, &c. It is really a splendid *vade mecum* for all musicians, professional and amateur, and is in handy form.

Why did Miss or Mrs. E. B. Le Jeune, of Norwich, Conn., send us *The Thames March*? What have we ever done that people should send us the most commonplace ideas as represented in musical symbols, and then request us to express our views on the same. This march has not even the merit of ideas—but it is best not to dilate any further on the subject.

Robinson.—Mr. Walter H. Robinson, conductor of the Toronto Male Chorus Club, spent several days in the city last week.

Hall-Meyn Recital.—The joint recital of Miss Marguerite Hall, mezzo soprano, and Mr. Heinrich Meyn will take place at the Waldorf on Wednesday afternoon, January 13, at 4 o'clock. The list of patrons and patronesses numbers many names prominent in the social world.

Theo. Bohlmann.—Mr. Theo. Bohlmann, a prominent member of the faculty of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music conducted by Miss Clara Baur, was the soloist at the last Van der Stucken Symphony Concert in Cincinnati last week. His playing has been highly commended by the local critics, and he scored an artistic success.

William R. Chapman.—Mr. William R. Chapman, who has just returned from a trip to Maine, reports that he is delighted with the fine voices and excellent choruses he finds for his big festival. There is much enthusiasm, and Portland, Bangor and other cities are alive with the subject. More concerning the festival will appear in next week's *Musical Courier*.

A Clever Little Artist.—Little Constance Beardsley, the daughter of Dr. Beardsley, of Taylor street, played exquisitely on the piano last night at the entertainment and fair at the Knapp mansion, under the auspices of the Young People's Association of Christ Church, and won hearty plaudits. The child surprised everybody by her extreme cleverness. Her number was among the best on the program, and considering her tender age the performance argues well for the pianistic future of the child. Her mother, Mrs. Miltonelle Beardsley, has been her teacher and is one of Rafael Joseffy's pupils.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Two Sides of a Queer Question.

Mrs. Zeisler's Bright Remarks.

Here are a few of the remarks on various subjects that Mrs. Zeisler let fall during her stay in Portland the past week:

"In Germany Paderewski will have to cut his hair and be like other human beings."

"I would rather hear d'Albert play anything but a Chopin nocturne."

"If I surrendered myself to temperament I suppose I would play only Rubinstein and Schumann and one phase of Chopin, with never a bit of classical music or of Liszt."

"I consider that my own opinion regarding myself is absolutely worthless. And this is true of everyone. Goethe, you know, was more proud of his painting than of his writing."

"Rosenthal has tremendous technic and animal spirits, but he has not the divine fire."

"That word 'artist' has become so debased here in America. It is used of barbers, wig curlers and corn doctors. 'Genius' is the only English word that in the least corresponds to the German 'Kunstler.'"

"American audiences are much harder to please than European audiences, and even when pleased they will not show it."

"Sivinski is a genius. He is handsome, but he has no hair to speak of, so he was not a success in America, for here they like freaks."

"Philip Hale, the critic, is talented, but arrogant. I am always glad when he asks me if I have read so and so (some antiquated book), for then I can say, 'No, I read something better.'"

"Encores are much less in vogue abroad than here. In America people applaud for encore. In Europe they applaud to show you they are pleased."

"Liszt did not give lessons to his pupils. He merely furnished them with musical atmosphere."

"Sieveking is a fifteenth rate pianist. He is a strong man, but Rosenthal is a strong artist."

"The Jews are essentially a musical race. Nearly all the great pianists are Jews. They have been downtrodden and oppressed during many centuries; all this distress and tragic suffering has tended to develop a powerful emotional temperament at the expense of certain physical qualities. They have been called 'cowards,' and it is forgotten that they were not allowed to go into the army. Hunted, degraded, oppressed, deceit became of necessity their only weapon. When Booth played *Shylock* he played it so humanly that I felt only pity—*Shylock* was driven into crime. When I read the play for myself I knew that Shakespeare intended that we should not pity *Shylock*, but that we should scorn him. There is a book on this subject that everyone ought to read—Israel Among the Nations. The author was a fervent Christian as well as a traveler and thoughtful student. He does not undertake to defend the Jews. He explains them. The Jews are clever, but a smooth and oily Yankee is more clever than twenty Jews. They have wonderful imitative talent, and while they are great in music, viewed as a reproductive art, it will be hundreds of years before their creative talent is developed. In this respect their position may be compared to that of women. That is the reason also there are so few Jewish composers—Mendelssohn, Strauss, Rubinstein—you cannot find many."

In Germany they never cut their hair, but Paderewski will always be like other human beings because he loves "boodle" better than his life.

Mr. Hale has a right to be arrogant. He is talented.

Liszt was the greatest pedagogue that ever lived, greater even than Czerny.

How does Mrs. Zeisler know that Sieveking is a fifteenth rate pianist? Has she ever heard him play?

AN OPEN LETTER

TO MRS. ZEISLER.

Her Alleged "Bright Remarks" are Criticized.

Her Love of Filthy Lucre—An Insult to a Portland Audience—Why She Did Not Return.

PORTLAND, December 19.—To Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler—MADAME: During your stay here in Portland you "let fall" what the *Oregonian* calls "Bright Remarks," and which remarks were published in the Sunday *Oregonian* of December 13. Reading those "bright remarks" (?) a person cannot help thinking of "sour grapes." For instance, take the first remark: "In Germany Paderewski will have to cut his hair and be like human beings." Don't you know that he wore his hair just as long in Germany as he did in America, and that his reputation as an artist (or Kunstler) was just as great there as here? In Germany, or for that matter all over Europe, an artist is just as much appreciated whether he has long or short hair, or no hair at all. But let me tell you, madam, he cannot leave the piano during the concert, as you did here in Portland, and have a half hour's row with his manager over a few dollars; if he did he would be hissed upon his return to the piano, and I am surprised that your audience here treated you as kindly as they did after you had insulted them in such a way. No true artist will leave his instrument during a performance and go out to count the money taken in at the door and refuse to continue, unless his demands for more filthy lucre are acceded to. A person who will do such a thing may well be compared to the nickel-in-the-slot machine, which won't play until the nickel is deposited. The fact is, over \$500 had been subscribed by a representative audience for hearing your recital as per program, and your interruption of half an hour for business which in no way concerned them was an insult quite at variance with the artistic reputation you claim.

Now, let us look at your fifth bright (?) remark: "Rosenthal has tremendous technic and animal spirits, but he has not the divine fire." As he is a cousin of yours I can readily believe this statement. "Divine fire" doesn't seem to burn in your family. That is to say, it is a secondary consideration, the prime motif being coin.

If you call Sieveking a fifteenth-rate pianist, please let me know to which class you belong.

It is well for you that you did not attempt a return date in Portland, as our best people, who most liberally patronized your concert, would never again have placed \$500 or \$600 at the disposal of any artist (?) who would deliberately and gratuitously insult them as you did, and who might at any instant refuse to complete a program already commenced.

C. C. FALLENUS.

We think not; besides, professional pianists are naturally bad critics.

How does Sieveking rate Mrs. Zeisler?

Who says that the Jews are not creative? Wagner had Jewish blood in him and so had Meyerbeer, and there are others, too.

The letter signed C. C. Fallenius is evidently written by one of the great unknown to music.—EDITORS THE MUSICAL COURIER.

Symphony Society Concert.

IT cannot be truthfully said that the third concert of the Symphony Society last Saturday night in Carnegie Hall was very exciting. As was the case last year, Mr. Damrosch's men are playing in his opera company, therefore conditions are hardly favorable for a finished performance. The Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, unless it be superlatively executed, has for us to-day not the interest it should. It was rather coarsely played by the Symphony Society and did not lack fire or spirit, but it was, frankly, not an ideal reading. The Parsifal prelude, which closed the short program, was broadly taken, withal too slow.

Miss Aus der Ohe substituted for Rosenthal, and gave her familiar version of the E flat concerto of Liszt. This seems to be her favorite concerto, although we have heard from her several Rubinstein concertos, one Chopin and one Vogrich concerto. It would be a genuine cause for congratulation if Miss Aus der Ohe could be persuaded to lay aside the Liszt concerto for a time. She plays it brilliantly, but then its brilliancy has become banal. Mr. Walter Damrosch conducted.

Martinus Sieveking.

THE following are a few of the many press notices respecting late performances of the pianist Martinus Sieveking:

Mr. Sieveking, pale, melancholy looking and a typical Hollander in appearance, was the first to come forth. Since there is naturally more or less curiosity concerning the personality of this young Dutch virtuoso, who is believed by many critics to be a promising rival for Paderewski's hitherto unchallenged laurels, it may not be out of place to say that one meeting him away from his instrument would be very unlikely to think of him as one of the three or four greatest living pianists. He has, to be sure, the aureole of bristly hair which Paderewski made the fashion for piano virtuosos; but there is surely no hint in the stolid countenance, the large and one might almost say ungainly hands, or in the man's general air of impassivity, of the fit and intensely poetic artistic temperament within. It takes the instrument to unlock that secret, and even then one loses all thought of the player in his alternately sensuous and voltaic playing.

For his opening number he chose Beethoven's famous Moonlight sonata, followed for purposes of contrast by Chopin's fantasia in F minor (op. 49). The interpretation of the former was richly sympathetic, notably so in the adagio, which perhaps suffered from the audience's interest in the player rather than in his theme. It was not until Mr. Sieveking began the fantasia and gave rein to the reserve brilliance and singing polish of his technic that it dawned upon his auditors that here was a veritable magician of the keyboard, whose playing warranted all, and more than all, that had been said in praise of it. Words do not readily lend themselves to a description of the tonal triumphs of Sieveking's reading of Chopin; it is enough to say that after he had concluded the enthusiastic audience demanded three separate reappearances, and desisted then in sheer kindness.

To one who undertakes to speak of Mr. Sieveking's playing as the writer of this notice does, without critical knowledge or pretension, and only with a wish to record impressions, there is left to be said simply that very rarely, indeed, does it come within one's privilege to hear an artist unfold so intimately the poetic temperament with a manual mastery of the piano, leaving, it would seem, absolutely nothing to be desired. He is not only a player great in technic, but one even greater in his ability to subdue every light and shade of the tone colors to his reading of the composer in hand.—*Scranton Tribune*, December 23, 1906.

That last evening's concert was the greatest musical event that has ever occurred in Scranton has been said by so many hundred voices already that the verdict has attained the dignity of history.

Mr. Martinus Sieveking, although yet not thirty, already takes rank as one of the few greatest piano virtuosos. He does this not even, primarily, by virtue of his flawless technic, although that counts for so much, but first of all by his sympathy with the great masters, his comprehension of the high meaning they have wrought into and expressed through their music, his power of conveying that meaning to others, using all the tonal effects of his instrument for that purpose; for Mr. Sieveking is not a self-conscious, self-advertising player. By reason of his repose of manner in playing, the self-possession that enables him to give himself wholly to the

work before him, he presently carried a rather high strung and nervously expectant audience into a condition where they found themselves in touch with each composer in turn, and then realized that that composer's richest and fullest and sweetest thought had been made a part of their own possessions, as never before, by the magic of the translating touch of the pianist on the keys. His touch is electric, strong, firm and fine, bringing out clearly the most delicate pianissimo, although giving it softly as Tennyson's "horns of Elford faintly blowing"; on the other hand adequate to the most pronounced effects.—*Scranton Truth*, December 23, 1906.

Without doubt one of the grandest musical events in Scranton's history took place last night at the Frothingham, when Sieveking and Bispham both appeared in the same program.

Sieveking played! People who had listened unmoved to piano playing all their lives, people who dry-eyed had heard the saddest of songs, were strangely touched, and responded as did the ivory keys to the magician's fingers. One said to another: "I never heard anyone play before!"

The great Dutch pianist has a simplicity almost unique. It is no wonder that he is taking his stand on the proud eminence with the most illustrious virtuosos of the century, and few indeed have there been to step beyond him. So many wonderful points of excellence crowd before one in attempting to designate the strongest feature of his work that it is with a feeling of inadequateness that the task is begun. If a pre-eminent characteristic can be named it is the genius of expression that he possesses. The listener would all but weep to hear him go on through the tender, heart breaking passages, and would still beseech him to never cease the witchery of the spell he weaves. In his gayer strains he bestowed a certain exhilaration, indefinite but enchanting. He is dignified, gentle and wonderfully graceful in his work. He played the great sonata of Beethoven, op. 27, No. 2, the "quasi fantasia," called for no real reason The Moonlight. He played it unusually—unmistakably with an interpretation wholly his own. This widely known and passionately loved composition, of which Beethoven himself said he "had written better things," seemed to take on a new meaning under this master hand, and difficult is it to believe that anything more divinely beautiful was ever transcribed; the lovely, almost heavenly, adagio seemed to gain additional pathos from the artist's naturally melancholy temperament. Tears lay close to the ripple of laughter between. He played the three movements as they should be—a monologue connected and distinct in theme and passion of conception.

The unity of each followed one another with true and faultless beauty. He had the clear singing tone and tender thought, and in the allegro, so often played too rapidly for expression, he gave the lingering, almost a caressing, touch that made it the poetry of harmony.—*The Scranton Republican*, December 23, 1906.

Gregorowitsch.

CHARLES GREGOROWITSCH, the young Russian violinist, arrived in this country two months ago, with a European reputation already brilliantly established, and based by the judgment of the most competent critics upon a unique musical genius developed by capable study into a very finished form of art. It is one thing, however, to be accepted and acclaimed in Europe.

When an artist comes to America, no matter what his talent proclaimed beforehand, he has a new and musically unresponsive public to face. Not, as may well be understood, a public not musically educated or susceptible to established forms, but a public strangely averse to the foreigner, no matter how great a favorite he may have proved himself among foreign strangers and no matter how personally magnetic or attractive he may happen to be. The American public needs to find this out for itself and often fails to do so in cases where other countries have given a favorable decision beforehand.

It is here that Gregorowitsch has made his mark. He has succeeded in sustaining the admirable record which preceded him, and at each appearance since his arrival his artistic foothold has proved itself to be more and more secure. Gregorowitsch is a thoroughly consistent as well as accomplished artist, and his merits at each performance have been thrown into sharper and more enduring evidence. In a word Gregorowitsch has firmly established himself as one of the most popular artists who has in many years come to America.

Gregorowitsch was born in St. Petersburg on October 25, 1867, and comes of a gifted musical family. He studied with the celebrated Besekirski, of Moscow, until he was fifteen years old, when he had an opportunity to play before Wieniawski. The great master, perceiving the boy's extraordinary talent, volunteered at once to give him lessons. Gregorowitsch proved to be Wieniawski's last pupil, and stands to-day an honorable testimony to the brilliancy and exactitude of his master's methods.

From Russia Gregorowitsch went to Vienna, where he studied for a short period under Dont, and thence proceeded to Berlin, where he acquired a few points of finish under Joachim. His professional career in Europe has

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been a brilliant one. Among other leading capitals he played at St. Petersburg with Sophie Meater, and repeatedly under the direction of Rubinstein before the Czar. Concerts have been given by him with great éclat in Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Dresden and Berlin, where he is esteemed one of the first artists of his day.

America has now set her seal to the same verdict, as the career of Gregorowitsch here has proved thus far one of smooth and finished success, and personally as well as artistically he is a violinist of consistent popularity. He has appeared in the leading cities of the country with the leading societies, and has given a large series of recitals, in all of which he has won unqualified success. Few artists have attained the zenith of their reputation at the same early age as Gregorowitsch. His career has been rapid, but it has also been sure; his success being throughout based on sound native musical merit cultivated and developed in its highest degree.

Like that of most prominent artists the career of Gregorowitsch is sprinkled with many episodes of public interest. He played before Alexander III., Czar of Russia, six years ago, when his I. H. was so pleased that he asked him in what way he could favor him. Gregorowitsch replied, "Excuse me from military duty," which was immediately done by the Czar. From the Sultan of Turkey he received the "Osmany," a medal for art and literature, the highest order in Turkey, and also received 5,000 frs. as a gift. He had 15 minutes' conversation and was entertained at tea by the Sultan (an unprecedented honor), before whom he played for two hours.

A year ago, after his concert in Berlin, he was presented with one of the finest Guarnerius violins in existence, valued at \$5,000, by a rich friend and patron, Carl Toellé, upon which he plays here.

Gregorowitsch came to America direct from an extensive tour in Russia, where he was so popular that immense inducements were held out to him to remain there.

Sarasate declares that he considers Gregorowitsch one of the greatest living violinists, and that no artist plays Sarasate's own works as does Gregorowitsch.

Making Musical Bells.

WHILE makers of the leading lines of pianos and organs become famous and their names household words, while the veriest novice in music knows where to go for a violin, harp or guitar, and while even that once despised instrument of the Southern plantation negro has grown to the dignity of a serious rivalry between sponsors, there are many instruments whose makers' names are never heard and concerning whom, despite the public's constant delight in their handicraft, it never inquires. And yet many of these instruments require a genius and knowledge of musical sound in their construction that should constitute the maker an artist rather than a mechanic. How many persons who have wandered at midnight on the last night of the year to the vicinity of old Trinity, in New York, could tell the names of the makers of the chimes in which they delight? It is doubtful if more than a dozen persons in a hundred thousand who have listened with satisfaction to the musical bells and chimes of a play or an opera, to the concerts of trained bell ringers, or to xylophone or glass solos have ever given a thought to the fabricators of these sweet toned instruments or know of the difficulties surrounding their successful manufacture.

Up to a few years ago these instruments were all of European manufacture, and were then in the hands of two or three firms. To-day there are less than half a dozen successful makers of these things in the world, and but two or three of them in the United States. The chief manufactory in this country is located here in Brooklyn, and Rowland H. Mayland is at the head of it. Mr. Mayland has a reputation for success in his particular line that is international. Gifted with an ear of absolute accuracy for musical pitch, he has distanced his rivals in the perfection of his instruments, and a fertile inventive genius has done the rest. His chief reputation is based upon the qualities of his productions in musical bells. Their tintinnabulation is heard in almost every civilized country on the globe.

Mr. Mayland was born in New York city, but has lived in Brooklyn since infancy. At the age of sixteen he joined as drummer boy in 1864 the Fifty-sixth regiment, N. Y. S. V., which, under Colonel John Quincy Adams, went from Brooklyn for one hundred days' service. He had at the age of fourteen organized a drum and fife corps. He is one of the youngest comrades in the Grand Army of the Republic, a member of Winchester Post, and since the war has been associated with the leading musical organizations of this city and New York. He studied music with his alphabet, became an expert on the flute and earned his first dollar playing in the orchestra of Hooley's Opera House on Court street. He played with the Sam Sharpley Iron Clad minstrels on their travels; in Mrs. John Wood's theatre in New York, and in almost every theatre in the latter city and Brooklyn, until he went into the manufacture of musical bells in 1871. He had established in 1868 at 68 Fulton street the first musical instrument business in Brooklyn. In 1871 he removed to 24 Myrtle avenue, where he continued to manufacture until 1892, when he gave up the

general musical business and confined himself to the specialties that have made him so well known throughout the world.

The first completed set of organ chimes that were ever constructed were made by Mr. Mayland for the new organ of St. Stephen's Church in Brooklyn in 1890. The organ of St. Agnes' Church was also fitted with his bells, as was the large organ in Talmage's Church. The great set of chimes in the Auditorium in Chicago are specimens of Mr. Mayland's work, while many instruments throughout the country have bells and carillons made by him.

Mr. Mayland has supplied many well-known stage people with the instruments used in their acts, and not a few have made themselves famous with instruments invented and suggested by him. Among the professional people whom Mr. Mayland counts as his friends through his work are many well-known names. The Kiralfy Brothers produced no spectacle that did not introduce some of his novelties of a musical character. Moore & Burgess Minstrels, Pony Moore, Eddie Quinn, the Gilleno Brothers, the Webb Brothers are among his London clients; Tyson and Vaughn, of Liverpool, the great German clown Krueger, of Rotterdam, the Swedish specialist Geretti, the Elliotts, of Mexico, Tony Pastor, Marshall P. Wilder, Hallen and Hart, John T. Kelly, Lily Western, Theo. Pearl Emmett, the Julians, Frank Bush, Isabella Ward, Musical Dale, Fields and Hanson, the Hanlons, Dave Braham, the Russell Brothers, Charles T. Ellis, Laura Bennett, Barney Fagan, the Hotchkiss family, D. W. Robertson, Henry Dixey, Harry Barton and a host of others have used his productions.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

Maud Powell's Triumph.—Miss Powell's recent appearance in New Orleans called forth the following enthusiastic criticism of her playing in the columns of the *Times-Democrat* and the *Daily Picayune*:

Miss Maud Powell, who came to New Orleans heralded by a reputation of success as an artist, showed herself worthy of all that has been said of her attainments. She is a violinist of the first rank and handles her instrument as few women can. It has often been said that a woman's bow lacks force and that her tones are not firm, but this is not true of this gifted lady. She has firmness as well as delicacy of touch, and each successive note was a treat to the listener. She was enthusiastically received and gave several encores, displaying in each number the versatility of her talent.—*Daily Picayune*.

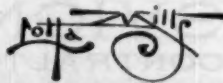
Miss Powell proved her title to the designation of star in tact as well as in name, and carried her audience by storm.

It is something to see an American girl scoring such a success—not a success made by press agents and printing ink, but one founded upon the hearts and sympathies of her hearers. Her playing possesses that rarest of qualities in instrumental music which might for want of a better term be called graphic. Each piece that she plays is to the listener a series of pictures. There are landscapes and rivers and dim vistas in her poetical moods; love and passion, laughter and tears in her dramatic ones; dancing girls and fairies and figures of old romance in her descriptive ones. Her rendition of Wieniawski's *Fantasia de Faust* was a wonderful performance, full of devils, dreams, lovers, roses and the wan witchery that hangs over the quaint gables of the Brocken.

When the audience, beside itself with pleasure, encircled her she played *Twilight*, a weird, poetical little arrangement of her own, suggesting the wild, sweet music of nature on a summer's night. Again the hall rang with applause, and she played that homely classic for the American fiddle, *The Arkansas Traveler*, lifting it from the cornfields to the height of a classic. Responding to another little tempest of applause, and as if in that childlike spirit of genius which loves to show how it may rise superior to conventional level, Miss Powell astounded her hearers by striking up the threadbare old stave of *Vieuxtemps*, St. Patrick's Day, dressing it out in frills and laces, sobs and laughter and jewels, until one might easily have mistaken it for a gem from the jewelry store of Mendelssohn.

To the plain lover of music, unhampered by technical erudition, who enjoys music because it appeals to his soul and his better self, Miss Powell's playing is not more of a delight than to the critic and the savant. Her technique is nothing short of marvelous. Her little white hands are despots of the four strings. Her touch is as true and strong as the nerves of an animal. She plays the highest chord in pianissimo with the same purity and sweetness that howl from the violin when the alto cries out in its most fervent passion, and her command of the pizzicato gives one that peculiar feeling of admiration which manifests itself in a kind of nervous gasping laugh, and which only accentuates all the more the already strong sense of Miss Powell's perfect dignity and self-control.—*The Times-Democrat*.

Falcke in Germany.—The distinguished pianist Henri Falcke has just completed a tour in Germany, which included Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, Leipsic, Hanover, Elberfeld, Brandmunchens, Cassel, &c. The press was unanimous in its plaudits of the Parisian pianist, who is now one of the most prominent artists in the French capital. M. Falcke has just received from the *Ministre des Beaux Arts* in Paris his appointment as member of the jury at the examination of the piano classes at the *Conservatoire*, a most distinguished honor. M. Falcke has many American pupils studying with him, and will without doubt soon make a tour in the United States.



THE WOLFSOHN MUSICAL BUREAU, OF
120 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Music as She Is Criticised.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

THE following paragraph is the closing one of the usual feuilleton on the subject of music in last Sunday's *World*:

Though M. Lassalle was good, and Mme. Calvé better, I never can and I know never shall enjoy or appreciate Hamlet; so I will say nothing about it. REGINALD DE KOVEN.

Inasmuch as Mme. de Vere-Sapio sang in Hamlet instead of Mme. Calvé it would have been far better to have said nothing about it. The "copy" was evidently turned in before the performance took place. By the way, as Mr. de Koven is a musician, why can he not appreciate Hamlet even if he does not enjoy it, and why should his inability and determination not to do either the one or the other debar him from keeping the musical public informed as to an interesting—though not all-important—revival?

The January *Mussey's* also distinguishes itself by saying of Andrea Chénier: "It was supposed by the world at large that the piece had its first performance in New York, but in reality it had already had about eighty in Italy," &c. Perhaps the 400,000,000 Chinese who are an important part of the 'world at large' supposed this, but certainly the readers of leading journals in this country were given no opportunity to form any such supposition. In a third of a column of comment only six words are devoted to the music: "The music is brilliant and sharp." The latter adjective has many meanings, but I confess I cannot see which one applies here. H. A.

Wanted.—Position as accompanist and to coach singers in the studio of a vocal teacher. Applicant is a young lady who has had experience. Address Miss A. B. X., care THE MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

Beebe Feininger.—Mme. Henrietta Beebe, soprano, Mme. Jane Pottinger Feininger, pianist, and Mr. Karl Feininger, violinist, announce that they are ready to accept engagements for afternoon and evening musicales. Full particulars may be learned by addressing Mme. Henrietta Beebe, 144 West Forty-eighth street, or Mr. Karl Feininger, 69 West Eighty-eighth street.

The Listemanns.—Seldom have artists coming to New York met with such ready recognition as have the Listemanns. It has resulted in a large demand for their services, especially in the social world. December 10 they gave a musicale at the house of Mrs. G. F. Brown, 152 West Ninety-first street. December 13 they gave a musicale at a reception tendered them by Mrs. Walter Lang, of Richmond Hill, L. I. December 15 they played at the fourth Waldorf musicale. December 17 to 24 they will remain in Boston to fulfill four private engagements. December 26 they play at Eastman College, N. Y., and the New Year will see them concertizing in Western Massachusetts. December 30 Franz Listemann played for the first time in America the cello concerto by Dvorák, with the Damrosch Orchestra.

Mrs. Sawyer's Success.—Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer, the popular contralto, sang with great success at a musicale given at the Art Gallery of Williams & Everett, Boston, on December 20, 1896. She also gave a song recital at the Ilderan Club, at Rahway, N. J., on December 17, of which the following is a press notice:

The song recital given at the Ilderan Club on Thursday last by Mrs. Antonia Sawyer, the oratorio contralto of New York, was greatly enjoyed by a representative audience. Mrs. Sawyer rendered twelve songs of widely varying styles by as many composers. Two that may be particularly mentioned as being very finely sung were an Irish folk song, by Foote, and *Ecstasy*, by Beach.

Mrs. Sawyer possesses a rich contralto voice of great scope and power, her upper register being particularly fine.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler.—The following is the circular of the Musicians' Club, of San Francisco, tendering a reception to Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 24, 1896. The visit of Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler to San Francisco has given unalloyed pleasure to all artists and music lovers fortunate enough to have heard her.

Feeling that the club can only honor itself by honoring Mrs. Zeisler, the council has resolved to tender a reception to our illustrious guest, who has graciously accepted, and will be happy to meet our members.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lissner, 1241 Franklin street, have put their residence at our disposal, and they co-operate with the council by inviting the members of the Musicians' Club to call on Wednesday evening, December 2, between 8 and 10 o'clock.

We hope every member will come and meet Mrs. Zeisler. By order of the council.

LOUIS LISSNER, President.

JULIUS WEBER, Secretary.

THE KRONBERGS.

NANNIE HANDS-KRONBERG, Soprano.
S. KRONBERG, Baritone.

ON TOUR WITH THE

U. S. West Point Cadet Band.

Address THE MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

Teresa Carreno.

"SAY to your readers that I am indeed happy to be again in my own country; for right here, in New York, I began my career as a child-wonder, and here live hosts of dear friends. No, I am not interested in politics, nor the Salvation Army, nor the Sherry affair, nor society; my Art and my four children absorb me entirely and fill my world."

All this at 8.30 A. M. in her beautiful apartments in a swell uptown hotel, literally before breakfast, for "copy" was overdue, and so that splendid artist and fine woman most amiably agreed to the early appointment.

Mme. Carreno has been for the past seven and a half years in Europe and has played in every country there except France. She will remain here for the season, playing at the next Philharmonic concert, then leaving for a tour with the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Philadelphia and Washington), giving three recitals in Chicago and one here (January 14), when she will play the Appassionata sonata, the Chromatic Fugue, a group of Chopin pieces, Sixth Rhapsodie, &c.

An interesting episode was her novel experience eleven years ago in Venezuela, where she was on a concert tour, when force of circumstances and the desire to save a worthy undertaking led her to assume the conductor's chair in the Italian opera there. From 8 to 12 daily she rehearsed the chorus, from 2 to 6 the orchestra, and after six weeks of heroic effort Aida, Huguenots, Rigoletto and other Italian operas were presented.

"Eddie MacDowell—do you know who he is?" This is the familiar manner in which Madame Carreno refers to that famous musician and dignitary Dr. Edward A. MacDowell, professor of music at Columbia College. As a boy of nine he was her pupil, even then delving into the mysteries of harmony and piano technique, but little inclined to practice. She recognized his wonderful talent, and is to-day happy in his success. Another talented American pupil is Miss Celia Schiller, of this city, who studied with her this summer, and of whom Madame Carreno speaks in the highest praise. The lamented Wm. Steinway was much interested in this young American girl, and had he lived would have furthered his protégée at this critical period, when she is at the outset of her artistic career.

Her companion and pupil on her American tour is Miss Henrietta Orbaan, a pretty young Dutch girl, from Amsterdam, who is not only a pianist and musician (I found Richter's Harmony on the piano!) but also a linguist, speaking Hollandish, German, French and English—the last more correctly than many natives.

Madame Carreno lived for a time in a little bit of a village near Dresden, apart from tourists and the music life; here she practiced with open window, an open mouthed throng of the plain peasant folk ever beneath her window. There they remained as long as they heard the piano, silent witness of the power of music, and eloquent testimony to the fair pianist.

A product of an unhappy period, not so very long ago, is a string quartet, issued by Fritsch, and which the Kalltenborn-Beyer-Hané String Quartet expects to produce this season. It should be of deep interest, for it reflects all the trials and tribulations of that unhappy time, when man's unfaithfulness brought her sorrow of soul and unbelief in a just God. Her four children she has left in their German home, near Berlin; they range from fourteen to two years of age, and are all fat and healthy. Nevertheless, the mother heart yearns for them, poor little Teresita! poor little Giovanni! They are there being educated, and will some day come to America, for this is after all their natural home!

Our interview was only too short; Madame Carreno speaks fluent German, although French and English was also resorted to. Of the natural sparkle and animation of her conversation I can say nothing—it must be left to the imagination. Her hand is short-fingered, chubby, thick at the side, with a large ball at the base of the thumb; those who know say that hers is an exact counterpart of Rubinstein's. Soft in relaxation, it is yet firm as iron.

How Dr. Richter Conducts a Rehearsal.

IN a recent issue of the *Windsor Magazine* F. Klickmann gives an account of an interview with Dr. Hans Richter, and a sketch of the famous conductor at work. Some of the pleasantest events in connection with Dr. Richter's visits to London are the occasions on which he attends and personally conducts short rehearsals. Unlike the other large working choirs, the services of the Richter Choir are required so seldom that they soon get out of working order, and need a superhuman amount of energy to pull them together again. This energy Mr. Frantzen, Dr. Richter's aide-de-camp, possesses to a surprising degree. For weeks before the arrival of the great Hungarian conductor Mr. Frantzen is drilling his forces in the dingy hall in Store street, where, with a persistency that becomes almost aggravating at times, he has a passage sung again, again, and yet once more, till there is not a fault left. At length the work is pulled into shape. It is announced that the doctor will attend the next

rehearsal. That night every member turns up in good time, the visitors' gallery is packed; a feeling of unrest pervades the hall, though the rehearsal begins as usual, and Mr. Frantzen goes over, again and again, in his favorite manner, any passages that show a tendency to unsteadiness. Presently the fortunate row of basses who are nearest the door catch a glimpse of the long looked for figure coming down the corridor, and like electricity the news flies. It matters not what they may be singing. Down go the books, and before the musician is fairly in the hall applause is at its wildest. Hans Richter makes his way to the platform with many bows and the happiest of smiles. The greeting of the two conductors is hearty. On the doctor's part one can see the most cordial friendship for his assistant, while on Mr. Frantzen's side there is unbounded loyalty and admiration for his chief. The meeting of these tried warriors is always a pleasant study. The same may be said for the doctor's dress.

On such occasions he is usually attired à la anglaise, but with a difference. A pale gray alpaca suit, a white waistcoat adorned with a red check and large red buttons, collar and a light straw sailor hat, these are the colors most affected by the doctor. After a little speech to the choir in his inimitable foreign English he takes the baton in hand. I need hardly say that he never once looks at the score; his prodigious memory has for years been a thing of wonder. He conducts very easily, more as though he were idly toying with his weapon than directing and controlling a large body of human beings. He sings a great deal himself, and looks the essence of geniality—till he hears a false note. Then down comes the baton with a smart crack, his left hand is raised and everything is instantaneously at a standstill. His careless appearance is most misleading to those who do not know him. Nothing ever escapes either the eyes or the ears of Hans Richter. His directions to the choir are always concise and understandable, though often he gives them in an original manner. One of his methods of obtaining a sudden diminuendo is to hold up his hand and exclaim in a ghostly tone, "Wanish!" and immediately the sound does vanish. A text he continually preaches is what he calls "entoosum." Over and over again I have heard him remark that we do not need more music, but more enthusiasm; that, however, one soon gets if one has much to do with him; his own is most infectious.

In the course of the interview the famous conductor said: "You have some remarkably fine singers in England. They produce their voices, as a rule, more naturally than do Germans, who are inclined to force the tone. Look at Edward Lloyd, for instance. What could you desire better than his voice? I was sorry he did not sing when he was in Vienna. He would have made an immense impression there. English singers are much appreciated on the Continent, and their popularity will increase as time goes on. Madame Albani and Ben Davies, for instance, are great favorites." On being asked whether English composers obtain much of a hearing out of their own country, he replied, "Decidedly, yes. I often give their works in Vienna. Cowen's music is always well received. I introduced his Scandinavian Symphony on the Continent, and other composers—Mackenzie, for example—are often in our programs. I believe that in the future English musicians will occupy a prominent position on the Continent. You have no lack of good men here and your audiences are splendid. I reckon my English audiences the most enthusiastic I ever have. They are quite my friends. I brought some members of my Vienna orchestra over here to the Birmingham Festival, and they were simply astounded at the enthusiasm of the people. We do not have that in Germany or Austria."

Singing and Shopping.

IT is a commendable trait in a good housewife that before purchasing dry goods, silks or other necessary domestic goods she visits rival stores to ascertain the quality of the article and compare prices in order to lay out her money to the best advantage; at the same time it is also an open secret that many a lady, having nothing particular to do to pass her time away, will make the rounds of the shops, when the weather is not too warm, and give the clerks much trouble in showing her dress patterns, although not having the least notion of buying.

It has come to my knowledge that in art matters, especially in music, many a frivolous damsel will make the rounds in visiting teachers, taking up their valuable time with a multitude of questions, partly to gain information which may help her in small talk on musical subjects, of which she is extremely ignorant, while in reality she has no intention whatever of taking lessons, or if she has she is generally caught by the charlatan who can flatter most and make the most absurd promises as to her future career. I am led to make these remarks in reference to the following letter, which was picked up on the street and speaks for itself:

"ST. LOUIS, August 1.

"DEAR JANE—At last I find time to answer your question about my musical studies. I regret to say our finances will not permit me to indulge in that luxury at present;

but I must tell you the fun I had the other day in visiting about six of our most prominent singing teachers. As you do not know them I need not mention their individual names; but I laid all the Signors, Mesdames and Herren under contribution whom I could reach in the space of four hours. I dressed in my newest and most fashionable attire, and put on my \$30 hat, which Aunt Rose sent me. You should have seen how bewitching I looked, for I was bound to make a good impression, as it is a well-known fact that singing teachers especially are rather susceptible and will charge less to a good looking girl than a plain one. Well, with the assistance of Madame —'s preparation, you would have said I did not appear to be more than eighteen years; my auburn hair was in beautiful contrast with the hat.

"Well, I must come to the point how I got on with the professors. I told them all about the same story, viz., how I had inherited my beautiful voice from my dear mamma; that I had been anxious to go on the stage; how all the gentlemen were enraptured with my voice and always sent the most costly flowers when I sang at a concert; but I cared only for one, who is but eighteen years of age, one year older than I am, and he is of noble and rich family, anxious to marry me, and for that very reason I had given up all thoughts about the stage and wished my voice only cultivated for the church. Next I dwelt on my Southern independent spirit; that although our family was well off, yet I wished to earn my own living and had accepted a position in —'s jewelry store, but emphasized the matter by stating that the firm takes only young ladies of the best families who have a coterie or acquaintance with the upper 400 so as to draw custom, and that the salary was \$30 a week, hence I would have to take my lessons in the evening.

"Upon one teacher I laid special stress upon my musical abilities, telling him what a fine pianist I was, played everything in sight, and that his rival, Signor B., although charging \$3 a lesson, would have given me three lessons a week free of charge if I would accompany his pupils during their lessons. I did this to get reduced rates from him, as he would do anything to get his rival's pupils. When I was asked for my address, I gave, of course, a fictitious name, and said I was just about changing my residence. One particular teacher was extremely anxious to call. When requested to have my voice tried, I pleaded a severe hoarseness as an excuse. Well, dear, it was fun to hear each teacher praise his own method and that others knew nothing."

While, of course, thinking that the letter is a very extraordinary case, and wondering at the pass the young woman must have arrived to have had recourse to such a form of amusement, I nevertheless would like to say something on the subject of courtesy and consideration. In shops it really does not matter how much or often you price things; within reason the clerks and salesmen are there for the purpose of waiting on customers; but when it comes to inflicting one's aimless self on artists and musicians the matter assumes a vastly different hue.

No one should approach a musician or artist unless he means business. The artist's life is made up of values; his time is his own, and he is not paid pro rata as the clerks in the shops are. I cannot conceive how people can go to ateliers and occupy the valuable time of the artists and professors by an avalanche of questions supposedly because they are thinking of being taught. The subject has been brought to my notice several times of late, and it has another side to it. Why is it that people are always so pleased to have the artists and musicians around and never think to give something in return for their cheery personality? An artist is a capital good fellow until his friends think he is trying to sell a picture; the atmosphere then changes with the rapidity that ice did last week. Let people understand that artists have to eat and drink as well as other folk, and perhaps things will improve a bit in this direction.—John Knowles Eggleston in *Life*.

Teresa Carreno.—The first piano recital of Mme. Teresa Carreno will take place at the Waldorf on Thursday, 8 P. M., January 14, when she will perform pieces from Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert, Schubert-Liszt, Paganini-Liszt and Liszt.

Elizabeth Kent Stone.—Mrs. Elizabeth Kent Stone (soprano), late of St. Ignatius' Church, New York, and pupil of Mme. Churchill Mayer, has just returned from Europe, where she studied for fourteen months. The great teacher Lamperti speaks in high terms of her voice.

A Busy Quartet of Artists.—Miss Kathrin Hilke, soprano; Miss Mary Louise Clary, contralto; J. H. McKinley, tenor, and Dr. Carl E. Duft, basso, were heard in The Messiah last week in Erie, Fort Wayne and Cincinnati, besides another concert in the last named city. Engagements for these singers in the immediate future include concerts in Scranton, Parkersburg, and several musicales in this city.

Basso Cantante Wanted.—One who understands English diction, who is a sight reader, who knows routine in church service. Salary, \$500. Large city. Ample chances for large classes in singing. Address B. A. L., care of this office.



This Paper has the Largest Guaranteed Circulation of any Journal in the Music Trade.

No. 879.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1897.

The London **MUSICAL COURIER** is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W. London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of **THE MUSICAL COURIER** of New York, devotes special attention to music and trade matters throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

Specimen copies, subscriptions and advertising rates can be obtained by addressing the London office, or
THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,
Union Square, West,
New York City.

IN brief this is what has been accomplished: The Weber Piano Company has ceased, being merged with the Weber-Wheelock Company; the firm of Wm. E. Wheelock & Co. has ceased, being merged with the Weber-Wheelock Company; the Stuyvesant Piano Company continues, affiliated with though not embraced in the Weber-Wheelock Company; H. D. Smith & Co., of Denver, Col., continue; the Henrich Music Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., continues; the Manufacturers Piano Company, of Chicago, continues. These in a bunch are the famous Wheelock interests—enterprises identified with the name and activity of Mr. Wm. E. Wheelock and dependent upon his brains and energy for a large amount of the power to successfully maintain themselves, a fact which is but proved by their partial disorganization during his illness and their complete rehabilitation now that he is again in the enjoyment of robust health.

The details of some of the several auctions made necessary by legal requirements have been already published, and the story of the last two will be found elsewhere in this issue. The tremendous task set himself by Mr. Wheelock has been accomplished, and January 1 finds him again at the head of one of the most comprehensive sets of enterprises in the piano trade, starting out again with sturdy strength, chock full of nervous energy, and backed by ample capital.

The regular meeting of the Weber-Wheelock Company will probably fall on the third Wednesday of January, which will be the 20th, but only routine business will then be transacted, for the officers already decided upon are:

Wm. E. Wheelock, president.

Chas. B. Lawson, vice-president and treasurer.

Socrates Hubbard, secretary.

The same gentlemen constitute the board of directors, and are the chief stockholders in the new or rather rejuvenated enterprise. This rapid resume of an enormous undertaking, full particulars of which have from time to time appeared in these columns at the time of their occurrence, would be incomplete were no mention made of the very valuable services rendered to Mr. Wheelock by his long time friend and fellow worker, Mr. Chas. B. Lawson, who has been second only to Mr. Wheelock in his tireless endeavors to straighten out the business affairs of the various combinations, and to bring about the present

prosperous conditions under which they again take up the battle side by side. Mr. Lawson has always given more particular attention to the manufacturing department of the business, and under his direct supervision—guided, of course, by the advice and experience of Mr. Wheelock—it is the intention to make of the Weber piano one of the finest art products manufactured. The always high position of the Weber as a musical instrument of the very best class will be strengthened by improvements from time to time, and by an earnest endeavor on the part of these two sincere men to make the best piano that can be put on the market. The Wheelock piano will remain in its class, in which it has always been successfully operated, and the Stuyvesant will doubtless be run as a good third, so that the retail warerooms in New York, as well as the establishments in other cities mentioned above, will have supplied to them a line of three grades, from which every class of customer can be appealed to. It is probable that the Wheelock warerooms at 23 and 25 East Fourteenth street will be abandoned and the entire retail efforts of the company concentrated at the old Weber headquarters, at the corner of Sixteenth street and Fifth avenue—old only in years, for within a short time they have been thoroughly reconstructed, to form one of the most attractive and best appointed salesrooms in the city.

The general policy of the Weber-Wheelock combination may, perhaps, be appropriately summed up in the one word aggressive, taking that term in its very hot meaning. It will be active, forceful, untiring, energetic—the object is to sell pianos—to make more and always better pianos, and to sell them too. There is still a fortune in the name Weber, armed as it now is by the new company, untrammelled, unencumbered and for ever, and the experience that Mr. Wheelock has already had in handling it will stand him in good stead now that he starts out anew unfettered, with good health and plenty of money at his command to make the success of the Weber-Wheelock one of the sureties of 1897.

FRANK KING, who was seriously ill, has recovered and was to start for Pittsburg last night in the interests of the Wissner piano.

THE distressing scene at the auction of the Weber Piano Company, referred to elsewhere in this issue, in which young Albert Weber sought to interfere with the selling of his name to the new corporation known as the Weber-Wheelock Company, naturally brings up again the question of name value in the piano business. The amount of bonus paid at the auction spoken of does not of course express any appreciable portion of its trade value, for thousands and tens of thousands of dollars have been spent for it since the death of Albert Weber, Sr. In fact, it is almost safe to say that though the elder Weber was known as one of the most prodigal and prodigious advertisers the piano industry has ever produced, though he spent a fortune on the name Weber, an almost equal amount must have been actually paid to his heirs in one form or another for the name.

The name—the name—the name is the thing the older piano makers have to fight for in 1897, of which more anon.

THE OPPORTUNITY.

MESSRS. EMERSON, OF BOSTON: You have a name in the piano world that is most valuable to any and every dealer or firm in this country. Give that name its normal strength only by supporting it, and your plant will be worth a larger fortune than ever at the end of this year.

THE STERLING COMPANY, DERBY, CONN.: You have demonstrated your ability to give your name a national flavor in the piano trade of this country within a few years. Everyone recognizes this. Keep it to the fore with the dignity of the past and 1897 will show you greater advancement than ever.

SOHMER & CO., NEW YORK: You have invested hundreds of thousands of dollars wisely in educating the people to appreciate the value of a fine piano. Keep up the momentum of the past and your Sohmer name will be one of the most valuable in the whole industrial field.

CHICKERING & SONS, BOSTON: Your name need only be uttered and everyone will associate it with a piano, the relations of the two words having been indissoluble for three-quarters of a century, covering the whole history of manufactures in America. All you need to do to increase the value of that name is to handle it with ordinary discretion. That is all, and 1897 will become one of your great years.

VOSE & SONS PIANO COMPANY, BOSTON: There is no section of the whole country where your name is not known favorably as a great name on a legitimate article of commerce and education. To protect the value of that name and to continue it in its path of progress it is not necessary to do more than mention it in public print and discussion. If that is done intelligently this year it will prove a year of great productive activity in your works.

PEASE PIANO COMPANY, NEW YORK: The policy of your house for years past has been in the direction of conservative and yet progressive action and development. The Pease name stands high to-day in the best trade circles in every section. It can be held in this altitude by the mere continuation of the policy of the past.

We merely call attention to a few of the prominent names as an illustration of the great value a name has in the piano trade, *provided the manufacturer himself appreciates this truism.*

The future of the profitable section of the piano manufacturing business does not rest in great quantities at low rates, but in the higher appreciation of values; in the proper presentation to the trade, the profession and the public of the value of the name in association with the product. This, in itself, will stimulate improvement.

Cheap goods at low prices will not represent great success, for there is no cash demand for that product, and credits imply risks. The cheapest pianos will be those whose names will assist in their sale, and whose prices will enable the manufacturer to produce an article which the dealer can handle with pleasure, with confidence and with profit.

There are many concerns in the low grade trash line—a line which always will exist, but the future of the piano trade is centred in those firms who have acquired a reputation, and if they will understand how to perpetuate this reputation they will perpetuate

their businesses. Hold up your names. Treat them with greater reverence than ever. Their trade-mark value is immense if you know it; it is worthless if you do not know it.

THE TRIUMPHANT KIMBALL.

SPACE, or rather the limitation of it, prevents, much to our regret, the possibility of repeating here the names of the musical folk whose portraits are grouped on a handsomely contrived advertising banner just sent out as a sort of New Year's reminder by the W. W. Kimball Company in either of two forms; the one varnished and bound with tin to be hung as it is, the other on a plain sheet suitable for framing—and worthy of it.

The list of notables would fill perhaps a column and a half or two columns of THE MUSICAL COURIER, and would contain the names of about everybody of importance in music in America or who has visited here within the last few years, and thus had opportunity to become acquainted with the Kimball piano.

If there be value in testimonials, then is the Kimball piano far and away the best advertised piano in Christendom. Where some makers cherish the indorsements of a few persons prominent musically before the public; where some makers carefully repeat in each new edition of a catalogue the letters of from half a dozen to a score of professionals, the Kimball Piano Company comes out with a poster that embraces the likenesses of scores of the most widely known teachers, composers, singers, pianists, conductors, &c., and modestly indites the effort, "A few of the many prominent musicians who use and indorse the Kimball pianos."

Every Kimball agent will blazon one of these banners on his wall, will hang one of them in his window, and every person at all interested in music will eagerly seize and treasure a Kimball poster for the variety and excellence of the portraits.

What a starter for 1897!

WHERE'S THE ACTUAL MONEY?

THE news reaches New York too late for the collection of definite particulars that S. S. Hockett, of the Hockett-Punttenney Company, of Cincinnati, has sold his holdings in that corporation and gone West—to California, to join his brother, I. N. Hockett, who has been out of the company and in California for some months. At the same time comes the news that two young men, a Mr. Tutty and Mr. Rabenstein or Rubenstein, who were at one time respectively a bookkeeper and a note clerk with D. H. Baldwin & Co., have purchased stock in the concern, and together with the amiable Mr. Punttenney and the urbane Mr. O. A. Williams will continue to run the institution.

Now, THE MUSICAL COURIER has no disposition save a friendly one to the young men first spoken of, Mr. Tutty and Mr. Rabenstein or Rubenstein, but we should like to know just how much money, if any, they invested in the enterprise—not the identical amount, to be sure, but whether they put in, say, \$100, or \$1,000 or \$10,000 each or together. We very much fear that they cannot make a good enough showing to justify their making a statement, even if it be ambiguous. The Chicago Cottage Organ Company, or one, or perhaps two, of the Messrs. Cable, are said to own stock in the corporation of Hockett-Punttenney Company, but we imagine it is not sufficient to give them control of its affairs, else there would be little cause to worry. But their holdings, whatever they may be, are merely a business incident—they own stock in many companies, and that's neither here nor there, except as their names and that of their company may be used to give standing to the Cincinnati house.

Why did Mr. I. N. Hockett withdraw originally, and why did Mr. S. S. Hockett sell out and go to California on Tuesday, December 29, 1896?

Perhaps he and his associates think it is none of our business, but we happen to think differently. Ohio has some odd laws governing the corporations chartered in that State. Ohio was the head centre of the biggest piano failure that ever occurred in the United States. This has taken place within a year, and most of its collateral failures have occurred in the same State, and yet in no one of these affairs, involving in all over a million of dollars, has a straight

statement been made that will show just how things began, have been and are.

Ohio is a mighty funny State when you come to look it all over with a piano eye, and when two leading members of a corporation withdraw from it and substitute two unknown young men, when that corporation has big handlings and many ramifications in all parts of Ohio, it's to be expected that people will be interested.

We will gladly publish any statement the Hockett-Punttenney Company or any of its individual members may care to make.

FROM EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Morris Steinert Receives a Letter, Noting His Recent Invention.

Morris Steinert, the well-known musician and inventor of this city, has received reply to the letter he wrote to the Emperor of Germany on September 14, in relation to his revolutionizing invention of a new action for the piano.

Just before Mr. Steinert wrote to Wilhelm the New York Herald, copying from the Register's exclusive article, printed a description of the invention and said it was one of the most important contributions to music that had ever been made. This article from the Herald Mr. Steinert sent to the Emperor, along with an explanatory note.

The German Kaiser is fond of music, is a composer, a patron of the arts, and a lover of the beautiful and aesthetic, and Mr. Steinert divined that he would be pleased to know about the invention on the new action which was to redeem the piano from a pure mechanism and make it an instrument with a soul. So he wrote to the Emperor, giving all his titles, which properly measured would reach a yard, and calling his attention to the invention as described in the New York Herald.

The reply to the letter only arrived the other day. It was necessary that a good deal of time be taken before all the red tape of the regulations surrounding the imperial head should be unwound and duly stamped to get the letter to the august chief. But it got before the Emperor's eyes finally and interested him.

The Emperor never personally answers correspondents, except they be kings who wear a crown and draw kingly salaries; the citizen kings of the United States are treated like other common mortals, and their communications are usually turned over to secretaries if the subject matter ever comes under the eye of the Emperor, which is rare. But in Mr. Steinert's case his communication was handed to a high toned functionary, who is Minister of the "Royal Prussian Secret, Educational and Medical Department" of the Emperor's household. He was given full power to act and communicate with Mr. Steinert direct. So when this high toned subaltern had got down to business and examined into Mr. Steinert's communication he sent the following reply, approved by the Kaiser, the letter being marked from Berlin:

"His Majesty the Emperor and King has brought to my notice for investigation your communication dated September 14, and the same is left to me for decision. I have undertaken to study the newspaper article in the New York Herald, but it is so indefinite that I am unable to pass judgment upon the value of your invention as applied to pianos.

(Signed) "DEL CROIX, Minister."

Mr. Steinert is not surprised that the Minister wrote as he did, as he says the Herald article did not go into detail regarding the invention and only gave results. At the time the article was printed Mr. Steinert did not desire to explain his action in detail, as he then had not patented it. He will probably now send a sample of his piano action to the Emperor and let him judge from its use its value.

The Details.

SO long as the New York Herald did not publish the details, as the above article in the New Haven Register of December 30 states, suppose we supply the deficiency.

As soon as the Emperor gets this sample action he will issue a proclamation ordering every member of the Reichstag to meet him to look at the sample, and all the Socialists and Anarchists will be excluded unless they agree to swallow the description and claims that come with it. Thereupon the Emperor will have it put on a flag pole and taken to the Tempelhofer parade grounds, and the whole German army will have a passage before it in review. After that the sample will be sent to the African colonies of Germany to use it to reform the natives.

It must be remembered that this piano action is supposed to make a piano player out of every competent poker player, and those who cannot play piano with a poker can succeed with this action in playing poker with a piano, if this action is in it. The Emperor William was shrewd enough to see this, and so he ordered somebody he doesn't know to write something that nobody can understand on a subject he evidently does not care to know anything about.

This new action will soon be found a very effective means of baking mазze pie for the coming Lent holidays. All you have to do is to use the action in the bake oven; throw all its parts in, put on a heavy draught and fire it into Hail Columbia. There is nothing we know of in the piano line that beats it for firewood.

CAN HE KEEP QUIET?

THE retail piano trade of Pittsburg was doubtless shaken up on reading in the daily papers of that enterprising town that Mr. J. R. Henricks, who for some time has represented the W. W. Kimball interests in Pittsburg, has been declared by his physicians too ill to remain in business, and that he must go South for his health. The sale of his stock commenced a few days ago under the direction of Mr. A. A. Fisher, the general agent of the W. W. Kimball Company, who will conduct it on the lines adopted by him with such success under similar circumstances in other cities.

He is using the same old arguments that he has used elsewhere, the same style of ads. and the now familiar style of reading notices. It is to be hoped for the sake of the peace of Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, not to mention West Virginia, that the sensible music mongers of Pittsburg will profit by the sad experiences of dealers in other cities who have started in to fight Fisher and been licked for their pains. C. C. Mellor, of Mellor & Hoene, is a pretty level headed business man, and "Sam" Hamilton knows a thing or two about the piano business, while young Hoffman and Bechtel and Lechner and Schoenlager, not to speak of Hays and "old man Crawford," and Ecker and some other folks whose names don't come up at the moment, are all people who read the papers and keep at least fairly well posted in trade affairs, and no doubt they'll lay low and let Fisher sell out without attempting interference, but just how far the venerable though agile Henry Kleber will receive this new invasion of what he once considered his exclusive personal territory—who can tell? If he keeps quiet it's because he's sick, if he doesn't keep quiet he'll be sicker before he's through, but however he can stand the strain of Fisher's slaughtering reading ads. is more than anyone can find out. Up to now not a note has he sounded. Can it be that Henry Kleber lives and lives not fighting? No, no, no.

There must be something wrong somewhere. Fisher hasn't struck the right chord yet, but he will be in town for some time yet, and if ever Kleber does start in the newspaper dividends will go up and the piano profits will go down, and the future of music selling in Pittsburg will look as dark as the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela, for Fisher means business. He has the goods to sell, and there are plenty more where they came from, and while he seems always in a hurry he has plenty of time and he has plenty of money and nerve and energy. He keeps quiet when let alone, but when stirred up—God help the Pittsburg kickers for a number of years to come—they'll need it.

We've warned dealers so many times to let him alone that it seems hardly possible anyone would tackle him at this day. But can Uncle Henry keep quiet?

AN interesting record of the dates of the regular annual meetings of some of the corporations in the music trades will be found in another column. The list, while unusually long this year, is not complete, because some secretaries have not complied with the request for the information. Those arriving after receipt of this issue will have their names published on January 13.

But a few years ago the scarcity of corporations in the piano business was so noticeable as to call for comment, as did the sudden movement that followed when every week saw the record of two or three firms who changed from the old-fashioned system of copartnership to the modern method of conducting business as a corporation. Now it will be seen that some of the representative trade institutions are incorporated, while some even less dignified concerns have availed themselves of the convenience and security of incorporation. If some of them do own seals of the State of West Virginia it doesn't matter for the sake of the point that a majority of the piano concerns of America, as well as those of other allied interests, are operating under State laws.

THE retail situation in New York city for the last three days has materially improved as compared with the first three days of 1896. This, of course, is no indication of the business to be done in the month; but as the improvement is marked it is worthy of record.

THE year just passed adds another mile post to the history of the Hazelton pianos and marks to the credit of Hazelton Brothers additional reputation for their beautiful goods and for their status in the trade.

THE statement of the year's business of Behr Brothers & Co. is gratifying to the house, in spite of the bad business year just closed, which, however, showed a 10 per cent. gain for the Behrs. The great increase in the Behr business during last September, October, November and December, and the continual arrival of orders point to a good and eminently satisfactory business year in 1897. At least that is Behr Brothers & Co.'s calculations, made evident by the work they are doing and the results being achieved.

THE Needham Piano and Organ Company has secured as its Philadelphia representative Messrs. Blasius & Sons.

Although the Needham goods are known in that city they have been sold from unimportant warehouses and connections, and this present move in placing them on Chestnut street and with the largest dealers in the city is certainly an advantageous one, which will be found mutual for both manufacturer and dealer, for the instruments are in good style, reliable and easy sellers.

MR. ALBERT KRELL, JR., of Cincinnati, spent New Year's Day in New York city, returning home on Saturday last, expecting then to be back about February 1, or when he shall have matured the piano he now has in mind for the future advancement of the Krell and Royal pianos in the East. These pianos embrace a reorganization of the Geo. C. Crane Company, the interesting of new capital, the employment of other men for the New York city retail trade and the removal of the Krell Eastern headquarters to a more commodious waterroom location further up-town than is their present store. The details of this project will not be ready for announcement for several weeks, and upon their completion an account of them will be found in these columns.

IT is variously rumored that some of the old agents of the Decker Brothers piano, such as Sam Hamilton, of Pittsburg; W. G. Fischer & Son, of Philadelphia; Ed Moller, of Buffalo, and Frank Meckel, of Cleveland, are to meet in New York some time this month for the purpose of forming a stock company to continue the business of Decker Brothers, Mr. Wm. F. Decker and the estate of John Jacob Decker being interested to a certain degree. It is not possible to state the above with any degree of definiteness, for all avenues of information are kept stringently closed to the press. Perhaps it is the affair of only those directly interested to know what is going on; perhaps it is better business for the projected reorganization to keep its proceedings shielded from the public gaze. We have no interest in the matter except our anxiety to publish the news promptly and before all others if we can get it in time. Mr. Decker, of course, understands that the above and many like rumors are in circulation, and if he does not care to deny or confirm them he is doubtless looking to his own interests in the manner he thinks will best further them; but he must know at the same time that the trade at large is hugely interested in what is to be done with the name Decker Brothers, which but a few months ago he announced would be retired from the field.

Strauch Brothers and European Houses.

AMONG the list of exported articles this week appears an innocent little item in reference to a crate of a dozen grand actions consigned to John Broadwood & Sons and going from the factory of Strauch Brothers. It is not generally known that Strauch Brothers are dealing with European houses, but such is the case, as a visit to the Strauch factory demonstrated.

"It is nothing surprising," said Peter D. Strauch; "this shipment is one of many we have sent to the other side. We don't say anything about it, but we have a good European trade. I don't know how it is, but I suppose our actions must give perfect satisfaction, else we would not get such letters as these," and Mr. Strauch hunted in his file for a Broadwood missive, but with becoming modesty Mr. Strauch refused to have it published.

It is extremely flattering to have the Old World send here for piano actions, and particularly grand actions, which represent the highest perfection in action building.

Estey & Saxe to Reorganize.

A MEETING of the firm of Estey & Saxe will be held the latter part of the week at the New York warehouse, 5 East Fourteenth street, when the surviving partners will make provisions to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. George G. Saxe.

Acknowledgment.

THE MUSICAL COURIER takes pleasure in acknowledging receipt of a Christmas greeting from the renowned piano manufacturers of Barmen, Germany, Rud. Ibach Sohn. It consists of an allegorical engraving of a musical subject and is produced in the artistic style to which this firm has always adhered.

Pease Prosperity.

THE Pease Piano Company, through its Philadelphia representatives, are in receipt of the following flattering testimonial:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., December 15, 1896.

Messrs. C. J. Heppe & Son:

GENTLEMEN—I desire to thank you for the beautiful Pease piano furnished for my personal use while in Philadelphia; also to give an opinion of the new Pease piano.

I find it is without question one of the best pianos for tone, touch and singing quality; the case is as well a work of beauty. Trusting that you will continue successful,

I am, very cordially,

(Signed) Signor A. DE NOVELLIS,

Musical Director De Koven & Smith Opera Company.

No Such Factory.

A DEALER in Kenosha, Wis., who does not wish his name mentioned, asks if there is a W. P. Yeoman factory in Boston, Mass.

There isn't. There is a dealer at Waukegan, Ill., named W. P. Yeoman, and he in common with others may be having his name printed on the fallboard of some cheap piano made in Boston, or New York, or Chicago or anywhere else; but he has no factory, and the piano is doubtless one of those cheap affairs that sell by the dozen for, say, \$900, with any old name on them. Anyhow, if he pays more than that for them he pays too much, for they are all of a kind and he can buy plenty of them at that price just as anyone can.

A New Piano Company.

[By Telegraph.]

KITTERY, Me., January 5.

Editors The Musical Courier:

THE Kisner Piano Company, of Boston, has been incorporated here. O. Kisner Houck, of Memphis, Tenn., and W. H. Poole, of Boston, are chief formers. Capital, \$100,000.

Reference is made in our Boston letter in this issue to Mr. Poole's intention to incorporate a company that will give to the Poole piano a greater opportunity, and will at the same time permit of the manufacture of another instrument. We do not as a rule agree with the policy of incorporating under the over-lenient laws of the State of Maine, but no doubt Messrs. Poole & Houck had some special object in view.

Current Chat and Changes.

Reinhard Kochmann, formerly a traveling man for Hardman, Peck & Co., is going on the road for H. Baumeister.

A. B. Noble, Hamburg, Ia., has given a bill of sale for \$2,310.

Newburg & Schackne, Toledo, Ohio, have dissolved partnership.

Richard Menzel, who has been for some time manager of F. S. Taylor's music store in Plainfield, N. J., has purchased the business and took possession on January 1.

Mrs. J. R. Wenzel announces that she will hereafter continue the business of the Wenzel Music House, of Charleston, S. C., formerly run by the late Theo. Wenzel.

The residence of Anthony J. Platch, a music dealer of St. Louis, was robbed of all its contents on December 21, and no trace of the burglars has been found.

Latest from Chicago.

[By Wire.]

CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER, 1236 Wabash Avenue, January 5, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

MRS. W. J. CLINE, Pittsburg, Kan., closed on chattel mortgage. W. H. Broughton, Salina, Kan., sold out. J. Simmo, New Orleans, La., sued for \$245. Walker Music Company, Eagle Grove, Ia., dissolved, and various complications.

OBITUARY.

John A. Boyden.

John A. Boyden, formerly connected with F. G. Smith's piano case factory in Leominster, Mass., died last week at his home in Fitchburg, Mass. Malarial fever caused his demise at the age of 48.

Lucien L. Ferguson.

Lucien L. Ferguson, who worked for many years for the Newmans, of Baltimore, Md., died last week at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 77 years.

John L. Treat.

John L. Treat, a member of the firm of Treat & Shepard, of New Haven, Conn., died on December 30. Mr. Treat was formerly a manufacturer of organs. He was seventy-three years old.

Benjamin Thomas.

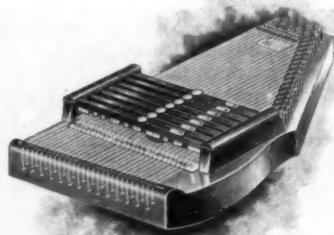
Benjamin Thomas, for many years bookkeeper for Samuel Hamilton, Pittsburg, Pa., died last week, aged forty-seven years.

An Attractive "Ad."

THE following is suggested to dealers as a good advertisement in connection with the Autoharp. The cut can be had gratis from Alfred Dolge & Son, 110 and 112 East Thirteenth street, New York city.

The Autoharp

Easy to Play



For the reason that beautiful harmonies may be evoked therefrom by simply depressing one of the bars and sweeping the strings, and with very little practice many beautiful pieces of music can be executed with surprising facility.

THE AUTOHARP

Easy to Buy...

As it may be secured at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$150.00, thus placing it within the means of all. All instruments are substantially made, good value for the price asked, and will give excellent satisfaction.

We carry a full line of Autoharps, and shall esteem it a favor to have you call and examine them.

BLANK & BLANK,
PEKIN, ILL.

FACTORIES.

THE BALDWIN PIANO,
GILBERT AVENUE, CHICAGO.

THE ELLINGTON PIANO,
BAYVIEW AND POPLAR STS., CHICAGO.

THE VALLEY GEM PIANO,
BAYVIEW ST., CHICAGO.

THE HAMILTON ORGAN,
HENRY ST., CHICAGO.



CATALOGUES FURNISHED UPON APPLICATION.

Some Deductions from 1896.

It was early in January, 1896, when the late lamented William Steinway delivered himself of the following:

"There are two things I cannot get used to and don't believe in. One is the new woman and the other is the modern idea of trying to do business without capital."

The first part of Mr. Steinway's remark does not interest the trade man, except that his natural gallantry may take issue with Mr. Steinway, but the second part interests all and should afford matter for discussion as well as material for reflex thought.

1896 has certainly shown that it is an impossibility to do a lasting business in times of dullness, except one has resources accumulated by years of previous work. The possibility of doing business without capital in flush times is not worthy of discussion, as no lasting monument of industry can be reared because of the recurrence every decade of dull times. If there is a business that depends for its success on the future it is the piano business. Its work is for time to come, and every step undertaken without full thought of the future may result in its being a step backward or at least a negative one. There is no to-day in the business. Like the work of the coral insects, each individual thing is in the building up of an industry that may or may not be lasting. Therefore, if there is anyone who contemplates entering the piano manufacturing business without capital, he had better pause ere he begin. Success, permanent and lasting, cannot come.

Even in the manufacture of the cheap boxes, where little capital is required, it has been proven that the business is not lasting. How often do you hear the manufacturers of this cheap truck complaining that there is no money left at the end of the year? When Kelso and others of his ilk used to make \$10 on a piano and get the money in their possession before the goods were shipped, there was a little money in the business, and one could have said that business was being conducted without capital, but as times went on and others entered this field credit was extended and it took but a few failures to wipe out a couple of years' profit.

Occasionally one reads of a new piano plant starting, and the suspicion is that it has little or no capital. If so, it either drifts out of the trade or becomes a little affair that never makes any impress on the business community. Whether or no a man can succeed on a small capital in piano manufacturing depends on the people he sells to. If he has a lot of good cash customers it is possible to succeed; but how is a new concern to get these cash customers when cash customers are hunted these days as never were witches in Puritanical times, and the prices a cash man can get would stagger one did he know. Where is the chance for the small manufacturers with a few thousand dollars?

There was a time when it was possible for a couple of mechanics with a few hundred dollars to begin business and build up large and successful institutions, but those times were before the downfall of the cash dealer. In those days dealers did not ask 6, 12, 18 and 24 months, with the privilege of renewals of whole or part of notes. Pianos were sold for cash or for nearly its equivalent, and the note broker knew not the piano trade as he does to-day. The entire amount received for a piano was the property of the manufacturer, and no great part went to the note broker. Dealers would have scorned to ask renewals of notes, and as the manufacturer received his money on short time he could run on a limited capital and continue in business.

To-day the dealer expects the manufacturer to carry him, or in other words to loan him money to make enough money to buy the manufacturer's goods, and the manufacturer has himself to blame for this condition. He created it by forcing the business to a volume unwarranted by the demand for pianos. The public had a systematic tonic thrust down its throat and was taught that it needed pianos more than it needed bread. The dealer commenced to sell on instalments and the instalment buying of goods has kept countless thousands poor. There is no dealer to-day who would cry were the instalment system completely overthrown. It is because of his instalments that the dealer is poor, and to this cause can be traced much of the money manufacturers have to-day invested in dealers' paper. The dealer pushes his instalment trade and soon he has no money, and in time he is busted, and lucky is he if his manufacturer is not pulled down at the same time. Still the instalment business can be made a success if it is watched with the greatest care, as has been proven by the experience of a great many dealers, although it is to be doubted if any man ever made a fortune out of this branch of the piano business.

We can deduce from the lessons derived from dealer failures in 1896 that there will be a greater effort made to get further away from the instalment business, or at least to put the instalment business on a paying basis by increasing the prices accepted on instalments, thus cutting down the total period of payment in full. There is no sense in a man taking eight years to pay for a piano. He can buy a house in that time on monthly payments. The trouble is that the majority of instalment sales of this class are on

pianos beyond the grade a man should purchase. If a customer proposes to take eight years to complete the payment of a piano he should be sold a much less expensive piano, one that he can pay for in three years. It is as much as he can stand. In this way less capital would be tied up.

Take the failures among piano manufacturers in 1896. No concern would have gone under were it not for the spread of the instalment system. It was a question of bank accommodation all the time, and when banking facilities failed there was left nothing but to call in the receiver, and this official always comes on call. Of the concerns failed only one, Gildemeester & Kroeger, went out of existence. The rest are going on, the reorganization of the Weber-Wheelock Company last week being the last resumption to take place. Will the reorganized and rejuvenated concerns try to force business on instalment dealers who sell on small payments? We think not; and of the concerns that have not failed and that are to-day prosperous there will be a general overhauling of relations with instalment houses. The paper that accrues from this business is now hard to dispose of, and when the manufacturers draw the lines something will be accomplished toward putting a check to small instalment payments. There is no reason why this coming year should not be one of small instalments. Few have the capital to encourage this wholesale instalment business, and it is to be doubted if anybody has the inclination.

Certain it is that fewer renewals will be given to dealers and a prompter settlement will result. Terms of 12, 18 and 24 months will become unknown. Don't start at these figures, dealers, and look surprised; they have been offered for business since 1893, and nearly as bad were given in 1896. Of course these figures are not general in the trade, but they show the limit to terms. No, they don't; we forgot to add the renewals, but dealers can compute the number of these themselves. Terms are going back to 4, 8 and 12 months, and there will be more pianos sold on 4 months than on 8, while 12 months will be seldom given. In consignment cases all instruments will pretty generally be settled for in one year's time or a fair rate of interest will be charged. There is a general movement to get back some of this capital the dealer has absorbed and to get back to a basis where the manufacturer has good working capital.

A piano business cannot be done without capital, although it has been done nearly so the last year, the capital being in the dealers' hands. The dealer must get out and hustle to bring in some of this capital. His sales must be cleaner, and this will prove that there never was a time when such good salesmanship was an actual necessity in the trade.

Not of the old-fashioned type, but commercial salesmen, men who can sell commercial articles, are now needed in the piano trade, for this grand old trade is fast becoming commercial, following the usual progression of the world. The old-time spite sales don't work any more, and it is a blessing that those days are gone.

It must grieve the heart of some of the old-timers to see men sell goods all around them on the same floor, and men who were brought up in good commercial lines and so unfit for the piano business, in the estimation of the old-timers who know no other line. It is frequently said in New York that men from an old and honorable house were the best, and that their schooling made them so. However this may have been five years ago the complexion of the piano business has so changed that men from good commercial lines are beating the old-time drilled men.

One can conclude that salesmanship is to be of a better quality in 1897 because it has to be, which is somewhat of a woman's reason, but applicable at that.

One rarely hears medium grade mentioned these days, as certainly the business of 1896 was mostly cheap and high grade. Dealers have been selling their cheap pianos up near the price of medium grades, and this practice has certainly had its effect on the wholesaling of medium grades. Reports received from various sources show an improvement in the business of medium grades, although these goods are forced into competition with cheaper and inferior articles. Dealers have figured that they could sell cheap pianos at good prices, so why pay higher prices and get less profit out of goods? This is beautiful in theory, but does not work long. The man who pays \$400 wants a better piano than the man who pays \$300, and if the difference is too marked the owner of the \$300 will also kick. It doesn't pay to sell cheap goods up high, and dealers have found this out, so there will be a change in these methods during 1897.

Bearing on this point is the experience of a veteran dealer. He had been representing one of the "old name" high grade pianos for years. One day he was notified that as his city was so near one of the main warehouses of the company, the agency would be taken away and the business in his town in his old leader would be done from the main office. The veteran secured a medium grade piano and used it as a leader, but soon the mothers came to buy pianos for their children and the old man found he could not sell his medium grade instrument to his old trade, which was used to purchasing high grade goods. He is

giving up his medium grade leader. So it is with dealers who would force the price of cheap pianos up to the figure of medium grades. The old-time buyers won't have them, and we can conclude that from this cause the business in medium grades will improve during 1897.

The quality of road work will be better. The old-time methods won't do any more. No more expensive dinners, no more bath tubs filled with champagne, no more \$40 weekly cab bills. It's business when the traveling man calls on the customer to-day, and it's business with a big B.

The Orchestra Attachment.

ALTHOUGH much has been written regarding the orchestra attachment for piano which not long since was patented by Weser Brothers and is now being used in their make of pianos, yet a full realization of the importance of this combination, which produces correct imitations of the harp, sither, autoharp, banjo, guitar and mandolin, has probably not been fully reached by the many who have read of the invention but have not heard it in connection with the piano.

The attachment—or more properly attachments, for there are two distinct arrangements—is governed by two sets of pedals. The harp, sither, autoharp, banjo and guitar belong to one attachment, and the mandolin to another. The first one operates on all the strings of the piano, and the imitations are very accurate.

The mandolin attachment operates on but three and a half octaves, that being the range of a mandolin. A peculiarity of this mandolin effect is that the characteristic tremolo belonging to the instrument is reproduced perfectly. A mandolin solo with piano accompaniment is one of the features in this combination. Again, a beautiful orchestral effect can be had by locking the pedals of the two attachments together, and when all are in operation the tone quality is similar to the human voice. Numberless changes can be made with the five pedals, and each change gives a different musical coloring.

To correct an impression which may prevail regarding the mechanism of these attachments (that it is intricate) it may be said directly that the contrary is the fact. The simplicity is noticeable and has been commented upon by several experienced mechanics who have examined the action. There are no thin cloths to be cut through, no small pieces of metal to get out of place and fall between the hammers or small parts of the actions, no rubber cloth to become decomposed; in fact every part is constructed for durability. The use of the attachment will save the cutting of the hammers, as felt punches intervene between the hammers and the strings when the attachments are in use. As a further benefit the ridges that are cut in the hammer felt when the piano is used normally will be to a large extent obliterated by the striking of the hammer against the intervening felt.

There is absolutely nothing in these attachments which will interfere with the action or tone of a piano or its durability. They can be used at will, and when not in operation the tone and action remain normal, and nothing about the external appearance of the piano would indicate that it had incorporated in it other than the regular mechanical objects necessary to the workings of a complete instrument. The Weser patented pedal locking action and tripping devices render the manipulation of these attachments easy, noiseless and instantaneous.

The following shows the number and dates of patents under which Weser Brothers are operating, and is the best evidence of the industry and progressive spirit which prevails among the members of the firm:

March 4, 1890; December 23, 1891; May 24, 1892; September 5, 1893; July 7, 1894; May 20, 1896; November 3, 1896; January 5, 1896; March 17, 1891; December 23, 1891; October 18, 1892; February 6, 1894; May 19, 1896; May 24, 1896.

FOREIGN PATENTS.

Great Britain, May 3, 1892; Canada, March 7, 1893; France, December 2, 1892; Germany, December 4, 1892.

C. H. Norris, Saginaw, Mich., has filed mortgages aggregating \$10,000 to secure creditors. Horace E. Harrison, of Vassar, is trustee.

The store of the Ogdensburg Music Company, at Ogdensburg, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on December 20. Particulars are not given in the telegraphic dispatches.

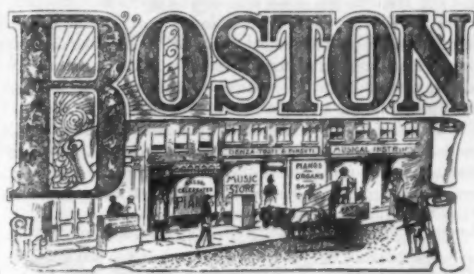
PROSPERITY

Comes first to the dealer
who handles

WEAVER ORGANS.

Fall in line.

Weaver Organ and Piano Co.,
YORK, PA., U. S. A.



BOSTON OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
17 Beacon street, January 2, 1897.

THE new year has started off in fine style here. The weather has been enough to make everyone feel happy had there been nothing else. Bright sunshine, clear skies, just the right temperature—what more could be desired.

New Year's Day is not kept as a holiday in Massachusetts. With the exception of the Stock Exchange, which is closed because the one in New York is, all business goes on just the same as at any other time, no particular attention being paid to the ending of one year and the commencement of another, excepting that trial balances are struck and profit and loss ascertained.

The majority of the business men seem to be rejoicing that the year 1896 has at last come to an end, and express the hope that they will not have to encounter such struggles and disappointments during the coming year as in the past twelve months. All the prospects point to a rosier state of things, and there were more smiles to be seen this morning and more cheery prognostications for the new year than have been the rule for the past few months.

At the Chickering factory business yesterday and to-day was rushing for everybody. Retail sales were exceptionally large. If the first days of the year are any indication of what is to follow, this year will be phenomenal with Chickering & Sons. Naturally their new year wish is that such an unprecedented beginning may prove the forerunner of great prosperity.

Just at present the Vose piano is getting very close to royalty. Her Majesty Liliuokalani, ex-Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, is now residing with her husband's relatives in Brookline, who live in the next house to that of Mr. Willard A. Vose. On Friday afternoon a reception was given in her honor, to which Mr. and Mrs. Vose were invited. How many "piano manufacturers by appointment" get as near the royalties as to be asked to meet them in a social way?

Business continues to flourish in all departments with the Vose Piano Company. They see no diminishing in the large bulk of orders that have been rushing in upon them for the past two or three months, so they feel that the prospects for 1897 are good, with a very large emphasis on the word good.

The Chandler W. Smith Company has had one of the large Mason & Hamlin organs placed in the show window, where it makes a fine appearance. It is one of the large church organs and is run by electricity.

A modest, simple, plain but elegant Puritan case piano occupies the position of honor in the window, however.

Business with this company has been better in December than in November, a large percent. better, and November was considered a good month's showing for a new firm.

The Mason & Hamlin Company is getting out some new styles, of which more will be said later.

Mr. P. H. Powers, of the Emerson Piano Company, thinks that business in the East is established on a good solid basis and that there should be a steady improvement upon conservative lines.

In the meantime they have a lot of orders ahead and the factory is running merrily along, turning out pianos as rapidly as good workmanship and careful attention to quality will permit.

The new grand at the Merrill Piano Company's warehouse is a handsome instrument in every particular.

Great attention has been paid to getting the scale and every part of the piano just as near perfection as skill, great care, thorough study and patient work can do. The consequence is that they are more than satisfied with the new grand, and think they have a remarkably fine instrument to show to dealers and customers. "Too much cannot be said in praise of it," were the words of the president of the company, "if we are to believe half of what friends, musicians and strangers have said."

Just to show how the Merrill sells. A few weeks ago they made a new agency in a city in Massachusetts. The agent sold out his stock, that he expected would last for a month at least, in a week, and has kept up the same good record ever since.

The McPhail Piano Company has engaged Mr. George S. Cheney as traveling salesman for the New England States, and he began his duties January 1.

The McPhail Company is feeling rather happy over a new baby grand shipped to a customer to-day. After the piano was ready to ship it was shown to several people who happened in, and they were loud and hearty in praise of the instrument. Two or three said that it was the most perfect grand they had ever seen shipped from a factory.

They think that the prospects for 1897 are a quiet, steady improvement in business.

Business with the Poole Piano Company has continued good steadily, December being 'way ahead of the corresponding month of last year.

Owing to the prosperity enjoyed by this company, Mr. W. H. Poole is now forming a stock company for the manufacture of pianos, which will permit him to enlarge his manufacturing facilities, enabling him to almost double his present output.

The name of the company has not been determined upon as yet, but the Poole piano will continue to be manufactured, whatever the name of the new company.

The factory will be located at the present place, No. 5 Appleton street. Some Boston men will be connected with the new company as well as some outside the city and State.

The incorporation will take place about the middle of January, when full details will be given.

The Ivers & Pond Piano Company has just issued a new catalogue that is artistic in every particular. The cover is a conventional design in gray, brown and gold, with the lettering in gold on a white ground. The paper is heavy, and shows off the illustrations to good advantage. Throughout the book are portraits of different celebrated composers with a brief sketch and their names.

Different styles of upright and grand pianos are shown, with an interesting account of the different patents used in their manufacture. Then a few names of leading people who use and endorse the piano, the whole book being compact and not too long to be read. The name of the firm also appears on the back cover, which has a smaller conventional design in brown. The frontispiece is a picture of the factory in Cambridge.

Quotations from Shakespeare begin and end the book, the first one being:

To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

The one at the close is:

Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

After the dinner of the Boston Music Trade Association at the Hotel Brunswick on Saturday, January 9, there will be a business meeting, when the records of the last meeting and the secretary's report will be read, then the treasurer's report, after which the election of officers for the ensuing year will take place, and such other business as may come before the meeting.

The secretary reports that a large number of letters of acceptance to the dinner have been received already. It is expected that the Governor of Massachusetts and the mayor of the city of Boston will be present, as well as representatives of the Boston Associated Board of Trade, Boston Merchants' Association and the Commercial Club of Boston.

Interviews with the majority of the piano manufacturers and dealers of this city upon the prospects for business for

the year 1897 would indicate that one and all see every reason for believing that brighter days are in store. Everything points to a good business year, they say.

Several firms are selling all the pianos they make, others are behind in orders to quite a large extent, while yet others have shortages on certain popular styles that sell as fast as turned out. Retail warehouses have to almost beg for pianos from their factories. This is not an expression from one or two firms, but from nearly the entire list of manufacturers and dealers of the city of Boston to-day.

So the wish "a happy and prosperous new year to all" would not appear to be out of place.

THE MATTER OF

Advertising.

No. 7.

A FEW minutes devoted each week to a glance at this column of THE MUSICAL COURIER cannot but help any dealer who, understanding the value of printers' ink, would get from it the greatest results from his expenditures. It would not be a bad practice during the new year to study some of the "ads." here reproduced, both for the acquirement of new ideas and the avoidance of faults that may appear in your own ads., faults that do not come to your notice until attention is called to them. Any advertisements submitted will be freely and impartially criticised.

"Name the price you wish to pay and we will sell you the best piano that can be produced for the money."

This is a phrase that has been referred to here as used by J. W. Martin & Brother, of Rochester, and it is a good one, because it embraces an offer that is at once reasonable and convincing, because the reputation of the house stands back of it. Because it is good it will bear repetition, not only here, but in local papers in other people's "ads." There is no copyright on the phrase, and if in writing "ads." you can't be original the next best thing is to be judicious in your selection of other people's ideas.

Here is another paragraph from the same source that is valuable and worth copying:

"If there is any reason why you should buy any piano there is every reason why you should buy a good one."

Omit the second "any" and condense it to

"If there is any reason why you should buy a piano there is every reason why you should buy a good one."

There you have an excellent introduction to a story about the pianos you offer, which of course you think are good. Follow it with a few selected names from your list and give the prices—if they are good pianos you need not be ashamed nor afraid to give the prices, nor ashamed to offer figures so low nor afraid you are asking too much—the instrument being good and there being every reason why a purchaser should buy it.

This is the kind of "ad." that hurts the trade of competing dealers, and we question if it does good to its user. It is from the Easton, Pa., Express:

WERNER BROS.,

21 South Third Street,
EASTON, PA.

[CUT OF
UPRIGHT PIANO.]

Pianos for \$139.

Pianos for \$150.

Pianos and Organs

\$3, \$4, \$7 and \$10.

Monthly Payments.

No piano that is good to buy can be sold for \$139, especially when sent out on monthly payments. This

THE ARTISTIC
MERRILL PIANO

1884-1897.

TBITM



IT IS THE PIANO. EXAMINE IT.

118 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

of course if the piano is new. If the ones offered in Werner Brothers' ad. are second-hand instruments it would have been at least as well to say so. If they are new it would not be a bad idea to give their names. But the probability is that Werner Brothers did not wish to publicly associate their firm name with a piano they could sell on instalments for \$139, for it must cost them something for store rent, clerk hire, light, freight, cartage, tuning, advertising, &c., and no firm could afford to sell a piano for \$139 on instalments that cost them more than \$75, which means that it is of the lowest possible grade.

An advertiser out West writes to ask about what he calls some "catch heads" for small ads.

He would like to know where to obtain a few, and we would suggest that he run over in his mind the last half dozen sales he made and recall the commencing points he made. Let him use them as "catch heads," i. e., opening paragraph of his ads. If they sold him pianos they may sell him more, and after all the best advertising is really saying to the public in a few words what you would say to an individual customer in conversation. As the number of words is limited by space, it is natural that the best things you wish to say are printed. Therefore print some of the best things you say to a customer.

Here is an excellent specimen of a poor ad.—poor in its idea, poor in its purpose, poor in its policy. It appears in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle:

PIANOS.

[Cut of Upright Piano.]

Special Sale this week of slightly damaged Pianos by being out on rent at half price. Easy monthly payments.

\$800 Piano.....	\$400
\$600 Piano.....	300
\$400 Piano.....	200
\$300 Piano.....	100
\$100 Piano.....	50

Including the following prominent makes: Steinway, Chickering, Decker, Kroeger, Ludwig and others.

These pianos are fine, sweet toned instruments, fully guaranteed for seven (7) years.

CHARLES & MAYER,

541 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

OPEN EVENINGS.

To come right to the point. An \$800 piano doesn't deteriorate in value 50 per cent. by being out on rent for a while, or if it does it shouldn't be warranted for seven years, for that is more than the average time a brand new, first-class piano is guaranteed for. Above all things in advertising be truthful, and if you can't afford to be truthful at least be reasonable. You wouldn't say to a man in your store, "Here's a piano worth \$800 that has been rented for three months that I will sell you for \$400"; you know you wouldn't, for the man would laugh at you as you would at a carriage salesman who should say to you "Here's a coupe worth \$1,500 that has been driven for a week, and I can therefore sell it to you for \$750." The time for offering \$1,000 pianos at \$250 is past, the practice is obsolete—it was always ridiculous. Don't say either that a few months' use of your piano makes it worth only one-half its original value. This is one of those ads. that would never appear if thought over and analyzed, instead of being rushed into the printer's hands, only to result in more harm than good.

Final Weber Auction.

THE two closing days of 1896 saw the two closing events of the life of the Weber Piano Company, under the direction of its receiver, William Foster.

On Wednesday, December 30, occurred the auction in the Weber factory. There were present 23 persons, and the bidding was merely perfunctory at first, although the last lot was run up by spirited bidding to a good figure, the Weber-Wheelock Company, represented by Austin B. Fletcher, getting the lot for \$675. The same bidder secured all other lots, three in number, at the following prices: Lot 1 brought \$10,000; Lot 2 went for \$1,000, and Lot 3 was knocked down for \$1,500, making a total of four lots for \$13,175.

Albert Weber was present at the sale.

Thursday the name, good will, uncollected accounts, &c., were sold in the New York Real Estate Salesroom, and there was quite a crowd present. The lease of warehouse premises No. 108 Fifth avenue was first offered. This lease expires May 1, 1902, and is for a yearly rental of \$5,500, payable quarterly, together with all taxes and water rates. The lease contained a clause of privilege of rental for five years from May 1, 1902, at a yearly rental of \$5,750, together with all taxes and water rates.

There was some sharp bidding on the lease, which was offered first at \$1,000, and which was subsequently knocked down to the Weber-Wheelock Company for \$4,000.

The factory premises, Nos. 117 to 125 Seventh avenue, and Nos. 147 to 165 West Seventeenth street, were then sold, subject to a mortgage of \$300,000, due August 31, 1903, with interest of 5 per cent., payable semi-annually. The interest due for the entire term of the mortgage unexpired aggregates \$63,333 33, of which \$3,333 33 is due May 1, 1897. The total of principal and interest for the unexpired term foots up \$213,333 33. The equity in this property beyond this indebtedness was purchased by the Weber-Wheelock Company for \$1,000.

After this came the sale of all rented pianos and rent accounts due therefrom, leases of pianos out on instalments, chattel mortgages, bills receivable, uncollected

accounts, trade name, good will and any and all contracts for the use of the name Weber and Albert Weber in the manufacture of pianos, and the sale of same; also capital stock of the Haverstraw Light and Fuel Company, of the Manufacturers Piano Company, of Chicago, and several lots situated in the city of Seattle, Wash.

Of this Lot 3 was purchased by a real estate concern. The lot consisted of Seattle, Wash., property, and was knocked down for \$245. This was the only part and parcel of the goods and assets sold which went outside of the Weber-Wheelock Company.

Ten shares of the par value of \$100 each of the Manufacturers Piano Company, Chicago, went for \$50 a share; \$5,182 49 of bills receivable, past and not due, went for \$1,700; \$3,922.50 of consigned accounts brought \$1,500; \$539 piano rents due brought \$140; 11 pianos out on rent brought \$2,075, 8 pianos out in artists' rooms, \$700; \$4,756 84 of open accounts brought \$2,500, and \$8,776 86 due on instalments was knocked down for \$4,150. These items are taken from the aggregate to show what the Weber-Wheelock Company thinks of the assets of the old company, and do not represent in themselves the entire amount of these assets as sold at this sale, which aggregated \$14,443.

It was when Lot 13 was put up that there was a suggestion of trouble. This lot was as follows: "Trade name, good will and any and all contracts for use of the name Weber and Albert Weber in the manufacture of pianos, &c., the details of which will be announced at time of sale."

When it was announced that this lot would be sold Mr. Lydecker, attorney for Albert Weber, demanded the production and the reading of all contracts in which the name Weber and Albert Weber were alleged to be conveyed. Mr. Beebe, of Havens & Beebe, attorneys to the receiver, read two contracts. The first was the old Weber contract, in which Albert Weber, Sr., demanded certain things, the doing of which by the old Weber Piano Company fulfilled and discharged it, as well as granted the rights of the Weber name to the Weber Piano Company. The second contract was one in which Albert Weber sold his right to the use of the name of Albert Weber for piano manufacturing purposes, for 99 years, to the Weber Piano Company, excepting in the States of Montana and Nevada. Mr. Lydecker then entered a formal protest to selling the name, but it was immediately sold to the Weber-Wheelock Company for \$1,000.

Braumuller Pianos.

ONE FACTORY, ONE GRADE ..

The highest development of modern piano making. Every feature of the instrument first class. The most expensive Action and material. Send for latest Catalogue.

BRAUMULLER CO.,

402-410 West 14th Street,
New York.

"CROWN."



PIANOS.

The Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier are found only in the "Crown" Pianos.



MADE AND SOLD TO THE TRADE ONLY BY

GEO. P. BENT.

COR. WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
AND SANGAMON STREET,

CHICAGO.



ORGANS.

The Most Modern and Salable Reed Organs now on the market.

An Explanation.

BARNARD, WALKER & CO., of Dubuque, Ia., write asking that an explanation be made regarding a criticism of one of their ads. that appeared in THE MUSICAL COURIER of December 9. They explain that while they did advertise a piano for \$90, which they said was worth \$200, the instrument was the only one of the kind in their store, and the remarkable difference between worth and asking price was caused by their placing their own estimate on its worth, while the price put upon it was

that of its actual owner, who had left the instrument with them on sale. Just why they didn't avail themselves of their own bargain they do not explain.

There was nothing in the "ad." criticised to indicate that they had not a stock of \$200 pianos on hand that they were offering for \$90, and it would have saved all this trouble if they had stated in the original document that the instrument was on sale, though we still think it would have been even better business for them to have bought that piano themselves for \$90, even if they had only sold it for \$175 afterward, which they surely could have done if it was

really worth \$200. However, they ask to be not classed with the vendors of cheap \$75 boxes, and we are glad to record that they don't regularly sell even \$200 instruments for \$90.

Weser Bought 'Em.

JOHN WESER secured the stock of the Muehl-feld & Haynes Piano Company for \$7,700 at the public auction held in the factory of the defunct concern a week ago yesterday. The stock consisted of six finished pianos, seven unfinished and a quantity of material, scales, patterns, &c.

THE NEEDHAM

PIANO AND ORGAN COMPANY,
Manufacturers of High Grade
PIANOS AND ORGANS.

CHAS. H. PARSONS,
President.
E. A. COLE,
Secretary.



Correspondence
with the Trade
solicited.

Our Factory

is one of the largest and most completely equipped in the world, and our facilities are unsurpassed.

Our Instruments

can be obtained at retail of our established agents only.

36 East 14th St., UNION SQUARE, New York City.

THE CUNNINGHAM

PIANO,

Philadelphia, Pa.

A FIRST-CLASS
INSTRUMENT
IN EVERY
.. RESPECT. ..
WRITE FOR
CATALOGUE AND
TERRITORY.

Marqueterie (Inlaid Work)

for Pianos, Organs and all other Musical Instruments in artistic style.

Name Stencils

In Metal, Mother of Pearl or Celluloid Letters.
Representation desired.

Medallion Impressions; also Trade Mark Stencils, &c.

G. SCHRÖDER, Berlin S. O. 16, Germany.

Established 1860. All first-class manufacturers furnished.



Have you seen our
NEW CATALOGUE?
If not, send for it.
Farrand & Votey Organ Co.,

Branch Offices: 1945 Park Avenue, New York.
269 Dearborn Street, Chicago.
36 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Detroit, Mich.



"Eufonia" Zither

has a fuller, softer and more melodious tone than all other concert Zithers in consequence of its peculiar construction. The "Eufonia" Zither has for that reason grown to be the favorite Zither in all Zither playing circles. Sole Mfr., JOSEF SIEBENMÜLLER, Schoenhof (773) BOHEMIA.



COVERED STRINGS.

Also reliable tested Strings. Warranted for quality of tone and durability, all my own production. Also Genuine Italian Strings. MANUFACTURER OF STRINGS F. JÜHLING, Dresden, Germany.

FELTEN & GUILLEAUME, Mülheim-on-Rhine.



Sole Agents U. S. A.:

HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER & CO., New York.



"Adler"

is the latest novelty in Music Boxes with Steel Combs and INTERCHANGEABLE METAL DISKS.

Simplest Construction.
Round, Full, Soft Tone.
Extensive Repertory.

"Adler," on account of these advantages, is the instrument of the present and the future for the American market.



SCHLOBACH, MALKE & OBERLANDER,
LEIPZIG-GOHLIS, GERMANY.

EMERSON PIANOS.

Finest Tone, Best Work and Material.

Over 60,000 now in use. Illustrated Catalogue upon application.

EMERSON PIANO CO., MANUFACTURERS,

BOSTON: 116 Boylston Street. NEW YORK: 92 Fifth Avenue. CHICAGO: 215 Wabash Avenue.
FACTORIES: BOSTON, MASS.

DO YOU SING Soprano, Alto, Tenor or Bass?

Whatever your voice, ALL music written, for whatever range, is exactly suited to it. Played as Written, by use of the



FACTORY and WAREHOUSE: 2249-2261 WASHINGTON STREET

ADAM SCHAAF,
MANUFACTURER OF PIANOS.

Factory: 398 & 400 West Monroe Street.
OFFICE AND SALESROOM:
276 WEST MADISON ST.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Dunbar Pianos.

MANUFACTURED BY
DUNBAR & CO.
Factory: 483 College Avenue,
Near 14th St. and Third Ave., NEW YORK.

NEW ENGLAND PIANOS

LIVE WORKING AGENTS WANTED.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE, MAILED FREE.

LARGEST PRODUCING PIANO FACTORIES IN THE WORLD.
MANUFACTURING THE ENTIRE PIANO.

Dealers looking for a first-class Piano that will yield a legitimate profit and give perfect satisfaction will be amply repaid by a careful investigation.

NEW ENGLAND PIANO CO., 32 GEORGE STREET, BOSTON.

Warerooms: 601 Washington St., Boston; 98 Fifth Ave., New York;
262 and 264 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HAZELTON BROTHERS

THOROUGHLY FIRST-CLASS **PIANOS** IN EVERY RESPECT.

— APPEAL TO THE HIGHEST MUSICAL TASTE. —

Nos. 34 & 36 UNIVERSITY PLACE, NEW YORK.

STRICH & ZEIDLER, • PIANOS. •

Factory and Warerooms, 134th Street and Brook Avenue, NEW YORK.

Have you seen
THE NEW
SCALE



STERLING
Pianos

FACTORIES
DERBY, CONN.

THE CELEBRATED STEGER PIANOS,

Containing the Technophone Attachment.

STEGER & CO.

Factories at Columbia Heights.

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES:

Cor. Jackson St. and Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

All mail should be sent to the office.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

STUART PIANOS.

MANUFACTURED BY

A. H. STUART & CO.,

107 W. Canton St.,

Boston, Mass.

SMITH & BARNES PIANO CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

UPRIGHT PIANOS.

FACTORY:

471 OLYBOURN AVENUE, CHICAGO.

SEND FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE.

THE SINGER.

THE BEST PIANO TO HANDLE.

... MADE BY ...

THE SINGER PIANO CO.,

935 Wabash Avenue,

CHICAGO, ILL.

NEARLY 60,000 SOLD!!



PEASE PIANO CO.

316 to 322 West 43rd Street,

NEW YORK.

No. 345 Wabash Avenue,

CHICAGO.

STECK

Without a Rival for Tone, Touch and Durability,

The Independent Iron Frame

Makes the Steck the Only Piano that Improves with Use.



PIANO.

GEORGE STECK & CO., MANUFACTURERS,

Warerooms: Steck Hall, 11 East 14th Street, New York.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

J. & C. FISCHER,

Grand and Upright Pianos.

OVER 100,000 MANUFACTURED.

World Renowned for Tone and Durability.

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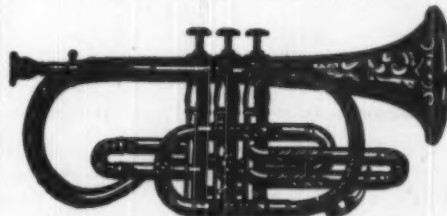
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